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## REASON AND FAITH—THEIR CLAIMS AND CONFLICTS.

1. *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte.* Eighth edition, pp. 60. 8vo. London.
2. *The Nemesis of Faith.* By J. A. FROUDE, M. A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 12mo. London: pp. 227.
3. *Popular Christianity, its Transition State and Probable Development.* By F. J. FOXTON, B. A.; formerly of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of Stoke Prior and Docklow, Herefordshire. 12mo. London: pp. 226.

"REASON and Faith," says one of our old divines, with the quaintness characteristic of his day, "resemble the two sons of the patriarch; Reason is the firstborn, but Faith inherits the blessing." The image is ingenious, and the antithesis striking; but nevertheless the sentiment is far from just. It is hardly right to represent Faith as *younger* than Reason: the fact undoubtedly being, that human creatures trust and believe, long before they reason or know. But the truth is, that both Reason and Faith are coeval with the nature of man, and were designed to dwell in his heart together. In truth, they are, and were, and, in such creatures as ourselves, must be, reciprocally complementary;—neither can exclude the other. It is as impossible to exercise an acceptable faith without reason for so exercising it,—that is, without exercising reason while we exercise faith,\*—as it is to apprehend by our reason,

exclusive of faith, all the truths on which we are daily compelled to *act*, whether in relation to this world or the next. Neither is it right to represent either of them as failing of the promised heritage, except as both may fail alike, by perversion from their true end, and depravation of their genuine nature; for if to the faith of which the New Testament speaks so much, a peculiar blessing is promised, it is evident from that same volume that it is not a "faith without reason" any more than a "faith without works," which is approved by the Author of Christianity. And this is sufficiently proved by the injunction "to be ready to give a reason for the hope,"—and therefore for the faith,—"which is in us."

in the first clause as an *argument*; and in the second, as the characteristic endowment of our species. The distinction between Reason and *Reasoning* (though most important) does not affect our statement; for though Reason may be exercised where there is no giving of *reasons*, there can be no giving of reasons without the exercise of Reason.

\* Let it not be said that we are here playing upon an ambiguity in the word Reason;—considered  
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If, therefore, we were to imitate the quaintness of the old divine, on whose *dictum* we have been commenting, we should rather compare Reason and Faith to the two trusty spies, "faithful amongst the faithless," who confirmed each other's report of "that good land which flowed with milk and honey," and to *both* of whom the promise of a rich inheritance there, was given,—and, in due time, amply redeemed. Or, rather, if we might be permitted to pursue the same vein a little further, and throw over our shoulders for a moment that mantle of allegory which none but Bunyan could wear long and successfully, we should represent Reason and Faith as twin-born beings,—the one, in form and features the image of manly beauty,—the other, of feminine grace and gentleness; but to each of whom, alas! was allotted a sad privation. While the bright eyes of Reason are full of piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while Faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sightless orbs, as she lifts them toward heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand in hand the brother and sister, in all mutual love, pursue their way, through a world on which, like ours, day breaks and night falls alternate; by day the eyes of Reason are the guide of Faith, and by night the ear of Faith is the guide of Reason. As is wont with those who labor under these privations respectively, Reason is apt to be eager, impetuous, impatient of that instruction which his infirmity will not permit him readily to apprehend; while Faith, gentle and docile, is ever willing to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her.

It has been shown by Butler in the fourth and fifth chapters (Part I.) of his great work, that the entire constitution and condition of man, viewed in relation to the present world alone, and consequently all the analogies derived from that fact in relation to a future world, suggest the conclusion that we are here the subjects of a probationary discipline, or in a course of education for another state of existence. But it has not, perhaps, been sufficiently insisted on, that if in the actual course of that education, of which *enlightened obedience* to the "law of virtue," as Butler expresses it, or, which is the same thing, to the dictates of supreme wisdom and goodness, is the great end, we give an unchecked ascendancy to either Reason or Faith, we vitiate the whole process. The chief instrument by which that process is carried on is not Reason alone, or Faith

alone, but their well-balanced and reciprocal interaction. It is a system of alternate checks and limitations, in which Reason does not supersede Faith, nor Faith encroach on Reason. But our meaning will be more evident when we have made one or two remarks on what are conceived to be their respective provinces.

In the domain of Reason men generally include, 1st, what are called "intuitions;" 2d, "necessary deductions" from them; and 3d, deductions from their own direct "experience;" while in the domain of Faith are ranked all truths and propositions which are received, not *without* reasons, indeed, but for reasons underived from the *intrinsic* evidence (whether intuitive or deductive, or from our own experience) of the propositions themselves;—for reasons (such as credible testimony, for example,) *extrinsic* to the proper meaning and significance of such propositions: although such reasons, by accumulation and convergency, may be capable of subduing the force of any difficulties or improbabilities, which cannot be *demonstrated* to involve absolute contradictions.\*

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\* Of the first kind of truths, or those perceived by intuition, we have examples in what are called "self-evident axioms," and "fundamental laws" or "conditions of thought," which no wise man has ever attempted to *prove*. Of the second, we have examples in the whole fabric of mathematical science, reared from its basis of axioms and definitions, as well as in every other *necessary* deduction from *admitted* premises. The third virtually includes any conclusion in science based on direct experiment, or observation; though the belief of the truth even of Newton's system of the world, when received as Locke says he received and as the generality of men receive it,—without being able to follow the steps by which the great geometer proves his conclusions,—may be represented rather as an act of Faith than an act of Reason; as much so as a belief in the truth of Christianity, founded on its historic and other evidences. The greater part of men's knowledge, indeed, even of science,—even the greater part of a scientific man's knowledge of science, based as it is on testimony alone (and which so often compels him to renounce to-day what he thought certain yesterday),—may be not unjustly considered as more allied to Faith than Reason. It may be said, perhaps, that the above classification of the truths received by Reason and Faith respectively is arbitrary; that even as to some of their alleged sources, they are not always clearly distinguishable; that the evidence of experience may in some sort be reduced to testimony,—that of sense; and testimony reduced to experience,—that of human veracity under given circumstances; both being founded on the observed uniformity of certain phenomena under similar conditions. We admit the truth of this: and we admit it the more willingly, as it shows that so inextricably intertwined are the roots both of Reason and Faith in our nature, that



In receiving important doctrines on the strength of such evidence, and in holding to them against the perplexities they involve, or, what is harder still, against the prejudices they oppose, every exercise of an intelligent faith will, on analysis, be found to consist; its only necessary limit will be *proven contradictions* in the propositions submitted to it; for, then, no evidence can justify belief, or even render it possible. But no *other* difficulties, however great, will justify unbelief, where man has all that he can justly demand,—evidence such in its nature as he can deal with, and on which he is accustomed to *act* in his most important affairs in this world (thus admitting its validity), and such in amount as to render it more likely that the doctrines it substantiates are true, than, from mere *ignorance* of the mode in which these difficulties can be solved, he can infer them to be false. "Probabilities," says Bishop Butler, "are to us the very guide of life;" and when the probabilities arise out of evidence on which we are competent to pronounce, and the improbabilities merely from our surmises, where we have no evidence to deal with, and perhaps, from the limitation of our capacities, could not deal with it, if we had it, it is not difficult to see what course practical wisdom tells man he *ought* to pursue; and which he *always* does pursue, whatever difficulties beset him,—in all cases except one!

Such is that strict union—that mutual dependence of Reason and Faith—which would seem to be the great law under which the moral school in which we are being educated is conducted. This law is equally, or almost equally, its characteristic, whether we regard man simply in his present condition, or in his present *in relation* to his future condition,—as an inhabitant only of this world, or a candidate for another; and to this law, by a

no definitions that can be framed will completely separate them; none that will not involve many phenomena which may be said to fall under the dominion of one as much as of the other. We have been content, for our practical purpose, without any too subtle refinement, to take the line of demarcation which is, perhaps, as obvious as any, and as generally recognized. Few would say that a *generalized* inference from direct experiment was not matter of reason rather than of faith; though an act of faith is involved in the process; and few would not call confidence in testimony where probabilities were nearly balanced, by the name of faith rather than reason, though an act of reason is involved in that process. We are much more anxious to show their general involution with one another than the points of discrimination between them.

series of analogies as striking as any of those which Butler has pointed out (and on which we heartily wish his comprehensive genius had expended a chapter or two), Christianity, in the demands it makes on *both* principles conjointly, is evidently adapted.

Men often speak, indeed, as if the exercise of faith was excluded from their condition as inhabitants of the present world. But it requires but a very slight consideration to show that the boasted prerogative of reason is here also that of a limited monarch; and that its attempts to make itself absolute can only end in its own dethronement, and, after successive revolutions, in all the anarchy of absolute pyrrhonism.

For in the intellectual and moral education of man, considered merely as a citizen of the present world, we see the constant and inseparable union of the two principles, and provision made for their perpetual exercise. He cannot advance a step, indeed, without both. We see faith demanded not only amidst the dependence and ignorance in which childhood and youth are passed; not only in the whole process by which we acquire the imperfect knowledge which is to fit us for being men; but to the very last we may be truly said to *believe* far more than we *know*. "Indeed," says Butler, "the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence with which we are obliged to take up in the daily course of life, is scarce to be expressed." Nay, in an intelligible sense, even the "primary truths," or "first principles," or fundamental "laws of thought," or "self-evident maxims," or "intuitions," or by whatever other names philosophers have been pleased to designate them, which, in a special sense, are the very province of *reason*, as contradistinguished from "reasoning" or logical deduction, may be said almost as truly to depend on faith as on reason for their reception.\* For the only ground for *believing* them true is that man cannot help so believing them! The same may be said of that great fact, without which the whole world would be at a stand-still—a belief in the uniformity of the phenomena of external nature; that the same sun, for example, which rose yesterday and to-day, will rise again to-morrow. That this cannot be *demonstrated*,

\* Common language seems to indicate this: Since we call that disposition of mind which leads some men to deny the above fundamental truths (or affect to deny them), not by a word which indicates the opposite of reason, but the opposite of faith—Scepticism, Unbelief, Incredulity.

is admitted on all hands; and that it is not absolutely proved from *experience* is evident, both from the fact that *experience* cannot prove any thing future, and from the fact that the uniformity supposed is only accepted as partially and transiently true; the great bulk of mankind, even while they so confidently act upon that uniformity, rejecting the idea of its being an *eternal* uniformity. Every theist believes that the order of the universe once *began* to be; and every Christian, and most other men, believe that it will also one day cease to be.

But perhaps the most striking example of the helplessness to which man is soon reduced if he relies upon his reason alone, is the spectacle of the issue of his investigations into that which one would imagine he must know most intimately, if he knows anything; and that is, his own nature—his own mind. There is something, to one who reflects long enough upon it, inexpressibly whimsical in the questions which the mind is for ever putting to itself respecting itself; and to which the said mind returns from its dark caverns only an echo. We are apt, when we speculate about the mind, to forget for the moment, that it is at once the querist and the oracle; and to regard it as something *out* of itself, like a mineral in the hands of the analytic chemist. We cannot fully enter into the absurdities of its condition, except by remembering that it is our own wise selves who so grotesquely bewilder us. The mind, on such occasions, takes itself (if we may so speak) into its own hands, turns itself about as a savage would a watch, or a monkey a letter; interrogates itself, listens to the echo of its own voice, and is obliged, after all, to lay itself down again with a very puzzled expression—and acknowledge that of its very self, itself knows little or nothing! "I am material," exclaims one of these whimsical beings, to whom the heaven-descended "Know thyself" would seem to have been ironically addressed. "No!—immaterial," says another. "I am both material and immaterial," exclaims, perhaps, the very same mind at different times. "Thought itself may be matter modified," says one. "Rather," says another of the same perplexed species, "matter is thought modified; for what you call matter is but a phenomenon." "Both are independent and totally distinct substances, mysteriously, inexplicably conjoined," says a third. "How they are conjoined we know no more than the dead. Not so much, perhaps." "Do I ever *cease* to think," says the mind to itself, "even in

sleep? Is not my *essence* thought?" "You ought to know your own essence best," all creation will reply. "I am confident," says one, "that I never do cease to think—not even in the soundest sleep." "You do, for a long time, every night of your life," exclaims another, equally confident and equally ignorant. "Where do I exist?" it goes on. "Am I in the brain? Am I in the whole body? Am I anywhere? Am I nowhere?" "I cannot have any local existence, for I know I am immaterial," says one. "I have a local existence, because I *am* material," says another. "I have a local existence, *though* I am *not* material," says a third. "Are my habitual actions voluntary," it exclaims, "however rapid they become; though I am unconscious of these volitions when they have attained a certain rapidity; or do I become a mere automaton as respects such actions? and therefore an automaton nine times out of ten, when I act at all?" To this query two opposite answers are given by different minds; and by others, perhaps wiser, none at all; while, often, opposite answers are given by the same mind at different times. In like manner has every action, every operation, every emotion of the mind been made the subject of endless doubt and disputation. Surely if, as Soame Jenyns imagined, the infirmities of man, and even graver evils, were permitted in order to afford amusement to superior intelligences, and make the angels laugh, few things could afford them better sport than the perplexities of this child of clay engaged in the study of himself. "Alas!" exclaims at last the baffled spirit of this babe in intellect, as he surveys his shattered toys—his broken theories of metaphysics, "I know that I *am*; but *what* I am—*where* I am—even *how* I act—not only what is my essence, but what even my mode of operation,—of all this I *know* nothing; and, boast of reason as I may, all that I think on these points is matter of opinion—or is matter of faith!" He resembles, in fact, nothing so much as a kitten first introduced to its own image in a mirror: she runs to the back of it, she leaps over it, she turns and twists, and jumps and frisks, in all directions, in the vain attempt to reach the fair illusion; and, at length, turns away in weariness from that incomprehensible enigma—the image of herself!

One would imagine—perhaps not untruly—that the Divine Creator had subjected us to these difficulties—and especially that incomprehensible *trilemma*,—that there is an union and interaction of two totally distinct



substances, or that matter is but thought, or that thought is but matter,—one of which must be true, and all of which approach as near to mutual contradictions as can well be conceived,—for the very purpose of rebuking the presumption of man, and of teaching him humility; that He had left these obscurities at the very threshold—nay, within the very mansion of the mind itself,—for the express purpose of deterring man from playing the dogmatizing fool when he looked abroad. Yet, in spite of his raggedness and poverty at home, no sooner does man look out of his dusky dwelling, than, like Goldsmith's little Beau, who, in his garret up five pair of stairs, boasts of his friendship with lords, he is apt to assume airs of magnificence, and, glancing at the Infinite through his little eye-glass, to affect an intimate acquaintance with the most respectable secrets of the universe!

It is undeniable, then, that the perplexities which uniformly puzzle man in the physical world, and even in the little world of his own mind, when he passes a certain limit, are just as unmanageable as those found in the moral constitution and government of the universe, or in the disclosures of the volume of Revelation. In both we find abundance of inexplicable difficulties; sometimes arising from our absolute ignorance, and perhaps quite as often from our partial knowledge. These difficulties are probably left on the pages of both volumes for some of the same reasons; many of them, it may be, because even the commentary of the Creator himself could not render them plain to a finite understanding, though a necessary and salutary exercise of our humility may be involved in their reception; others, if not purely (which seems not probable) yet partly for the sake of exercising and training that humility, as an essential part of the education of a *child*; others, surmountable, indeed, in the progress of knowledge and by prolonged effort of the human intellect, may be designed to stimulate that intellect to strenuous action and healthy effort—as well as to supply, in their solution, as time rolls on, an ever-accumulating mass of proofs of the profundity of the wisdom which has so far anticipated all the wisdom of man; and of the divine origin of both the great books which he is privileged to study as a pupil, and even to illustrate as a commentator,—but the text of which he cannot alter.

But, for submitting to us many profound and insoluble problems, the second of the above reasons—the training of the intellect and heart of man to submission to the Su-

preme Intelligence—would alone be sufficient. For if, as is indicated by everything in human nature, by the constitution of the world as adapted to that nature, and by the representations of Scripture, which are in analogy with both, the present world is but the school of man in this the childhood of his being, to prepare him for the enjoyment of an immortal manhood in another, everything might be expected to be subordinated to this great end; and as the *end* of that education, can be no other than an *enlightened obedience* to God, the harmonious and concurrent exercise of reason and faith becomes absolutely necessary—not of reason to the exclusion of faith, for otherwise there would be no adequate test of man's docility and submission; nor of a faith that would assert itself, not only independent of reason, but in contradiction to it,—which would not be what God requires, and what alone can square with that intelligent nature He has impressed on His offspring—a *reasonable obedience*. Implicit obedience, then, to the dictates of an all-perfect wisdom, exercised amidst many difficulties and perplexities, as so many tests of sincerity, and yet sustained by evidences which justify the conclusions which involve them, would seem to be the great object of man's moral education here; and to justify both the partial evidence addressed to his reason, and the abundant difficulties which it leaves to his faith. "The evidence of religion," says Butler, "is fully sufficient for all the purposes of probation, how far soever it is from being satisfactory as to the purposes of curiosity, or any other; and, indeed, it answers the purposes of the former in several respects which it would not do if it were as overbearing as is required."\* Or as Pascal beautifully puts it:—"There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see,—and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition."†

\* "Analogy," part 2. chap. viii.

† "Pensées." Faugère's edition, tom. ii. p. 151. The views here developed will be found an expansion of some brief hints at the close of the article on Pascal's "Life and Genius" (Ed. Review, Jan. 1847), though our space then prevented us from more than touching these topics. We may add that we gladly take this opportunity of pointing the attention of our readers to a tract of Archbishop Whately's, entitled "The Example of Children as proposed to Christians," which his Grace, having been struck with a coincidence between some of the thoughts in the tract and those expressed in the "Review," did us the favor to transmit to us. Had we seen the tract before, we should have been glad to illustrate and confirm our own views by those of

As He "who spake as never man spake" is pleased often to illustrate the conduct of the Father of Spirits to his intelligent offspring by a reference to the conduct which flows from the relations of the human parent

this highly gifted prelate. We earnestly recommend the tract in question (as well as the whole of the remarkable volume in which it is now incorporated, "Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion") to the perusal of our readers, and at the same time venture to express our conviction (having been led by the circumstances above mentioned to a fuller acquaintance with his Grace's theological writings than we had previously possessed) that, though this lucid and eloquent writer may, for obvious reasons, be most widely known by his "Logic and Rhetoric," the time will come when his Theological works will be, if not more widely read, still more highly prized. To great powers of argument and illustration, and delightful transparency of diction and style, he adds a higher quality still—and a very rare quality it is—an evident and intense honesty of purpose, an absorbing desire to arrive at the *exact truth*, and to state it with perfect fairness and with the just limitations. Without pretending to agree with all that Archbishop Whately has written on the subject of Theology (though he carries his readers with him as frequently as any writer with whom we are acquainted), we may remark that in relation to that whole class of subjects, to which the present essay has reference, we know of no writer of the present day whose contributions are more numerous or more valuable. The highly ingenious ironical *brochure*, entitled "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte;" the Essays above mentioned, "On some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion;" those "On some of the Dangers to Christian Faith," and on the "Errors of Romanism;" the work on the "Kingdom of Christ," not to mention others, are well worthy of universal perusal. They abound in views both original and just, stated with all the author's aptness of illustration, and transparency of language. We may remark, too, that in many of his *occasional sermons*, he has incidentally added many most beautiful fragments to that ever-accumulating mass of internal evidence which the Scriptures themselves supply in their very structure, and which is evolved by diligent investigation of the relation and coherence of one part of them with another. We are also rejoiced to see that a small and unpretending, but very powerful, little tract, by the same writer, entitled "Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences," has passed through many editions, has been translated into most of the European languages, and, amongst the rest, very recently into German, with an appropriate preface, by Professor Abeltzhauser, of the University of Dublin. It shows to demonstration that as much of the evidence of Christianity as is necessary for conviction may be made perfectly clear to the meanest capacity; and that, in spite of the assertions of Rome and of Oxford to the contrary, the apostolic injunction to every Christian to be ready to render a *reason* "for the hope that is in him,"—somewhat better than that no reason of the Hindoo or the Hottentot, that he believes what he is told, *without* any reason except that he is told it,—is an injunction possible to be obeyed.

to his children, so the present subject admits of similar illustration. What God does with us in that process of moral education to which we have just adverted, is exactly what every wise parent endeavors to do with his children,—though by methods, as we may well judge, proportionably less perfect. Man too instinctively, or by reflection, adapts himself to the nature of his children; and seeing that only so far as it is justly trained can they be happy, makes the harmonious and concurrent development of *their* reason and *their* faith his object; he, too, endeavors to teach them that without which they cannot be happy,—obedience, but a *reasonable* obedience. He gives them, in his general procedure and conduct, sufficient proofs of his superior knowledge, superior wisdom, and unchanging love; and secure in the general effect of this, he leaves them to receive by *faith* many things which he cannot explain to them if he would, till they get older; many things which he *can* only partially explain; and many others which he might more perfectly explain, but *will* not, partly as a test of their docility, and partly to invite and necessitate the healthy and energetic exercise of their reason in finding out the explanation for themselves. Confiding in the same general effect of his procedure and conduct, he does not hesitate, when the foresight of their ultimate welfare justifies it, to draw still more largely on their faith, in acts of apparent harshness and severity. Time, he knows, will show, though perhaps not till his yearning heart has ceased to beat for their welfare, that all that he did, he did in love. He knows, too, that if his lessons are taken aright, and his children become the good and happy men he wishes them to be, they will say, as they visit his sepulchre, and recall with sorrow the once unappreciated love which animated him,—and perhaps with a sorrow, deeper still, remember the transient resentments caused by a salutary severity: "He was indeed a friend; he corrected us not for his pleasure, but for our profit; and what we once thought was caprice or passion, we now *know* was love."

These analogies afford a true, though most imperfect, representation of the moral discipline to which Supreme Wisdom is subjecting us; and as we are accustomed to despair of any child with whom paternal experience and authority go for nothing, unless he can fully understand the intrinsic *reasons* for every *special* act of duty which that experience and authority dictate; as we are sure that he who has not learned to obey when



young will never, when of age, know how to govern either himself or others; so a similar conduct in all the children of dust toward the Father of Spirits justifies a still more gloomy augury; inasmuch as the difference between the knowledge of man and the ignorance of a child, absolutely vanishes, in comparison with that interval which must ever subsist between the knowledge of the Eternal and the ignorance of man.

The remarks that have been made are not uncalled for in the present day. For, unfortunately, it is now easy to detect in many classes of minds a tendency to divorce Reason from Faith, or Faith from Reason; and to proclaim that "what God hath joined together" shall henceforth exist in alienation. We see this tendency manifested in relation both to Natural Theology, and to Revealed Religion. The old conflict between the claims of these two guiding principles of man (in no age wholly suppressed) is visibly renewed in our day. In relation to Christianity especially, there are large classes amongst us who press the claims of faith so far, that it would become, if they had their will, an utterly unreasonable faith; some of whom do not scruple to speak slightly of the evidences which substantiate Christianity; to decry and depreciate the study of them; to pronounce that study unnecessary; and even in many cases to insinuate their insufficiency. They are loud in the mean time in extolling a faith which, as Whately truly observes, is no whit better than the faith of a heathen; who has no other or better reason to offer for his religion than that his father told him it was true! But this plainly is not the intelligent faith which, as we have seen, is everywhere inculcated and applauded in the Scriptures; it is not that faith by which Christianity, appealing, in the midst of a multitude of such traditional religions, to palpable evidence addressed to men's senses and understandings (in a way no other religion ever did), everywhere destroyed the systems for which their votaries could only say that their fathers told them they were true. And yet this blind belief in such tradition, many advocates of Christianity would now enjoin us to imitate! It might have occurred to them, one would think, that, on their principles, Christianity never could have succeeded; for every mind must have been hopelessly pre-occupied against all examination of its claims. It is, indeed, incomparably better that a man should be a sincere Christian even by an utterly unreasoning and passive faith (if that be possible), than no Christian

at all; but at the best, such a man is a possessor of the truth only by accident; he ought to have, and, if he be a sincere disciple of truth, will seek, some more solid grounds for holding it. But it is but too obvious, we fear, that the disposition to enjoin this obsequious mood of mind is prompted by a strong desire to revive the ancient empire of priestcraft and the pretensions of ecclesiastical despotism; to secure re-admission to the human mind of extravagant and preposterous claims, which their advocates are sadly conscious rest on no solid foundation. They feel that as reason is not *with* them, it must be *against* them; and reason, therefore, they are determined to exclude.

But the experience of the present "developments" of Oxford teaching may serve to show us how infinitely perilous is this course; and how fearfully, both outraged reason and outraged faith will avenge the wrongs done them by their alienation and disjunction. Those results, indeed, we predicted in 1843; before a single leader of the Oxford school had gone over to Rome, and before any tendencies to the opposite extreme of Scepticism had manifested themselves. We then affirmed that, on the one hand, those who were contending for the corruptions of the fourth century could not possibly find footing there, but must inevitably seek their ultimate resting-place in Rome—a prediction which has been too amply fulfilled; and that, on the other, the extravagant pretensions put forth on behalf of an uninquiring faith, and the desperate assertion that the "evidence for Christianity" was no stronger than that for "Church Principles," must, by reaction, lead on to an outbreak of infidelity. That prophecy, too, has been to the letter accomplished. We then said—"We have seen it recently asserted by some of the Oxford school that there is as much reason for rejecting the most essential doctrines of Christianity—nay, Christianity itself—as for rejecting their 'church principles.' That, in short, we have as much reason for being infidels as for rejecting the doctrine of Apostolical succession! What other effect such reasoning can have than that of compelling men to believe that there is nothing between infidelity and popery, and of urging them to make a selection between the two, we know not. . . . Indeed, we fully expect that, as a reaction of the present extravagancies, of the revival of obsolete superstition, we shall have ere long to fight over again the battle with a modified form of infidelity, as now with a modified form of

popery. Thus, probably, for some time to come, will the human mind continue to oscillate between the extremes of error; but with a diminished arc at each vibration; until truth shall at last prevail, and compel it to repose in the centre.”\*

The offensive displays of self-sufficiency and flippancy, of ignorance and presumption, found in the productions of the apostles of the new infidelity of Oxford, (of which we shall have a few words to say by-and-by) are the natural and instructive, though most painful, result of attempting to give predominance to one principle of our nature, where two or more are designed reciprocally to guard and check each other; and such results must ever follow such attempts. The excellence of man—so complexly constituted is his nature—*must* consist in the harmonious action and proper balance of all the constituents of that nature; the equilibrium he sighs for must be the result of the combined action of forces operating in different directions; of his reason, his faith, his appetites, his affections, his emotions; when these operate each in due proportion, then, and then only, can he be at rest. It may, indeed, transcend any calculus of man to estimate exactly the several elements in this complicated polygon of forces; but we are at least sure that, if any one principle be so developed as to supersede another, no safe equipoise will be attained. We all know familiarly enough that this is the case when the affections or the appetites are more powerful than the reason and the conscience, instead of being in subjection to them: but it is not less the case, though the result is not so palpable, when reason and faith either exclude one another, or trench on each other's domain; when one is pampered and the other starved.† Hence the perils attendant upon their attempted separation, and the ruin which results from their actual alienation and hostility. There is no depth of dreary superstition into which men may not sink in the one case, and no extravagance of ignorant

presumption to which they may not soar in the other. It is only by the mutual and alternate action of these different forces that man can safely navigate his little bark through the narrow straits and by the dangerous rocks which impede his course; and if Faith spread not the sail to the breeze, or if Reason desert the helm, we are in equal peril.

If it be said that this is a disconsolate and dreary doctrine; that man seeks and needs a simpler navigation than this troublesome and intricate course, by star and chart, compass and lead line; and that this responsibility, of ever

“Sounding on his dim and perilous way,”

is too grave for so feeble a nature; we answer that such *is* his actual condition. This is a plain matter of fact which cannot be denied. The various principles of his constitution, and his position in relation to the external world, obviously and absolutely subject him to this very responsibility throughout his whole course in this life. It is never remitted or abated: resolves are necessitated upon imperfect evidence; and action imperatively demanded amidst doubts and difficulties in which reason is not satisfied, and faith is required. To argue, therefore, that God cannot have left man to such uncertainty, is to argue, as the pertinacious lawyer did, who, on seeing a man in the stocks, asked him what he was there for; and on being told, said, “They cannot put you there for *that*.” “But I *am* here,” was the laconic answer.

The analogy, then, of man's whole condition in this life might lead us to expect the same system of procedure throughout; that the evidence which substantiates *religious* truth, and claims *religious* action, would involve this responsibility as well as that which substantiates *other* kinds of truth, and demands *other* kinds of action. And after all, what else, in either case, could answer the purpose, *if* (as already said) this world be the school of training of man's moral nature? How else could the discipline of his faculties, the exercise of patience, humility, and fortitude, be secured? How, except amidst a state of things less than certainty—whether under the form of that passive faith which *mimics* the possession of absolute certainty, or absolute certainty itself—could man's nature be trained to combined self-reliance and self-distrust, circumspection and resolution, and, above all, to confidence in God? Man cannot be nursed and dandled into the manhood of his nature, by that unthinking faith which

\* *Oxford Tract School*, Ed. Rev., April, 1843.

† It has been our lot to meet with disciples of the Oxford Tract School, who have, by a fatal indulgence of an appetite of belief, brought themselves to believe any mediæval miracle, nay, any ghost story, without examination, saying, with a solemn face, “It is better to believe than to reason.” They believe as they *will* to believe; and thus is reason avenged. Reason, similarly indulged, believes, with Mr. Foxton and Mr. Froude, that a miracle is even an *impossibility*; and this is the “Nemesis” of faith.



leaves no doubts to be felt, and no objections to be weighed. Nor can his docility ever be tested, if he is never called upon to believe anything which it would not be an absurdity and contradiction to deny. This species of responsibility, then, not only cannot be dispensed with, but is absolutely necessary; and, consequently, however desirable it may appear that we should have furnished to us that short path to certainty which a pretended infallibility\* promises to man, or that equally short path which leads to the same termination, by telling us that we are to believe nothing which we cannot *demonstrate* to be true, or which, *a priori*, we may presume to be false, must be a path which leads astray. In the one case, how can the "reasonable service" which Scripture demands—the enlightened love and conscientious investigation of *truth*—its reception, not without doubts, but against doubts—how could all this co-exist with a faith which presents the whole sum of religion in the formulary, "I am to believe without a doubt, and perform without hesitation, whatever my guide, Parson A., tells me?" Not that, even in that case (as has often been shown), the man would be relieved from the necessity of absolutely depending on the dreaded exercise of his private judgment; for he must at least have exercised it once for all (unless each man is to remit his religion wholly to the accident of his birth), and that on two of the most arduous of all questions: first, *which* of several churches, pretending to infallibility, is truly infallible? and next, whether the man may infallibly regard his worthy Parson A. as an infallible expounder of that infallibility? But, supposing this stupendous difficulty surmounted, though *then*, it is true, all may seem genuine faith, in reality there is none: where absolute infallibility is *supposed* to have been attained (even though erroneously), faith, in strict propriety—certainly *that* faith which is alone of any value as an instrument of men's moral training,—which recognizes and intelligently struggles with objections and difficulties—is impossible. Men may be said, in such case, to *know*, but can hardly be

\* See Archbishop Whately's admirable discourse, entitled "The Search after Infallibility, considered in reference to the Danger of Religious Errors arising within the Church, in the primitive as well as in all later Ages." He here makes excellent use of the fruitful principle of Butler's great work, by showing that, however *desirable, a priori*, an infallible guide would seem to fallible man, God *in fact* has everywhere denied it; and that, in denying it in relation to religion, he has acted only as he always acts.

said to believe. Before Columbus had seen America, he *believed* in its existence; but when he *had* seen it, his faith became knowledge. Equally impossible, and for the same reason, is any place for faith on the opposite hypothesis; for if man is to believe nothing but what his reason can comprehend, and to act only upon evidence which amounts to certainty, the same paradox is true; for when there is no reason to doubt, there can be none to believe. Faith ever stands between conflicting probabilities; but her position is (if we may use the metaphor) the centre of gravity between them, and will be proportionably nearer the greater mass.

In the mean time that arduous responsibility which attaches to man, and which is obviated neither by an implicit faith in a human infallibility, nor an exclusive reference of that faith to cases in which reason is synonymous with demonstration, that is, to cases which leave no room for it, is at once relieved, and effectually relieved, by the maxim—the key-stone of all ethical truth—that only voluntary error condemns us;—that all we are really responsible for, is a faithful, honest, patient, investigation and weighing of evidence, as far as our abilities and opportunities admit, and a conscientious pursuit of what we honestly deem truth, wherever it may lead us. We concede that a really dispassionate and patient conduct in this respect is what man is too ready to assume he has practiced,—and this fallacy cannot be too sedulously guarded against. But that guilty liability to self-deception, does not militate against the truth of the representation now made. It is his *duty* to see that he does not abuse the maxim,—that he does not rashly acquiesce in any conclusion that he *wishes* to be true, or which he is too *lazy* to examine. If all *possible* diligence and honesty have been exerted in the search, the statement of Chillingworth, bold as it is, we should not hesitate to adopt, in all the vigor of his own language. It is to the effect, that "if in him alone there were a confluence of all the errors which have befallen the sincere professors of Christianity, he should not be so much afraid of them, as to ask God's pardon for them;" absolutely involuntary error being justly regarded by him as blameless.

On the other hand, we firmly believe, from the natural relations of truth with the constitution of the mind of man, that, with the exception of a very few cases of obliquity of intellect, which may safely be left to the merciful interpretations and apologies of Him

who created such intellects, those who thus honestly and industriously "seek" shall "find;" not all truth, indeed, but enough to secure their safety; and that whatever remaining errors may infest and disfigure the truth they have attained, they shall not be imputed to them for sin. According to the image which apostolic eloquence has employed, the baser materials which unavoidable haste, prejudice, and ignorance may have incorporated with the gold of the edifice, will be consumed by the fire which "will try every man's work of what sort it is," but he himself will be saved amidst those purifying flames. Like the bark which contained the Apostle and the fortunes of the Gospel, the frail vessel may go to pieces on the rocks, but "by boat or plank" the voyager himself shall "get safe to shore."

It is amply sufficient, then, to lighten our responsibility, that we are answerable only for our honest endeavors to discover and to practice the truth; and, in fact, the responsibility is principally felt to be irksome, and man is so prompt by devices of his own, to release himself from it, not on account of any intrinsic difficulty which remains after the above limitations are admitted, but because he wishes to be exempted from that very necessity of patient and honest investigation. It is not so much the difficulty of *finding*, as the trouble of *seeking* the truth, from which he shrinks; a necessity, however, from which, as it is an essential instrument of his moral education and discipline, he can never be released.

If the previous representations be true, the conditions of that intelligent faith which God requires from his intelligent offspring, may be fairly inferred to be such as we have already stated;—that the evidence for the truths we are to believe shall be, first, such as our faculties are competent to appreciate, and against which, therefore, the mere negative argument arising from our ignorance of the true solution of such difficulties, as are, perhaps, insoluble because we are finite, can be no reply; and, secondly, such an amount of this evidence as shall fairly overbalance all the objections which we *can* appreciate. This is the condition to which God has obviously subjected us as inhabitants of this world; and it is on such evidence we are here perpetually acting. We now believe a thousand things we cannot fully comprehend. We may not see the *intrinsic* evidence of their truth, but their *extrinsic* evidence is sufficient to induce us unhesitatingly to believe, and to act upon them. When that evidence is sufficient in amount, we allow it to overbear

*all* the individual difficulties and perplexities which hang round the truths to which it is applied, unless, indeed, such difficulties can be *proved* to involve absolute contradictions; for these, of course, no evidence can substantiate. For example, in a thousand cases, a certain combination of merely circumstantial evidence in favor of a certain judicial decision, is familiarly allowed to vanquish all apparent discrepancy on particular and subordinate points;—the want of concurrence in the evidence of the witnesses on such points shall not cause a shadow of a doubt as to the conclusion. For we feel that it is far more improbable that the conclusion should be untrue, than that the difficulty we cannot solve is truly incapable of a solution; and when the evidence reaches this point the objection no longer troubles us.

It is the same with historic investigations. There are ten thousand facts in history which no one doubts, though the narrators of them may materially vary in their version, and though some of the circumstances alleged may be in appearance inexplicable. But the last thing a man would think of doing, in such cases, would be to neglect the preponderant evidence on account of the residuum of insoluble objections. He does not, in short, allow his ignorance to control his knowledge, nor the evidence which he has not got to destroy what he has; and the less so, that experience has taught him that in many cases such apparent difficulties have been cleared up, in the course of time, and by the progress of knowledge, and proved to be contradictions in appearance only.

It is the same with the conclusions of natural philosophy, when well proved by experiment, however unaccountable for awhile may be the discrepancy with apparently opposing phenomena. No one disbelieves the Copernican theory now; though thousands did for awhile, on what they believed the irrefragable evidence of their senses. Now, let us only suppose the Copernican theory not to have been discovered by human reason, but made known by revelation, and its reception enjoined on faith, leaving the apparent inconsistency with the evidence of the senses just as it was. Thousands, no doubt, would have said, that no such evidence *could* justify them in disbelieving their own eyes, and that such an insoluble objection was sufficient to overturn the evidence. Yet we now see, in point of fact, that it is not only possible, but true, that the objection was apparent only, and admits of a complete solution. Thousands accordingly receive phi-



losophy—this very philosophy—on testimony which apparently contradicts their senses, without even yet knowing more of it than if it *were* revealed from heaven. This gives too much reason to suspect, that in other and higher cases, the *will* has much to do with human scepticism. Nor do we well know what thousands who neglect religion on account of the alleged uncertainty of its evidence could reply, if God were to say to them, "And yet on *such* evidence, and that far inferior in degree, you have never hesitated to *act*, when your own temporal interests were concerned. You never feared to commit the bark of your worldly fortunes to that fluctuating element. In many cases you believed on the testimony of others what seemed even to contradict your own senses. Why were you so much more scrupulous in relation to ME?"

The above examples are fair illustrations, we venture to think, of the conditions under which we are required to believe the far higher truths, attended no doubt with great difficulties, which are authenticated in the pages of the two volumes (Nature and Scripture) which God has put into our hands to study; of the conditions to which He subjects us in training us for a future state, and developing in us the twofold perfection involved in the words "a reasonable faith." If the considerations just urged were duly borne in mind, we cannot help thinking that they would afford (where any modesty remained) an answer to most of those forms of unbelief which, from time to time, rise up in the world, and not least in our own day. These are usually founded on one or more supposed insoluble objections, arising out of our ignorance. The probability that they *are* incapable of solution is rashly assumed, and made to overbear the far stronger probability arising from the positive and appreciable evidence which substantiates the truths involved in those difficulties: a course the more unreasonable inasmuch as—first, many such difficulties might be *expected*; and, secondly, in analogous cases, we see that many such difficulties have in time disappeared. On the other hand, it is, no doubt, much more easy to insist on individual objections, which no man can effectually answer, than it is to appreciate at once the *total effect* of many lines of argument, and many sources of evidence, all bearing on one point. That difficulty was long ago beautifully stated by Butler,\* in a passage

\* "The truth of our religion, like the truth of common matters, is to be judged of by all the evidence taken together. And, unless the whole series of things which may be alleged in this argument,

well worthy of the reader's perusal; and as Pascal had observed before him, not only is it difficult, but impossible, for the human mind to *retain* the impression of a large combination of evidence, even if it could for a moment *fully* realize the collective *effect* of the whole. But it cannot do even this, any more than the eye can take in at once, in mass and detail, the objects of an extensive landscape.

Let us now be permitted briefly to apply the preceding principles to two of the greatest controversies which have exercised the minds of men; that which relates to the existence of God, and that which relates to the truth of Christianity; in both of which, if we mistake not, man's position is precisely similar—placed, that is, amidst evidence abundantly sufficient to justify his reasonable faith, and yet attended with difficulties abundantly sufficient to baffle an indocile reason.

Without entering into the many different sources of argument for the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, we shall only refer to that proof on which all theists, savage and civilized, in some form or other, rely—the traces of an "eternal power and godhead" in the visible creation. The argument depends on a principle which, whatever may be its metaphysical history or origin, is one which man perpetually recognizes, which every act of his own consciousness verifies, which he applies fearlessly to every phenomenon, known or unknown; and it is this,—That every effect has a cause (though he knows nothing of their connection), and that effects which bear marks of design have a designing cause. This principle is so familiar that if he were to affect to doubt it in any *practical* case in human life, he would only be laughed at as a fool, or pitied as insane.

The evidence, then, which substantiates the greatest and first of truths mainly depends on a principle perfectly familiar and perfectly recognized. Man can estimate the *nature* of that evidence; and the *amount* of it, in this instance, he sees to be as vast as the sum of created objects;—nay, far more, for it is as vast as the sum of their relations.

and every particular thing in it, can reasonably be supposed to have been by accident (for here the stress of the argument for Christianity lies), then is the truth of it proved. . . . It is obvious how much advantage the nature of this evidence gives to those persons who attack Christianity, especially in conversation. For it is easy to show in a short and lively manner that such and such things are liable to objection, but impossible to show, in like manner, the united force of the whole argument in one view." —*Analogy*, part II. chap. vii.

So that if (as is apt to be the case) the difficulties of realizing this tremendous truth are in proportion to the extent of knowledge and the powers of reflection, the evidence we can perfectly appreciate is cumulative in an equal or still higher proportion. Obvious as are the marks of design in each individual object, the sum of proof is not merely the sum of such indications, but that sum infinitely multiplied by the relations established and preserved amongst all these objects ; by the adjustment which harmonizes them all into one system, and impresses on all the parts of the universe a palpable order and subordination. While even in a single part of an organized being (as a hand or an eye) the traces of design are not to be mistaken, these are indefinitely multiplied by similar proofs of contrivance in the many individual organs of one such being—as of an entire animal or vegetable. These are yet to be multiplied by the harmonious relations which are established of mutual proportion and subserviency amongst all the organs of any one such being : And as many beings even of that one species or class as there are, so many multiples are there of the same proofs. Similar indications yield similar proofs of design in each individual *part*, and in the *whole* individual of *all* the individuals of every other class of beings ; and this sum of proof is again to be multiplied by the proofs of design in the adjustment and mutual dependence and subordination of each of these *classes* of organized beings to every other, and to all ; of the vegetable to the animal—of the lower animal to the higher. Their magnitudes, numbers, physical force, faculties, functions, duration of life, rates of multiplication and development, sources of subsistence, must all have been determined in exact ratios, and could not transgress certain limits without involving the whole universe in confusion. This amazing sum of probabilities is yet to be further augmented by the fact that all these classes of organized substances are intimately related to those great elements of the material world in which they live, to which they are adapted, and which are adapted to them ; that all of them are subject to the influence of certain mighty and subtle agencies which pervade all nature,—and which are of such tremendous potency that any *chance* error in their proportions of activity would be sufficient to destroy all, and which yet are exquisitely balanced and inscrutably harmonized.

The proofs of design arising from the relations thus maintained between all the parts,

from the most minute to the most vast, of our own world, are still to be further multiplied by the inconceivably momentous relations subsisting between our own and other planets, and their common centre ; amidst whose sublime and solemn phenomena science has most clearly discovered that everything is accurately adjusted by geometrical precision of force and movement ; where the *chances* of error are infinite, and the proofs of intelligence, therefore, equal. These proofs of design in each fragment of the universe, and in all combined, are continually further multiplied by every fresh discovery, whether in the minute or the vast—by the microscope or the telescope ; for every fresh law that is discovered, being in harmony with all that has previously been discovered, not only yields its own proof of design, but infinitely more, by all the relations in which it stands to other laws ; it yields, in fact, as many as there are adjustments which have been effected between itself and all besides. Each new proof of design, therefore, is not a solitary fact ; but one which, entering as another element into a most complex machinery, indefinitely multiplies the combinations, in any one of which chance might have gone astray. From this infinite array of proofs of design, it seems to man's reason, in ordinary moods, stark madness to account for the phenomena of the universe upon any other supposition than that which does account, and can alone account for them all,—the supposition of a Presiding Intelligence, illimitable alike in power and in wisdom.

The only difficulty is justly to appreciate such an argument—to obtain a sufficiently vivid impression of such an accumulation of probabilities. This very difficulty, indeed, in some moods, may minister to a temporary doubt. For let us catch man in those moods,—perhaps after long meditation on the metaphysical grounds of human belief,—and he begins to doubt, with unusual modesty, whether the child of dust is warranted to conclude *anything* on a subject which loses itself in the infinite, and which so far transcends all his powers of apprehension ; he begins half to doubt, with Hume, whether he can reason analogically from the petty specimens of human ingenuity to phenomena so vast and so unique ; a misgiving which is strengthened by reflecting on all those to him incomprehensible inferences to which the *admission* of the argument leads him, and which seem almost to involve contradictions. Let him ponder for awhile the ideas involved in the notion of Self-subsistence, Eternity, Creation ;



of Power, Wisdom, and Knowledge, so unlimited as to embrace at once all things, and all their relations, actual and possible,—this “unlimited” expanding into a dim apprehension of the “infinite;”—of infinitude of attributes, omnipresent in every point of space, and yet but one and not many infinitudes;—let him once humbly ponder such incomprehensible difficulties as these, and he will soon feel that though in the argument from design, there seemed but one vast scene of triumph for his reason, there is as large a scene of exertion left for his faith. That faith he ordinarily yields; he sees it is justified by those proofs of the great truth he can appreciate, and which he will not allow to be controlled by the difficulties his conscious feebleness cannot solve; and the rather, that he sees that if he does *not* accept that evidence, he has equally incomprehensible difficulties to encounter, and two or three stark contradictions into the bargain. His reason, therefore, triumphs in the proofs, and his faith triumphs over the difficulties.

It is the same with the doctrine of the Divine government of the world. In ordinary states of mind, man counts it an absurdity to suppose that the Deity would have created a world to abandon it; that, having employed wisdom and power so vast in its construction, he would leave it to be the sport of chance. He feels that the intuitions of right and wrong; the voice of conscience; satisfaction in well-doing; remorse for crime; the present *tendency*, at least, of the laws of the universe,—all point to the same conclusion, while their imperfect fulfillment equally points to a future and more accurate adjustment. Yet let the man look exclusively for awhile on the opposite side of the tapestry; let him brood over any of the facts which seem at war with the above conclusion; on some signal triumph of baseness and malignity; on oppressed virtue, on triumphant vice; on “the wicked spreading himself like a green bay-tree;” and especially on the mournful and inscrutable mystery of the “Origin of Evil,” and he feels that “clouds and darkness” envelop the administration of the Moral Governor, though “justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” The evidences above mentioned for the last conclusion are direct and positive, and such as man can appreciate; the difficulties spring from his limited capacity, or imperfect glimpses of a very small segment of the universal plan. Nor are those difficulties less upon the opposite hypothesis; and they are there further burdened with two or three ad-

ditional absurdities. The preponderant evidence, far from removing the difficulties, scarcely touches them—yet it is felt to be sufficient to *justify* faith, though most abundant faith is required still.

Are the evidences, then, in behalf of Christianity *less* of a nature which man can appreciate? or *can* the difficulties involved in its reception be greater than in the preceding cases? If not, and if, moreover, while the evidence turns as before on principles with which we are familiar, the more formidable objections, as before, are such that we are not competent to decide upon their absolute insolubility, we see how man ought to act; that is, not to let his ignorance control his knowledge, but to let his reason accept the proofs which justify his faith, in accepting the difficulties. In no case is he, it appears, warranted to look for the certainty which shall exclude (whatever the triumphs of his reason) a gigantic exercise of his faith. Let us briefly consider a few of the evidences. And in order to give the statement a little novelty, we shall indicate the principal topics of evidence, not by enumerating what the advocate of Christianity believes in believing it to be true, but what the infidel *must* believe in believing it to be false. The *a priori* objection to Miracles we shall briefly touch afterward.

First, then, in relation to the Miracles of the New Testament, whether they be supposed masterly frauds on men's senses committed at the time and by the parties supposed in the records, or fictions (designed or accidental) subsequently fabricated—but still, in either case, undeniably successful and triumphant beyond all else in the history whether of fraud or fiction—the infidel must believe as follows: On the *first* hypothesis, he must believe that a vast number of apparent miracles—involving the most astounding phenomena—such as the instant restoration of the sick, blind, deaf, and lame, and the resurrection of the dead—performed in open day, amidst multitudes of malignant enemies—imposed alike on *all*, and triumphed at once over the strongest prejudices and the deepest enmity;—those who received them and those who rejected them differing only in the certainly not very trifling particular—as to whether they came from heaven or from hell. He must believe that those who were thus successful in this extraordinary conspiracy against men's senses and against common sense, were Galilæan Jews, such as all history of the period represents them; ignorant, obscure, illiterate; and, above all, previously bigoted, like all their countrymen, to the very

system, of which, together with all other religions on the earth, they modestly meditated the abrogation; he must believe that, appealing to these astounding frauds in the face both of Jews and Gentiles as an open evidence of the truth of a new revelation, and demanding on the strength of them that *their* countrymen should surrender a religion which they acknowledged to be divine, and that all other nations should abandon their scarcely less venerable systems of superstition, they rapidly succeeded in both these very probable adventures; and in a few years, though without arms, power, wealth, or science, were, to an enormous extent, victorious over all prejudice, philosophy, and persecution; and in three centuries took nearly undisputed possession, amongst many nations, of the temples of the ejected deities. He must farther believe that the original performers, in these prodigious frauds on the world, acted not only without any assignable motive, but against all assignable motive; that they maintained this uniform constancy in unprofitable falsehoods, not only together, but separately, in different countries, before different tribunals, under all sorts of examinations and cross-examinations, and in defiance of the gyves, the scourge, the axe, the cross, the stake; that those whom they persuaded to join their enterprise, persisted like themselves in the same obstinate belief of the same "cunningly devised" frauds; and though they had many accomplices in their singular conspiracy, had the equally singular fortune to free themselves and their coadjutors from all transient weakness toward their cause and treachery toward one another; and, lastly, that these men, having, amidst all their ignorance, originality enough to invent the most pure and sublime system of morality which the world has ever listened to, had, amidst all their conscious villany, the effrontery to preach it, and, which is more extraordinary, the inconsistency to practice it!\*

On the *second* of the above-mentioned hypotheses, that these miracles were either a congeries of deeply contrived fictions, or accidental *myths*, subsequently invented, the infidel must believe, on the *former* supposition, that, though even transient success in literary forgery, when there are any prejudi-

ces to resist, is among the rarest of occurrences; yet that *these* forgeries—the hazardous work of many minds, making the most outrageous pretensions, and necessarily challenging the opposition of Jew and Gentile, were successful, beyond all imagination, over the hearts of mankind; and have continued to impose, by an exquisite appearance of artless truth, and a most elaborate mosaic of feigned events artfully cemented into the ground of true history, on the acutest minds of different races and different ages; while, on the *second* supposition, he must believe that accident and chance have given to these legends their exquisite appearance of historic plausibility; and on *either* supposition, he must believe (what is still more wonderful) that the world, while the fictions were being published, and in the known absence of the facts they asserted to be true, suffered itself to be befooled *into* the belief of their truth, and *out* of its belief of all the systems it *did* previously believe to be true; and that it acted thus notwithstanding persecution from without, as well as prejudice from within; that, strange to say, the strictest historic investigations bring this compilation of fictions or myths—even by the admission of Strauss himself—within thirty or forty years of the very time in which all the alleged wonders they relate are said to have occurred; wonders which the perverse world knew it had *not* seen, but which it was determined to believe in spite of evidence, prejudice, and persecution! In addition to all this, the infidel must believe that the men who were engaged in the compilation of these monstrous fictions, chose them as the vehicle of the purest morality; and, though the most pernicious deceivers of mankind, were yet the most scrupulous preachers of veracity and benevolence! Surely of him, who can receive all these paradoxes—and they form but a small part of what might be mentioned—we may say, "O infidel, great is thy Faith!"

On the supposition that neither of these theories, whether of fraud or fiction, will account, if taken by itself, for the whole of the supernatural phenomena, which strew the pages of the New Testament, then the objector, who relies on *both*, must believe, in turn, *both* sets of the above paradoxes; and then, with still more reason than before, may we exclaim, "O infidel, great is thy Faith!"

Again; he must believe that *all* those apparent coincidences, which *seem* to connect Prophecy with the *facts* of the origin and history of Christianity,—some, embracing events too vast for hazardous speculations, and oth-

\* So far as we have any knowledge from history, this must have been the case; and Gibbon fully admits and insists upon it. Indeed, no infidel hypothesis can afford to do without the *virtues* of the early Christians in accounting for the success of the *falsehoods* of Christianity. Hard alternatives of a wayward hypothesis!



ers, incidents too minute for it,—are purely fortuitous; that *all* the cases in which the event seems to tally with the prediction, are mere chance coincidences: and he must believe this, amongst other events, of two of the most *unlikely* to which human sagacity was *likely* to pledge itself, and yet which have as undeniably occurred, (and *after* the predictions) as they were *a priori* improbable and anomalous in the world's history: the one is, that the Jews should exist as a distinct nation in the very bosom of all other nations, without extinction and without amalgamation,—other nations and even races having so readily melted away under less than half the influences which have been at work upon them;\* the other, an opposite paradox,—that a religion, propagated by ignorant, obscure, and penniless vagabonds, should diffuse itself amongst the most diverse nations in spite of all opposition,—it being the rarest of phenomena to find *any* religion which is capable of transcending the limits of race, clime, and the scene of its historic origin; a religion which, if transplanted, will not die; a religion which is more than a local or national growth of superstition! That *such* a religion as Christianity should so easily break these barriers, and though supposed to be cradled in ignorance, fanaticism, and fraud, should, without force of arms, and in the face of persecution, ride forth “conquering and to conquer,” through a long career of victories, defying the power of kings and emptying the temples of deities,—who, but an *infidel*, has *faith* enough to believe?†

\* The case of the Gipsies, often alleged as a parallel, is a ludicrous evasion of the argument. These few and scattered vagabonds, whose very safety has been obscurity and contempt, have never attracted toward them a thousandth part of the attention, or the hundred thousandth part of the cruelties, which have been directed against the Jews. Had it been otherwise, they would long since have melted away from every country in Europe. We repeat, that the existence of a nation for 1800 years in the bosom of all nations, conquered and persecuted, yet never extinguished, and the propagation of a religion amongst *different* races without force, and even against it,—are both, so far as known, paradoxes in history.

† “They may say,” says Butler, “that the conformity between the prophecies and the event is by accident; but there are many instances in which such conformity itself cannot be denied.” His whole remarks on the subject, and especially those on the *impression* to be derived from the *multitude* of apparent coincidences, in a long series of prophecies, some vast, some minute; and the improbability of their all being accidental, are worthy of his comprehensive genius. It is on the effect of the whole, not on single coincidences, that the argument depends.

Once more, then: if, from the external evidences of this religion, we pass to those which the only records by which we know anything of its nature and origin supplies, the infidel must believe, amongst other paradoxes, that it is *probable* that a knot of obscure and despised plebeians—regarded as the scum of a nation which was itself regarded as the scum of all other nations—originated the purest, most elevated, and most *influential* theory of ethics the world has ever seen; that a system of sublimest truth, expressed with unparalleled simplicity, sprang from ignorance; that precepts enjoining the most refined sanctity were inculcated by imposture; that the first injunctions to universal love broke from the lips of bigotry! He must further believe that these men exemplified the ideal perfection of that beautiful system in the most unique, original, and faultless picture of virtue ever conceived—a picture which has extorted the admiration even of those who could not believe it to be a *portrait*, and who have yet confessed themselves unable to account for it *except* as such.\* He must believe, too, that these ignorant and fraudulent Galilæans voluntarily aggravated the difficulty of their task, by exhibiting their proposed ideal, not by bare enumeration and description of qualities, but by the most arduous of all methods of representation—that of dramatic action; and, what is more, that they succeeded; that in that representation they undertook to make him act with sublime consistency in scenes of the most extraordinary character and the most touching pathos, and utter moral truth in the most exquisite fictions in which such truth was ever embodied; and that again they succeeded; that so ineffably rich in genius were these obscure wretches, that no less than *four* of them were found equal to this intellectual achievement; and while each has told many events, and given many traits which the others have omitted, that they have all performed their task in the same unique style of invention and the same unearthly

\* To Christ alone, of all the characters ever portrayed to man, belongs that assemblage of qualities which *equally* attract love and veneration; to him alone belong in perfection those rare traits which the Roman historian, with affectionate flattery, attributes too absolutely to the merely mortal object of his eulogy: “Nec illi, quod est rarissimum, aut facilitas, auctoritatem, aut severitas amorem, deminuit.” Still more beautiful is the Apostle's description of superiority to all human failings, with ineffable pity for human sorrows: “He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, though without sin.”

tone of art; that one and all, while preserving each his own individuality, has, nevertheless, attained a certain majestic simplicity of style unlike anything else (not only in any writings of their own nation, *except* their alleged sacred writings, and infinitely superior to anything which their successors, Jews or Christians, though with the advantage of these models, could ever attain), but, unlike any acknowledged human writings in the world, and possessing the singular property of being capable of ready transfusion, without the loss of a thought or a grace, into every language spoken by man; he must believe that these fabricators of fiction, in common with the many other contributors to the New Testament, most insanely added to the difficulty of their task by delivering the whole in fragments and in the most various kinds of composition,—in biography, history, travels, and familiar letters; incorporating and interfusing with the whole an amazing number of minute facts, historic allusions and specific references to persons, places, and dates, as if for the very purpose of supplying posterity with the easy means of detecting their impositions: he must believe that, in spite of their thus encountering what Paley calls the “danger of scattering names and circumstances in writings where nothing but truth can preserve consistency,” they so happily succeeded, that whole volumes have been employed in pointing out their latent and often most recondite congruities; many of them lying so deep, and coming out after such comparison of various passages and collateral lights, that they could never have answered the purposes of fraud, even if the most prodigious genius for fraud had been equal to the fabrication; congruities which, in fact, were never suspected to exist till they were expressly elicited by the attacks of infidelity, and were evidently never thought of by the writers; he must believe that they were profoundly sagacious enough to construct such a fabric of artful harmonies, and yet such simpletons as, by doing infinitely more than was necessary, to encounter infinite risks of detection, to no purpose; sagacious enough to out-do all that sagacity has ever done, as shown by the effects, and yet not sagacious enough to be merely *specious*: and finally, he must believe that these illiterate impostors had the art in all their various writings, which evidently proceed from different minds, to preserve the same inimitable marks of reality, truth, and nature, in their narrations—the miraculous and the ordinary alike—and to assume and preserve, with infinite ease, amidst

their infinite impostures, the tone and air of undissembled earnestness.\*

If, on the other hand, he supposes that all the congruities of which we have spoken, were the effect not of fraudulent design, but of happy accident,—that they arranged themselves in spontaneous harmony—he must believe that chance has done what even the most prodigious powers of invention could not do. And lastly, he must believe that these same illiterate men, who were capable of so much, were also capable of projecting a system of doctrine singularly remote from all ordinary and previous speculation; of discerning the necessity of taking under their special patronage those *passive* virtues which man least loved, and found it most difficult to cultivate; and of exhibiting, in their preference of the spiritual to the ceremonial, and their treatment of many of the most delicate questions of practical ethics and casuistry, a justness and elevation of sentiment as alien as possible from the superstition and fanaticism of their predecessors who had corrupted the Law—and the superstition and fanaticism of their followers, who very soon corrupted the Gospel; and that they, and they alone, rose above the strong tendencies to the extravagances which had been so conspicuous during the past, and were soon to be as conspicuous in the future. These and a thousand other paradoxes (arising out of the supposition that Christianity is the fraudulent or fictitious product of such an age, country, and, above all, such men as the problem limits us to), must the infidel receive, and receive all at once; and of him who *can* receive them we can but once more declare that so far from having no “faith,” he rather possesses the “faith” which removes “mountains!”—only it appears that his faith, like that of Rome or of Oxford, is a faith which excludes reason.

On the other hand, to him who accepts Christianity, none of these paradoxes present themselves. On the supposition of the truth of the miracles and the prophecies, he does not wonder at its origin or success; and as little does he wonder at all the literary and intellectual achievements of its early chroniclers—if their elevation of sentiment was from a divine source, and if the artlessness, harmony, and reality of their narratives was

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\* Was there ever in truth a man who could read the appeals of Paul to his converts, and doubt either that the letters were real or that the man was in earnest? We scarcely venture to think it.



the simple effect of the consistency of truth, and of transcription from the life.

Now, on the other hand, what are the chief objections which reconcile the infidel to his enormous burden of paradoxes, and which appear to the Christian far less invincible than the paradoxes themselves? They are, especially with all modern infidelity, objections to the *a priori* improbability of the doctrines revealed, and of the miracles which sustain them. Now, here we come to the very distinction on which we have already insisted, and which is so much insisted on by Butler. The evidence which sustains Christianity is all such as man is competent to consider; and is precisely of the same nature as that which enters into his every-day calculations of probability; while the objections are founded entirely on our ignorance and presumption. They suppose that we know more of the modes of the divine administration—of what God may have permitted, of what is possible and impossible, of the ultimate development of an imperfectly developed system, and of its relations to the entire universe,—than we do or can know.\*

Of these objections the most widely felt and the most specious, especially in our day, is the assumption that miracles are an *impossibility*;† and yet we will venture to say that there is none more truly unphilosophical. That miracles are *improbable*, viewed in relation to the experience of the individual or of the mass of men, is granted; for if they were not, they would, as Paley says, be no miracles; an every-day miracle is none. But that they are either impossible or so improbable that, if they *were* wrought, no evidence could establish them, is another matter. The first allegation involves a curious limitation of omnipotence; and the second affirms in effect, that, if God were to work a miracle, it would be our *duty* to disbelieve him!

We repeat our firm conviction that this *a priori* presumption against miracles is but a vulgar illusion of one of Bacon's *idola tribus*. So far from being disposed to admit the prin-

\* The possible implication of Christianity with distant regions of the universe, and the dim hints which Scripture seems to throw out as to such implication, are beautifully treated in the 4th, 5th, and 6th of Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses;" and we need not tell the reader of Butler how much he insists upon similar considerations.

† It is, as we shall see, the avowed axiom of Strauss; he even acknowledges, that if it be not true, he would not think it worth while to discredit the history of the Evangelists; that is, the history *must* be discredited, because he has resolved that a miracle is an impossibility!

ciple that a "miracle is an impossibility," we shall venture on what may seem to some a paradox, but which we are convinced is a truth,—that the time will come, and is coming, when even those who shall object to the evidence which sustains the Christian miracles will acknowledge that philosophy *requires* them to admit that men have no ground whatever to dogmatize on the antecedent impossibility of miracles in general; and that not merely because, if theists at all, they will see the absurdity of this assertion, while they admit that the present order of things had a *beginning*; and, if Christians at all, the equal absurdity of the assertion, while they admit that it will have an *end*;—not only because the geologist will have familiarized the world with the idea of successive interventions, and, in fact, distinct creative acts, having all the nature of miracles;—not only, we say, for these special reasons, but for a more general one. The true philosopher will see that, with his limited experience and that of all his contemporaries, he has no right to dogmatize about all that may have been permitted or will be permitted in the Divine administration of the universe; he will see that those who with one voice denied, about half a century ago, the existence of aerolites, and summarily dismissed all the alleged facts as a silly fable, because it contradicted *their* experience,—that those who refused to admit the Copernican theory because, as they said, it manifestly contradicted *their* experience,—that the schoolboy who refuses to admit the first law of motion because, as he says, it gives the lie to all *his* experience,—that the Oriental prince (whose scepticism Hume vainly attempts, on his principle, to meet) who denied the possibility of ice because it contradicted *his* experience,—and, in the same manner, that the men who, with Dr. Strauss, lay down the dictum that a miracle is *impossible* and a *contradiction* because it contradicts *their* experience,—have all been alike contravening the first principles of the modest philosophy of Bacon, and have fallen into one of the most ordinary illusions against which he has warned us; namely, that that cannot be true which seems in contradiction to our *own* experience. We confidently predict that the day will come when the favorite argument of many a so-called philosopher in this matter will be felt to be the philosophy of the vulgar only; and that though many may, even then, deny that the testimony which supports the Scripture miracles is equal to the task, they will all alike abandon the axiom which supersedes

the necessity of at all examining such evidence, by asserting that no evidence can establish them.

While on this subject, we may notice a certain fantastical tone of depreciation of miracles as an evidence of Christianity, which is occasionally adopted even by some who do not deny the possibility or probability, or even the fact, of their occurrence. They affirm them to be of little moment, and represent them—with an exquisite affectation of metaphysical propriety—as totally incapable of convincing men of any *moral truth*; upon the ground that there is no natural relation between any displays of *physical power* and any such truth. Now without denying that the nature of the doctrine is a criterion, and must be taken into account in judging of the reality of any alleged miracle, we have but two things to reply to this: first, that, as Paley says in relation to the question whether *any* accumulation of testimony can establish a miraculous fact, we are content "to try the theorem upon a simple case," and affirm that man is so constituted that if he himself sees the blind restored to sight and the dead raised, under such circumstances as exclude all doubt of fraud on the part of others and all mistake on his own, he will uniformly associate authority with such displays of superhuman power; and, secondly, that the notion in question is in direct contravention of the language and spirit of Christ himself, who *expressly* suspends his claims to men's belief and the authority of his doctrines on the fact of his miracles. "The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." "If ye believe not me, believe *my works*." "If I had not come among them, and *done the works that none other man did*, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin."

We have enumerated some of the paradoxes which infidelity is required to believe; and the old-fashioned, open, intelligible infidelity of the last century accepted them, and rejected Christianity accordingly. That was a self-consistent, simple, ingenuous thing, compared with those monstrous forms of credulous reason, incredulous faith, metaphysical mysticism, even Christian Pantheism—so many varieties of which have sprung out of the incubation of German rationalism and German philosophy upon the New Testament. The advocates of these systems, after adopting the most formidable of the above paradoxes of infidelity, and (notwithstanding the frequent boast of *originality*) depending mainly on the *same* objections,

and defending them by the very *same* critical arguments,\* delude themselves with the idea that they have but purified and embalmed Christianity; not aware that they have first made a mummy of it. They are so greedy of paradox, that they, in fact, aspire to be Christians and infidels at the same time. Proclaiming the miracles of Christianity to be *illusions* of imagination or *mythical* legends—the inspiration of its records no other or greater than that of Homer's "Iliad," or even "Æsop's Fables;"—rejecting the whole of that supernatural element with which the only records which can tell us any thing about the matter are full; declaring its whole history so uncertain that the ratio of truth to error must be a vanishing fraction;—the advocates of these systems yet proceed to rant and rave—they are really the only words we know which can express our sense of their absurdity—in a most edifying vein about the divinity of Christianity, and to reveal to us its *true* glories. "Christ," says Strauss, "is not an individual, but an *idea*; that is to say, *humanity*. In the *human race* behold the God-made-man! behold the child of the visible virgin and the invisible Father!—*that is*, of matter and of mind; behold the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Sinless One; behold him who dies, who is raised again, who mounts into the heavens! Believe in *this* Christ! In his death, his resurrection, man is justified before God!"†

\* The main *objection*, both with the old and the new forms of infidelity, is, that against the *miracles*; the main *arguments* with both, those which attempt to show their *antecedent impossibility*; and *criticism* directed against the credulity of the records which contain them. The principal *difference* is, that modern infidelity shrinks from the coarse imputation of fraud and imposture on the founders of Christianity; and prefers the theory of *illusion* or *myth* to that of deliberate fraud. But with this exception, which touches only the personal character of the founders of Christianity, the case remains the same. The same postulates and the same arguments are made to yield substantially the same conclusion. For, all that is supernatural in Christianity and all credibility in its records, vanish equally on either assumption. Nor is even the modern *mode* of interpreting many of the miracles (as *illusions* or legends) unknown to the elder infidelity; only it more consistently felt that neither the one theory nor the other, could be trusted to *alone*. *Velis et remis* was its motto.

† Such is Quinet's brief statement of Strauss's mystico-mythical Christianity, founded on the Hegelian philosophy. For a fuller, we dare not say a more intelligible, account of it in Strauss's own words and the metaphysical mysteries on which it depends, the reader may consult Dr. Beard's transla-



Whether it be the Rationalism of Panlus, or the Rationalism of Strauss—whether that which declares all that is supernatural in Christianity (forming the bulk of its history) to be illusion, or that which declares it myth,—the conclusions can be made out only by a system of interpretation which can be compared to nothing but the wildest dreams and allegorical system of some of the early Fathers;\* while the results themselves are either those elementary principles of ethics for which there was no need to invoke a revelation at all, or some mystico-metaphysical philosophy, expressed in language as unintelligible as the veriest gibberish of the Alexandrian Platonists. In fact, by such exegesis and by such philosophy, any thing may be made out of any thing; and the most fantastical data be compelled to yield equally fantastical conclusions.

But the first and most natural question to ask is obviously this: how any mortal can pretend to extract *anything* certain, much more *divine*, from records, the great bulk of which he has reduced to pure frauds, illusions, or legends,—and the great bulk of the remainder to an absolute uncertainty of how little is true and how much false?† Surely it would need nothing less than a new revela-

tion;—pp. 44, 45, of his Essay entitled "Strauss, Hegel, and their Opinions."

\* Of the mode of accounting for the supernatural occurrences in the Scriptures by the illusion produced by mistaken natural phenomena, (perhaps the most stupidly jejune of all the theories ever projected by man), Quinet eloquently says, "The pen which wrote the Provincial Letters would be necessary to lay bare the strange consequences of this theology. According to its conclusion, the tree of good and evil was nothing but a venomous plant, probably a manchineel tree, under which our first parents fell asleep. The shining face of Moses on the heights of Mount Sinai was the natural result of electricity; the vision of Zachariah was effected by the smoke of the chandeliers in the temple; the Magian kings, with their offerings of myrrh, of gold, and of incense, were three wandering merchants who brought some glittering tinsel to the Child of Bethlehem; the star which went before them a servant bearing a flambeau; the angels in the scene of the temptation, a caravan traversing the desert, laden with provisions; the two angels in the tomb, clothed in white linen, an illusion caused by a linen garment; the Transfiguration, a storm." Who would not sooner be an old-fashioned infidel than such a doting and maundering rationalist?

† Daub naively enough declares, that "if you except all that relates to angels, demons, and miracles, there is scarcely *any* mythology in the Gospel." An exception which reminds one of the Irish prelate who, on reading "Gulliver's Travels," remarked that there were *some* things in that book which he *could* not think true.

tion to reveal this sweeping restriction of the old; and we should then be left in an ecstasy of astonishment—first, that the whole significance of it should have been veiled in frauds, illusions, or fictions; secondly, that its true meaning should have been hidden from the world for eighteen hundred years after its divine promulgation; thirdly, that it should be *revealed* at last, either in results which needed no revelation to reveal them, or in the Egyptian darkness of the allegorico-metaphysico-mystico-logico-transcendental "formulae" of the most obscure and contentious philosophy ever devised by man; and lastly, that all this superfluous trouble is to give us, after all, only the mysteries of a most enigmatical philosophy: For of Hegel, in particular, we think it may with truth be said that the reader is seldom fortunate enough to *know* that he *knows* his meaning, or even to know that Hegel *knew* his own.

Whether, then, we regard the original compilers of the evangelic records as inventing all that Panlus or Strauss rejects, or sincerely believing their own delusions, or that their statements have been artfully corrupted or unconsciously disguised, till Christ and his Apostles are as effectually transformed and travestied as these dreamers are pleased to imagine, with what consistency can we believe *any* thing certain amidst so many acknowledged fictions inseparably incorporated with them? If A has told B truth once and falsehood fifty times, (wittingly or unwittingly,) what can induce B to believe that he has any reason to believe A in that only time in which he *does* believe him, unless he knows the same truth by evidence quite independent of A, and for which he is not indebted to him at all? Should we not, then, at once acknowledge the futility of attempting to educe any certain historic fact, however meagre, or any doctrine, whether intelligible or obscure, from documents nine-tenths of which are to be rejected as a tissue of absurd fictions? Or why should we not fairly confess that, for aught we can tell, the *whole* is a fiction? For certainly, as to the amount of historic fact which these men affect to leave, it is obviously a matter of the most trivial importance whether we regard the whole Bible as absolute fiction or not. Whether an obscure Galilean teacher, who taught a moral system which may have been as good (we can never *know* from such corrupt documents that it *was* as good) as that of Confucius, or Zoroaster, ever lived or not; and whether we are to add another name to those who have enunciated the elementary truths of ethics, is really

of very little moment. Upon their principles we can clearly *know* nothing about him, except that he is the centre of a vast mass of fictions, the invisible nucleus of a huge conglomerate of myths. A thousand times more, therefore, do we respect those, as both more honest and more logical, who, on similar grounds, openly reject Christianity altogether, and regard the New Testament, and speak of it, exactly as they would of Homer's "Iliad," or Virgil's "Æneid." Such men, consistently enough, trouble themselves not at all in ascertaining what residuum of truth, historical or ethical, may remain in a book which certainly gives ten falsehoods for one truth, and welds both together in inextricable confusion. The German infidels, on the other hand, with infinite labor, and amidst infinite uncertainties, extract either truth "as old as the creation," and as universal as human reason,—or truth which, after being hidden from the world for eighteen hundred years in mythical obscurity, is unhappily lost again the moment it is discovered, in the infinitely deeper darkness of the philosophy of Hegel and Strauss; who in vain endeavor to gasp out, in articulate language, the still latent mystery of the Gospel! Hegel, in his last hours, is *said* to have said,—and if he did not say, he *ought* to have said,—“Alas! there is but one man in all Germany who understands my doctrine,—and *he* does not understand it!” And yet, by his account, Hegelianism and Christianity, “in their highest results,” [language, as usual, felicitously obscure,] “are one.” Both, therefore, are, alas! now for ever lost.

That great problem—to account for the origin and establishment of Christianity in the world, with a denial at the same time of its miraculous pretensions—a problem, the fair solution of which is obviously incumbent on infidelity—has necessitated the most gratuitous and even contradictory hypotheses, and may safely be said still to present as hard a knot as ever. The favorite hypothesis, recently, has been that of Strauss—frequently re-modified and re-adjusted indeed by himself—that Christianity is a *myth*, or collection of myths—that is, a conglomerate (as geologists would say) of a very slender portion of facts and truth, with an enormous accretion of undesigned fiction, fable, and superstitions; gradually framed and insensibly received, like the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or the ancient systems of Hindoo theology. It is true, indeed, that the particular *critical* arguments, the alleged historic discrepancies and so forth, on which this author founds his conclusion—

are, for the most part, not original; most of them having been insisted on before, both in Germany, and especially in our own country during the Deistical controversies of the preceding century. His idea of myths, however, may be supposed original; and he is very welcome to it. For of all the attempted solutions of the great problem, this will be hereafter regarded as, perhaps, the most untenable. Gibbon, in solving the same problem, and starting in fact from the same axioms,—for he too endeavored to account for the intractable phenomenon from natural causes alone,—assigned, as one cause, the *reputation* of working miracles, the reality of which he denied; but he was far too cautious to decide whether the original founders of Christianity had pretended to work miracles, and had been enabled to cheat the world into the belief of them, or whether the world had been pleased universally to cheat itself into that belief. He was far too wise to tie himself to the proof that in the most enlightened period of the world's history—amidst the strongest contrarieties of national and religious feeling—amidst the bitterest bigotry of millions in behalf of what was old, and the bitterest contempt of millions for all that was new—amidst the opposing forces of ignorance and prejudice on the one hand, and philosophy and scepticism on the other—amidst all the persecutions which attested and proved those hostile feelings on the part of the bulk of mankind—and above all, in the short space of thirty years (which is all that Dr. Strauss allows himself),—Christianity *could* be thus deposited, like the mythology of Greece or Rome! These, he knew, were very gradual and silent formations; originating in the midst of a remote antiquity and an unhistoric age, during the very infancy and barbarism of the races which adopted them, confined, be it remembered, to those races *alone*; and displaying, instead of the exquisite and symmetrical beauty of Christianity, those manifest signs of gradual accretion which were fairly to be expected; in the varieties of the deposited or irrupted substances—in the diffracted appearance of various parts—in the very weather stains, so to speak, which mark the whole mass.

That the prodigious aggregate of miracles which the New Testament asserts, would, if fabulous, pass unchallenged, elude all detection, and baffle all scepticism,—collect in the course of a few years energetic and zealous assertors of their reality, in the heart of every civilized and almost every barbarous community, and in the course of three cen-



turies, change the face of the world and destroy every other *myth* which fairly came in contact with it,—who but Dr. Strauss can believe? Was there no Dr. Strauss in those days? None to question and detect, as the process went on, the utter baselessness of these legends? Was all the world doting—was even the *persecuting* world asleep? Were all mankind resolved on befooling themselves? Are men wont thus quietly to admit miraculous pretensions, whether they be prejudiced votaries of another system or sceptics as to all? No: whether we consider the age, the country, the men assigned for the origin of these *myths*, we see the futility of the theory. It does not account even for their invention, much less for their success. We see that if any mythology could in such an age have germinated at all, it must have been one very different from Christianity; whether we consider the sort of Messiah the Jews expected, or the hatred of *all* Jewish Messiahs, which the Gentiles could not but have felt. The Christ offered them, so far from being welcome, was to the one a “stumbling block” and to the other “foolishness;” and yet he conquered the prejudices of both.

Let us suppose a parallel *myth*—if so we may abuse the name. Let us suppose the son of some Canadian carpenter aspiring to be a moral teacher, but neither working nor *pretending* to work miracles; as much hated by his countrymen as Jesus Christ was hated by his, and both he and his countrymen as much hated by all the civilized world beside, as were Jesus Christ and the Jews; let us further suppose him forbidding his followers the use of all force in propagating his doctrines, and then let us calculate the probability of an unnoticed and accidental *deposit*, in thirty short years, of a prodigious accumulation about these simple facts, of supernatural but universally accredited fables; these legends escaping detection or suspicion as they accumulated, and suddenly laying hold in a few years of myriads of votaries in all parts of both worlds, and in three centuries uprooting and destroying Christianity and all opposing systems! How long will it be before the Swedenborgian, or the Mormonite, or any such pretenders, will have similar success? Have there not been a thousand such, and has any one of them had the slightest chance against *systems in possession*,—against the strongly rooted prejudices of ignorance and the Argus-eyed investigations of scepticism? But all these were opposed to the pretensions of Christianity;

nor can any one example of at all similar sudden success be alleged, except in the case of Mahomet; and to that the answer is brief. The history of Mahomet is the history of a conqueror—and his logic was the logic of the sword.

In spite of the theory of Strauss, therefore, not less than that of Gibbon, the old and ever recurring difficulty of giving a rational account of the origin and establishment of Christianity still presents itself for solution to the infidel, as it always has done, and, we venture to say, always will do. It is an insoluble phenomenon, except by the admission of the facts of the New Testament. “The miracles,” says, Butler, “are a satisfactory account of the events, of which *no other satisfactory* account can be given; nor any account at all, but what is imaginary merely and invented.”

In the meantime, the different theories of unbelief mutually refute one another; and we may plead the authority of one against the authority of another. Those who believe Strauss believe both the theory of imposture and the theory of illusion improbable; and those who believe in the theory of imposture believe the theory of myths improbable. And both parties, we are glad to think, are quite right in the judgment they form of one another.

But what must strike every one who reflects as the most surprising thing in Dr. Strauss, is, that with the postulatam with which he sets out, and which he modestly takes for granted as too evident to need proof, he should have thought it worth while to write two bulky volumes of minute criticism on the subject. A miracle he declares to be an absurdity, a contradiction, an impossibility. If *we* believed this, we should deem a very concise enthymeme (after having *proved* that postulatam, though) all that it was necessary to construct on the subject. A miracle *cannot* be true; *ergo*, Christianity, which in the only records by which we know anything about it, avows its absolute dependence upon miracles, *must* be false.

It is a modification of one or other of these monstrous forms of unbelieving belief and Christian infidelity, that Mr. Foxton, late of Oxford, has adopted in his “Popular Christianity;” as perhaps also Mr. Froude in his “Nemesis.” It is not very easy, indeed, to say what Mr. Foxton positively believes; having, like his German prototypes, a greater facility of telling us what he does *not* believe, and of wrapping up what he does believe in a most impregnable mysticism. He

certainly rejects, however, all that which, when rejected a century ago, left, in the estimate of every one, an infidel *in puris naturalibus*. Like his German acquaintances, he accepts the infidel paradoxes—only, like them, he will still be a Christian. He believes, with Strauss, that a miracle is an impossibility and contradiction—"incredible *per se*." As to the inspiration of Christ—he regards it as, in its nature, the same as that of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mahomet, Plato, Luther, and Wickliffe—a curious assortment of "heroic souls."\* With a happy art of confusing the "gifts of genius," no matter whether displayed in intellectual or moral power, and of forgetting that other men are not likely to overlook the difference, he complacently declares the "wisdom of Solomon and the poetry of Isaiah the fruit of the same inspiration which is popularly attributed to Milton or Shakspeare, or even to the homely wisdom of Benjamin Franklin;"† in the same pleasant confusion of mind, he thinks that the "pens of Plato, of Paul, and of Dante, the pencils of Raphael and of Claude, the chisels of Canova and of Chantrey, no less than the voices of Knox, of Wickliffe, and of Luther, are ministering instruments, in different degrees, of the same spirit."‡ He thinks that "we find, both in the writers and the records of Scripture, every evidence of human infirmity that can possibly be conceived; and yet we are to believe that God himself specially inspired them with false philosophy, vicious logic, and bad grammar."§ He denies the originality both of the Christian ethics (which he says are a gross plagiarism from Plato) as also in great part of the system of Christian doctrine.¶

\* Pp. 62, 63. † P. 72. ‡ P. 77. § P. 74.

¶ (Pp. 51—60.) We are hardly likely to yield to Mr. Foxton in our love of Plato, for whom we have expressed, and that very recently, (April, 1848,) no stinted admiration: and what we have there affirmed we are by no means disposed to retract,—that no ancient author has approached, in the expression of ethical truth, so near to the maxims, and sometimes the very expressions, of the Gospel. Nevertheless, we as strongly affirm, that he who contrasts (whatever the occasional sublimity of expression) the faltering and often sceptical tone of Plato on religious subjects, with the uniformity and decision of the evangelical system,—his dark notions in relation to God (candidly confessed) with the glorious recognition of Him in the Gospel as "our Father,"—his utterly absurd application of his general principles of morals, in his most Utopian of all Republics, with the broad, plain social ethics of Christianity,—the tone of mournful familiarity (whatever his personal immunity) in which he too often speaks of the saddest pollutions

Nevertheless, it would be quite a mistake, it seems, to suppose that Mr. Foxton is no Christian! He is, on the contrary, of the very few who can tell us what Christianity really is; and who can separate the falsehoods and the myths which have so long disguised it. He even talks most spiritually and with an edifying *unction*. He tells us "'God was,' indeed, 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.' And *but little* deduction need be made from the rapturous language of Paul, who tells us that 'in him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead *bodily*,'"\* I *concede* to Christ (generous admission!) the highest inspiration *hitherto* granted to the prophets of God,"†—Mahomet, it appears, and Zoroaster and Confucius, having *also* statues in his truly Catholic Pantheon. "The position of Christ," he tells us in another place, is "simply that of the foremost man in all the world," though he "soars far above 'all principalities and powers'—above all philosophies *hitherto* known—above all creeds *hitherto* propagated in his name"—the true Christian doctrine, after having been hid from ages and generations, being reserved to be disclosed, we presume, by Mr. Foxton. His spiritualism, as usual with the whole school of our new

that ever degraded humanity, with the spotless purity of the Christian rule of life,—the hesitating, speculative tone of the Master of the Academy with the decision and majesty of Him who "spake with authority, and not as the Scribes," whether Greek or Jewish,—the metaphysical and abstract character of Plato's reasonings with the severely practical character of Christ's,—the feebleness of the motives supplied by the abstractions of the one, and the intensity of those supplied by the other,—the adaptation of the one to the intelligent only, and the adaptation of the other to universal humanity,—the very *manner* of Plato, his gorgeous style, with the still more impressive simplicity of the Great Teacher,—must surely see in the contrast every indication, to say nothing of the utter gratuitousness (historically) of the contrary hypothesis, that the sublime ethics of the Gospel, whether we regard substance, or manner, or tone, or style, are no plagiarism from Plato. As for the man who can hold such a notion, he must certainly be very ignorant either of Plato or of Christ. As the best apology for Mr. Foxton's offensive folly we may, perhaps, charitably hope that he is nearly ignorant of both. Equally absurd is the attempt to identify the metaphysical dreams of Plato with the doctrinal system of the Gospel, though it is quite true, that long subsequent to Christ the Platonizing Christians tried to accommodate the speculations of the sage they loved, to the doctrines of a still greater master. But Plato never extorted from his *friends* stronger eulogies than Christ has often extorted from his *enemies*.

\* P. 65.

† P. 143.



Christian infidels, is, of course, exquisitely refined,—but, unhappily, very vague. He is full of talk of “a deep insight,”—of a “faith not in dead histories, but in living realities—a revelation to our innermost nature.” “The true seer,” he says, “looking deep into causes, carries in his heart the simple wisdom of God. The secret harmonies of nature vibrate on his ear, and her fair proportions reveal themselves to his eye. He has a deep faith in the truth of God.”\* “The inspired man is one whose outward life derives all its radiance from the light within him. He walks through stony places by the light of his own soul, and stumbles not. No human motive is present to such a mind in its highest exultation—no love of praise—no desire of fame—no affection, no passion mingles with the divine afflatus, which passes over without ruffling the soul.”† And a great many fine phrases of the same kind, equally innocent of all meaning.

It is amazing and amusing to see with what ease Mr. Foxton decides points which have filled folios of controversy. “In the teaching of Christ himself there is not the slightest allusion to the modern evangelical notion of an atonement.” “The diversities of ‘gifts’ to which Paul alludes, Cor. i. 12. are nothing more than those different ‘gifts’ which, in common parlance, we attribute to the various tempers and talents of men.”‡ “It is, however, after all, absurd to suppose that the miracles of the Scriptures are subjects of actual belief, either to the vulgar or the learned.”§ What an easy time of it must such an all-sufficient controvertist have!

He thinks it possible, too, that Christ, though nothing more than an ordinary man, may really have “thought himself Divine,” without being liable to the charge of a visionary self-idolatry or of blasphemy,—as supposed by everybody, Trinitarian or Unitarian, except Mr. Foxton. He accounts for it by the “wild sublimity of human emotion, when the rapt spirit first feels the throbbings of the divine afflatus,” &c. &c. A singular afflatus which teaches a man to usurp the name and prerogatives of Deity, and a strange “inspiration” which inspires him with so profound an ignorance of his own nature! *This* interpretation, we believe, is peculiarly Mr. Foxton’s own.

The way in which he disposes of the miracles, is essentially that of a vulgar, indiscriminating, unphilosophic mind. There have

been, he tells us in effect, so many false miracles, superstitious stories of witches, conjurors, ghosts, hobgoblins, of cures by royal touch, and the like,—and *therefore* the Scripture miracles are false! Why, who denies that there have been plenty of false miracles? And there have been as many false religions. Is there, therefore, none true? The proper business in every such case is to examine fairly the evidence, and not to generalize after this absurd fashion. Otherwise we shall never believe anything; for there is hardly one truth that has not its half score of audacious counterfeits.

Still he is amusingly perplexed, like all the rest of the infidel world, *how* to get rid of the miracles—whether on the principle of fraud, or fiction, or illusion. He thinks there would be “a great accession to the ranks of reason and common sense by disproving the *reality* of the miracles, without damaging the veracity or honesty of the simple, earnest, and enthusiastic writers by whom they are recorded;” and complains of the coarse and indiscriminating criticism of most of the French and English Deists, who explain the miracles “on the supposition of the grossest fraud acting on the grossest credulity.” But he soon finds that the materials for such a compromise are utterly intractable. He thinks that the German Rationalists have depended too much on some “single hypothesis, which often proves to be *insufficient* to meet the great variety of conditions and circumstances with which the miracles have been handed down to us.” Very true; but what remedy? “We find one German writer endeavoring to explain away the miracles on the mystical (mythical) theory; and another riding into the arena of controversy on the miserable hobby-horse of ‘clairvoyance’ or ‘mesmerism;’ each of these, and a host of others of the same class, rejecting whatever light is thrown on the question by all the theories together.” He therefore proposes, with great and gratuitous liberality, to heap all these theories together, and to take them as they are wanted; not withholding any of the wonders of modern science—even, as would seem, the possible knowledge of “chloroform,”\*—from the propagators of Christianity!

But, alas! the phenomena are still intractable. The stubborn “Book” will still baffle all such efforts to explain it away; it is willing to be rejected, if it so pleases men, but it guards itself from being thus made a

\* P. 146.

† P. 67.

‡ P. 44.

§ P. 104.

\* Pp. 86, 87.

fool of. For who can fail to see that neither all or any considerable part of the multifarious miracles of the New Testament can be explained by any such gratuitous extension of ingenious fancies; and that if they *could* be so explained, it would be still impossible to exculpate the men who *need* such explanations from the charge of perpetrating the grossest frauds! Yet this logical ostrich, who can digest all these stones, presumptuously declares a miracle an *impossibility*, and the very notion of it a *contradiction*.\* But enough of Mr. Foxton.

There are no doubt some minds amongst us, whose power we admit, and whose perversion of power we lament, who have bewildered themselves by *really* deep meditation on inexplicable mysteries; who demand certainty where certainty is not given to man, or demand, for truths which are established by sufficient evidence, *other* evidence than those truths will admit. We can even painfully sympathize in that ordeal of doubt to which such powerful minds are peculiarly exposed—with their Titanic struggles against the still mightier power of Him who has said to the turbulent intellect of man, as well as to the stormy ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther,—and here shall thy *proud* waves be staid." We cannot wish better to any such agitated mind than that it may listen to those potent and majestic words: "Peace—be still!" uttered by the voice of Him who so suddenly hushed the billows of the Galilæan lake.

But we are at the same time fully convinced that in our day there are thousands of youths who are falling into the same errors and perils from sheer vanity and affectation; who admire most what they least understand, and adopt all the obscurities and paradoxes they stumble upon, as a cheap path to a reputation for profundity; who awkwardly imitate the manner and retail the phrases of the writers they study; and,

\* Mr. Foxton denies that men, in Paley's "single case in which he tries the general theorem," *would* believe the miracle; but he finds it convenient to leave out the most significant circumstances on which Paley makes the validity of the testimony to depend, instead of stating them fairly in Paley's own words. Yet that the sceptics (if such there could be) must be the merest fraction of the species, Mr. Foxton himself immediately proceeds to prove, by showing, what is undeniably the case, that almost all mankind readily receive miraculous occurrences on far lower evidence than Paley's common sense would require them to demand. Surely he must be related to the Irishman who placed his ladder against the bough he was cutting off.

as usual, exaggerate to caricature their least agreeable eccentricities. We should think that some of these more powerful minds must be by this time ashamed of that ragged regiment of most shallow thinkers and obscure writers and talkers who at present infest our literature, and whose parrot-like repetition of their own stereotyped phraseology, mingled with some barbarous infusion of half-Anglicized German, threatens to form as odious a *cant* as ever polluted the stream of thought or disfigured the purity of language. Happily it is not likely to be more than a passing fashion; but still it is a very unpleasant fashion while it lasts. As in Johnson's day, every young writer imitated as well as he could the ponderous diction and everlasting antitheses of the great dictator; as in Byron's day, there were thousands to whom the world "was a blank" at twenty or thereabouts, and of whose "dark imaginings," as Macaulay says, the waste was prodigious; so now there are hundreds of dilettanti pantheists, mystics and sceptics, to whom everything is a "sham," an "unreality;" who tell us that the world stands in need of a great "prophet," a "seer," a "true priest," a "large soul," a "god-like soul,"\*—who shall dive into the "depths of the human consciousness," and whose "utterances" shall rouse the human mind from the "cheats and frauds" which have hitherto everywhere practiced on its simplicity. They tell us, in relation to philosophy, religion, and especially in relation to Christianity, that all that has been believed by mankind has been believed only on "empirical" grounds; and that the old answers to difficulties will do no longer. They shake their sage heads at such men as Clarke, Paley, Butler, and declare that such arguments as theirs will not satisfy *them*. We are glad to admit that all this vague pretension is now but rarely displayed with the scurrilous spirit of that elder unbelief against which the long series of British apologists for Christianity arose between 1700 and 1750. But there is often in it an arrogance as real, though not in so offensive a form. Sometimes the spirit of unbelief even assumes an air of sentimental regret at its own inconvenient profundity.

\* See Foxton's last chapter, *passim*. From some expressions one would almost imagine that our author himself aspired to be, if not the Messiah, at least the Elias, of this new dispensation. We fear, however, that this "vox clamantis" would reverse the Baptist's proclamation, and would cry, "The straight shall be made crooked, and the plain places rough."



Many a worthy youth tells us he almost wishes he *could* believe. He admires, of all things, the "moral grandeur"—the "ethical beauty" of many parts of Christianity; he condescends to patronize Jesus Christ, though he believes that the great mass of words and actions by which alone we know anything about him, are sheer fictions or legends; he believes—gratuitously enough in *this* instance, for he has no ground for it—that Jesus Christ was a very "great man," worthy of comparison at least with Mahomet, Luther, Napoleon, and "other heroes;" he even admits the happiness of a simple, child-like faith, in the puerilities of Christianity—it produces such content of mind! But alas! he cannot believe—his intellect is not satisfied—he has revolved the matter too profoundly to be thus taken in; he must, he supposes, (and our beardless philosopher sighs as he says it), bear the penalty of a too restless intellect, and a too speculative genius; he knows all the usual arguments which satisfied Pascal, Butler, Bacon, Leibnitz; but they will do no longer; more radical, more tremendous difficulties have suggested themselves, "from the depths of philosophy," and far different answers are required now!\*

\* We fear that many young minds in our day are exposed to the danger of falling into one or other of the prevailing forms of unbelief, and especially into that of pantheistic mysticism, from rashly meditating in the cloudy regions of German philosophy, on difficulties which would seem beyond the limits of human reason, but which that philosophy too often promises to solve—with what success we may see from the rapid succession and impenetrable obscurities of its various systems. Alas! when will men learn that one of the highest achievements of philosophy is to know when it is vain to philosophize? When the obscure principles of these most uncouth philosophies, expressed, we verily believe, in the darkest language ever used by civilized man, are applied to the solution of the problems of theology and ethics, no wonder that the natural consequence, as well as just retribution, of such temerity is a plunge into tenfold night. Systems of German philosophy may perhaps be advantageously studied by those who are mature enough to study them; but that they have an incomparable power of *intoxicating* the intellect of the young aspirant to their mysteries, is, we think, undeniable. They are producing this effect just now in a multitude of our juveniles, who are beclouding themselves in the vain attempt to comprehend ill-translated fragments of ill-understood philosophies, (executed in a sort of Anglicized-German, or Germanized-English, we know not which to call it, but certainly neither German nor English), from the perusal of which they carry away nothing but some very obscure terms, on which they themselves have superinduced a very vague meaning. These terms you in vain implore them to define; or if they define them, they define

This is easily said, and we know *is* often said, and loudly. But the justice with which it is said is another matter; for when we can get these cloudy objectors to put down, not their vague assertions of profound difficulties, uttered in the obscure language they love, but a precise statement of their objections, we find them either the very same with those which were quite as powerfully urged in the course of the deistical controversies of the last century (the case with far the greater part), or else such as are of similar character, and susceptible of similar answers. We say not that the answers were always satisfactory, nor are now inquiring whether any of them were so; we merely maintain that the objections in question are not the novelties they affect to be. We say this to obviate an advantage which the very vagueness of much modern opposition to Christianity would obtain, from the notion that some prodigious arguments have been discovered which the intellect of a Pascal or a Butler was not comprehensive enough to anticipate, and which no Clarke or Paley would have been logician enough to refute. We affirm, without hesitation, that when the new advocates of infidelity descend from their airy elevation, and state their objections in intelligible terms,

them in terms which as much need definition. Heartily do we wish that Socrates would reappear amongst us, to exercise his accoucheur's art on these hapless Theætetuses and Menos of our day!

Many such youths might no doubt reply at first to the sarcastic querist, (who might gently complain of a slight cloudiness in their speculations), that the truths they uttered were too profound for ordinary reasoners. We may easily imagine how Socrates would have dealt with such assumptions. His reply would be rather more severe than that of Mackintosh to Coleridge in a somewhat similar case; namely, that if a notion cannot be made clear to persons who have spent the better part of their days in resolving the difficulties of metaphysics and philosophy, and who are conscious that they are not destitute of patience for the effort requisite to understand them, it may suggest a doubt whether the fault be not in the medium of communication rather than elsewhere; and, indeed, whether the philosopher be not aiming to communicate thoughts on subjects on which man can have no thoughts to communicate. Socrates would add, perhaps, that language was given to us to express, not to conceal our thoughts; and that, if they cannot be communicated, invaluable as they doubtless are, we had better keep them to ourselves; one thing, it is clear, he would do,—he would insist on precise definitions. But in truth it may be more than surmised that the obscurities of which all complain, except those (and in our day they are not a few) to whom obscurity is a recommendation, result from suffering the intellect to speculate in realms forbidden to its access; of venturing into caverns of tremendous depth and darkness, with nothing better than our own rushlight.

they are found, for the most part, what we have represented them. When we read many of the speculations of German infidelity, we seem to be re-perusing many of our own authors of the last century. It is as if our neighbors had imported our manufactures; and, after re-packing them, in new forms and with some additions, had re-shipped and sent them back to us as new commodities. Hardly an instance of discrepancy is mentioned in the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," which will not be found in the pages of our own deists a century ago; and, as already hinted, of Dr. Strauss's elaborate strictures, the vast majority will be found in the same sources. In fact, though far from thinking it to our national credit, none but those who will dive a little deeper than most do into a happily forgotten portion of our literature, (which made noise enough in its

Surely we have reason to suspect as much when some learned professor, after muttering his logical incantations, and conjuring with his logical formulæ, surprises you by saying, that he has disposed of the great mysteries of existence and the universe, and solved to your entire satisfaction, in his own curt way, the problems of the ABSOLUTE and the INFINITE! If the cardinal truths of philosophy and religion hitherto received are doomed to be imperiled by such speculations, one feels strongly inclined to pray with the old Homeric hero,—“that if they must perish it may be at least in daylight.”

We earnestly counsel the youthful reader to defer the study of German philosophy, at least till he has matured and disciplined his mind, and familiarized himself with the best models of what used to be our boast—English clearness of thought and expression. He will then learn to ask rigidly for definitions, and not rest satisfied with half-meanings—or no meaning. To the naturally venturesome pertinacity of young metaphysicians, few would be disposed to be more indulgent than ourselves. From the time of Plato downward—who tells us that no sooner do they “taste” of dialectics than they are ready to dispute with everybody—“sparing neither father nor mother, scarcely even the lower animals,” if they had but a voice to reply. They have always expected more from metaphysics than (except as a discipline) they will ever yield. He elsewhere, still more humorously, describes the same trait. He compares them to young dogs who are perpetually snapping at everything about them:—*Οἶμαι γὰρ σε οὐ λεληθέναι, ὅτι οἱ μειρακίσκοι, ὅταν τὸ πρῶτον λόγων γέωνται, ὡς παιδιὰ αὐτοῖς καταχρῶνται, αἰεὶ εἰς ἀντιλογίαν χρώμενοι καὶ μιμούμενοι τοὺς ἐξελέγχοντας αὐτοὶ ἄλλους ἐλέγχουσι, χαίροντες ὥσπερ σκυλάκια τῷ ἐλκεῖν τε καὶ σπαράττειν τοὺς πλησίον. αἰεὶ.*—But we hope we shall not see our metaphysical “puppies” amusing themselves,—as so many “old dogs” amongst our neighbors (who ought to have known better) have done,—by tearing into tatters the sacred leaves of that volume, which contains what is better than all their philosophy.

day, and created very superfluous terrors for the fate of Christianity), can have any idea of the extent to which the modern forms of unbelief in Germany—so far as founded on any *positive* grounds, whether of reason or of criticism,—are indebted to our English deists. Tholuck, however, and others of his countrymen, seem thoroughly aware of it.

The objections to the truth of Christianity are directed either against the evidence itself, or that which it substantiates. Against the latter, as Bishop Butler says, unless the objections be truly such as prove contradictions in it, they are “perfectly frivolous;” since we cannot be competent judges either as to what it is worthy of the Supreme Mind to reveal, or how far a portion of an imperfectly-developed system may harmonize with the whole; and, perhaps, on many points, we never can be competent judges, unless we can cease to be finite. The objections to the *evidence itself* are, as the same great author observes, “well worthy of the fullest attention.” The *a priori* objection to miracles we have already briefly touched. If that objection be valid, it is vain to argue further; but if not, the remaining objections must be powerful enough to neutralize the entire mass of the evidence, and, in fact, to amount to a proof of contradictions,—not on this or that minute point of historic detail,—but on such as shake the foundations of the whole edifice of evidence. It will not do to say, “Here is a minute discrepancy in the history of Matthew or Luke as compared with that of Mark or John;” for, first, such discrepancies are often found, in other authors, to be apparent, and not real,—founded on our taking for granted that there is no circumstance unmentioned by two writers which, if known, would have been seen to harmonize their statements. We admit this possible reconciliation readily enough in the case of many seeming discrepancies of *other* historians; but it is a benefit which men are slow to admit in the case of the sacred narratives. There the objector is always apt to take it for granted that the discrepancy is real; though it may be easy to suppose a case (and a *possible* case is quite sufficient for the purpose) which would neutralize the objection. Of this perverseness (we can call it by no other name) the examples are perpetual in the critical tortures to which Strauss has subjected the sacred historians.\* It may be objected, per-

\* The reader may see some striking instances of his disposition to take the *worse* sense, in Beard's “Voices of the Church.” Tholuck truly observes,



haps, that the gratuitous supposition of some unmentioned fact—which, if mentioned, would harmonize the apparently counter-statements of two historians—cannot be admitted, and is, in fact, a surrender of the argument. But to say so, is only to betray an utter ignorance of what the argument is. If an objection be founded on the alleged *absolute* contradiction of two statements, it is quite sufficient to show any (not the real, but only a hypothetical and possible) medium of reconciling them; and the objection is, in all fairness, dissolved. And this would be felt by the honest logician, even if we did not know of any such instances in point of fact. We do know, however, of many. Nothing is more common than to find, in the narra-

too, in his strictures on Strauss, "We know how frequently the loss of a few words in *one* ancient author would be sufficient to cast an inexplicable obscurity over another." The same writer well observes, that there never was an historian who, if treated on the principles of criticism which his countryman has applied to the Evangelists, might not be proved a mere mythographer. . . . "It is plain," says he, "that if absolute agreement among historians"—and still more absolute *apparent* agreement—"be necessary to assure us that we possess in their writings credible history, we must renounce all pretence to any such possession." The translations from Quinet, Coquerel, and Tholuck, are all, in different ways, well worth reading. The last truly says, "Strauss came to the study of the Evangelical history with the foregone conclusion that 'miracles are impossible;' and where an investigator brings with him an absolute conviction of the guilt of the accused to the examination of his case, we know how even the most innocent may be implicated and condemned out of his own mouth." In fact, so strong and various are the proofs of truth and reality in the history of the New Testament, that none would ever have suspected the veracity of the writers, or tried to disprove it, except for the above foregone conclusion—"that miracles are impossible." We also recommend to the reader an ingenious *brochure* included in the "Voices of the Church, in reply to Strauss," constructed on the same principle with Whately's admirable "Historic Doubts," namely; "The Fallacy of the Mythical Theory of Dr. Strauss, illustrated from the History of Martin Luther, and from actual Mohammedan Myths of the Life of Jesus." What a subject for the same play of ingenuity would be Dean Swift! The date and place of his birth disputed—whether he was an Englishman or an Irishman—his incomprehensible relations to Stella and Vanessa, utterly incomprehensible on any hypothesis—his alleged seduction of one, of both, of neither—his marriage with Stella affirmed, disputed, and still wholly unsettled—the numberless other incidents in his life full of contradiction and mystery—and, not least, the eccentricities and inconsistencies of his whole character and conduct! Why, with a thousandth part of Dr. Strauss's assumptions, it would be easy to reduce Swift to as fabulous a personage as his own Lemuel Gulliver.

tion of two perfectly honest historians,—referring to the same events from different points of view, or for a different purpose,—the omission of a fact which gives a seeming contrariety to their statements; a contrariety which the mention of the omitted fact by a third writer instantly clears up.\* Very forgetful of this have the advocates of infidelity usually been: nay, (as if they would make up in the number of objections what they want in weight), they have frequently availed themselves not only of apparent *contrarieties*, but of mere *incompleteness* in the statements of two different writers, on which to found a charge of contradiction. Thus, if one writer says that a certain person was present at a given time or place, when another says that he and two more were there; or that one man was cured of blindness, when another says that two were,—such a thing is often alleged as a contradiction; whereas, in truth, it presents not even a difficulty—unless one historian be bound to say not only all that another says, but just so much, and no more. Let such objections be what they will, unless they prove absolute contradictions in the narrative, they are as mere dust in the balance, compared with the stupendous mass and variety of that evidence which confirms the substantial truth of Christianity. And even if they establish *real* contradictions, they still

\* Any *apparent* discrepancy with either themselves or profane historians is usually sufficient to satisfy Dr. Strauss. He is ever ready to conclude that the discrepancy is *real*, and that the profane historians are right. In adducing some striking instances of the minute accuracy of Luke, only revealed by obscure collateral evidence (historic or numismatic) discovered since, Tholuck remarks, "What an outcry would have been made had not the specious appearance of error been thus obviated." Luke calls *Gallio* proconsul of Achaia: "we should not have expected it, since, though Achaia was originally a senatorial province, Tiberius had changed it into an imperial one, and the title of its governor, therefore, was procurator; now a passage in Suetonius informs us, that Claudius had *restored* the province to the senate." The same Evangelist calls Sergius Paulus governor of Cyprus; yet we might have expected to find only a prætor, since Cyprus was an *imperial* province. In this case, again, says Tholuck, the correctness of the historian has been remarkably attested. Coins, and later still a passage in Dion Cassius, have been found, giving proof that Augustus restored the province to the senate; and thus, as if to vindicate the Evangelist, the Roman historian adds, "Thus proconsuls began to be sent into that island also."—*Trans. from Tholuck*, pp. 21, 22. In the same manner coins have been found proving he is correct in some other once disputed instances. Is it not fair to suppose that many apparent discrepancies of the same order may be eventually removed by similar evidence?

amount, for reasons we are about to state, to dust in the balance, unless they establish contradictions not in immaterial, but in vital points. The objection must be such as, if proved, leave the whole fabric of evidence in ruins. For, secondly, we are fully disposed to concede to the objector that there are, in the books of Scripture, not only *apparent*, but *real* discrepancies,—a point which many of the advocates of Christianity are, indeed, reluctant to admit, but which, we think, no candid advocate will feel to be the less true.

Nevertheless, even such an advocate of the Scriptures may justly contend that the very reasons which necessitate this admission of discrepancies also reduce them to such a limit that they do not affect, in the slightest degree, the substantial credibility of the sacred records; and, in our judgment, Christians have unwisely damaged their cause, and given a needless advantage to the infidel, by denying that any discrepancies exist, or by endeavoring to prove that they do not. The discrepancies to which we refer are just those which, in the course of the transmission of ancient books, divine or human, through many ages,—their constant transcription by different hands,—their translation into various languages,—may not only be expected to occur, but which *must* occur, unless there be a perpetual series of most minute and ludicrous miracles—certainly never promised, and as certainly never performed—to counteract all the effects of negligence and inadvertence, to guide the pen of every transcriber to infallible accuracy, and to prevent his ever deviating into any casual error! Such miraculous intervention, we need not say, has never been pleaded for by any apologist of Christianity; has certainly never been promised; and, if it had,—since we see, *as a matter of fact*, that the promise has never been fulfilled,—the whole of Christianity would fall to the ground. But then, from a large induction, we know that the limits within which discrepancies and errors from *such* causes will occur, must be very moderate; we know, from numberless examples of *other* writings, what the maximum is,—and that it leaves their substantial authenticity untouched and unimpeached. No one supposes the writings of Plato and Cicero, of Thucydides and Tacitus, of Bacon or Shakspeare, fundamentally vitiated by the like discrepancies, errors, and absurdities which time and inadvertence have occasioned.

The corruptions in the Scriptures from

these causes are likely to be even less than in the case of any other writings; from their very structure,—the varied and reiterated forms in which all the great truths are expressed; from the greater veneration they inspired; the greater care with which they would be transcribed; the greater number of copies which would be diffused through the world,—and which, though that very circumstance would multiply the number of variations, would also afford, in their collation, the means of reciprocal correction;—a correction which we have seen applied in our day, with admirable success, to so many ancient writers, under a system of canons which have now raised this species of criticism to the rank of an inductive science. This criticism, applied to the Scriptures, has in many instances restored the true reading, and dissolved the objections which might have been founded on the uncorrected variations; and, as time rolls on, may lead, by yet fresh discoveries and more comprehensive recensions, to a yet further clarifying of the stream of Divine truth, till “the river of the water of life” shall flow nearly in its original limpid purity. Within such limits as these, the most consistent advocate of Christianity not only *must* admit—not only may *safely* admit—the existence of discrepancies, but may do so even with advantage to his cause. He *must* admit them, since such variations must be the result of the manner in which the records have been transmitted, unless we suppose a supernatural intervention, neither promised by God, nor pleaded for by man; he may safely admit them, because—from a general induction from the history of all literature—we see that, where copies of writings have been sufficiently multiplied, and sufficient motives for care have existed in the transcription, the limits of error are very narrow, and leave the substantial identity untouched; and he may admit them with advantage; for the admission is a reply to many objections founded on the assumption that he must contend that there are *no* variations, when he need only contend that there are none that can be material.

But it may be said, “May not we be permitted, while conceding the miraculous and other evidences of Christianity, and the general authority of the records which contain it, to go a step further, and to reject some things which seem palpably ill-reasoned, distasteful, inconsistent, or immoral?” “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.” For ourselves, we honestly confess we



cannot see the logical consistency of such a position; any more than the reasonableness, after having admitted the preponderant evidence for the great truth of Theism, of excepting some phenomena as apparently at variance with the Divine perfections; and thus virtually adopting a Manichæan hypothesis. We must recollect that we know nothing of Christianity except from its records; and as these, once fairly ascertained to be authentic and genuine, are all, as regards their contents, supported precisely by the same miraculous and other evidence; as they bear upon them precisely the same internal marks of artlessness, truth, and sincerity; and, historically and in other respects, are inextricably interwoven with one another; we see not on what principles we can safely reject portions as improbable, distasteful, not quadrating with the dictates of "reason," our "intuitional consciousness," and what not. This assumed liberty, however, is, as we apprehend, of the very essence of Rationalism; and it may be called the Manichæism of interpretation. So long as the canonicity of any of the records, or any portion of them, or their true interpretation, is in dispute, we may fairly doubt; but that point once decided by honest criticism, to say we receive such and such portions, on account of the weight of the general evidence, and yet reject other portions, *though* sustained by the same evidence, because we think there is something unreasonable or revolting in their substance, is plainly to accept evidence only where it *pleases* us, and to reject it where it *pleases* us not. The only question fairly at issue must ever be, whether the general evidence for Christianity will overbear the difficulties which we cannot separate from the truths. If it will not, we must reject it wholly; and if it will, we must receive it wholly. There is plainly no tenable position between absolute infidelity and absolute belief. And this is proved by the infinitely various and Protean character of Rationalism, and the perfectly indeterminate, but always arbitrary, limits it imposes on itself. It exists in all forms and degrees, from a moderation which accepts nearly the entire system of Christianity, and which certainly rejects nothing that can be said to constitute its distinctive truth, to an audacity of unbelief, which, professing still vaguely to reverence Christianity as "something divine," sponges out nine tenths of the whole; or, after reducing the mass of it to a *caput mortuum* of lies, fiction, and superstitions, retains only a few drops of fact and doctrine,—so few as cer-

tainly not to pay for the expenses of the critical distillation.\*

Nor will the theory of what some call the "intuitional consciousness" avail us here. It is true, as they assert, that the constitution of human nature is such that, before its actual development, it has a capacity of developing to certain effects only,—just as the flower in the germ, as it expands to the sun, will have certain colors and a certain fragrance, and *no other*;—all which, indeed, though not very new or profound, is very important. But it is not so clear that it will give us any help on the present occasion. We have an original susceptibility of music, of beauty, of religion, it is said. Granted; but as the actual development of this susceptibility exhibits all the diversities between Handel's notions of harmony and those of an American Indian—between Raphael's notions of beauty and those of a Hottentot—between St. Paul's notions of a God and those of a New Zealander—it would appear that *the education* of this susceptibility is at least as important as the susceptibility itself, if not more so; for without the susceptibility itself, we should simply have *no* notion of music, beauty, or religion; and between such negation and that notion of all these which New Zealanders and Hottentots possess, not a few

\* It may be as well to remark, that we have frequently observed a disposition to represent the very general abandonment of the theory of "verbal inspiration" as a concession to Rationalism; as if it necessarily followed from admitting that inspiration is not verbal, that therefore an indeterminate portion of the substance or doctrine is purely human. It is plain, however, that this is no necessary consequence; an advocate of plenary inspiration may contend, that, though he does not believe that the very words of Scripture were dictated, yet that the thoughts were either so suggested, (if the matter was such as could be known only by revelation,) or so controlled, (if the matter were such as was previously known,) that (excluding errors introduced into the text since) the Scriptures as first composed were—what no book of man ever was, or can be, even in the plainest narrative of the simplest events—a perfectly accurate expression of truth. We enter not here, however, into the question whether such a view of inspiration is better or worse than another. We are simply anxious to correct a fallacy which has, judging from what we have recently read, operated rather extensively. Inspiration may be *verbal*, or the contrary; but, whether one or the other, he who takes the affirmative or negative of that question may still *consistently* contend that it may still be plenary. The question of the inspiration of the whole, or the inspiration of a part, is widely different from that as to the suggestion of the words or the suggestion of the thoughts. But these questions we leave to professed theologians. We merely enter our protest against a prevailing fallacy.

of our species would probably prefer the former. It is in vain, then, to tell us to look into the "depths of our own nature" (as some vaguely say), and to judge thence what, in a professed revelation from heaven, is suitable to us, or worthy of our acceptance and rejection respectively. This criterion is, as we see by the utterly different judgments formed by different classes of Rationalists as to the *how much* they shall receive of the revelation they might generally admit, a very shifting one—a measure which has no linear unit: it is to employ, as mathematicians say, a variable as if it were a constant quantity; or, rather, it is to attempt to find the value of an unknown quantity by another equally unknown.

We cannot but judge, then, the principles of Rationalism to be logically untenable. And we do so, not merely or principally on account of the absurdity it involves,—that God has expressly supplemented human reason by a revelation containing an indeterminate but large portion of falsities, errors, and absurdities, and which we are to commit to our little alembic, and distill as we may; not only from the absurdity of supposing that God has demanded our *faith*, for statements which are to be received only as they appear perfectly comprehensible by our *reason*;—or, in other words, only for what it is impossible that we should doubt or deny; not merely because the principle inevitably leaves man to construct the so-called revelation entirely for himself; so that what one man receives as a genuine communication from heaven, another, from having a different development of "his intuitional consciousness," rejects as an absurdity too gross for human belief:—Not wholly, we say, nor even principally, for these reasons; but for the still stronger reason, that such a system of objections is an egregious trifling with that great complex mass of evidence which, as we have said, applies to the *whole* of Christianity or to *none* of it. As if to baffle the efforts of man consistently to disengage these elements of our belief, the whole are inextricably blended together. The supernatural element, especially, is so diffused through all the records, that it is more and more felt, at every step, to be impossible to obliterate it without obliterating the entire system in which it circulates. The stain, if stain it be, is far too deep for any scouring fluids of Rationalism to wash it out, without destroying the whole texture of our creed; and, in our judgment, the only consistent Rationalism is the Rationalism which rejects it all.

At whatever point the Rationalist we have attempted to describe may take his stand, we do not think it difficult to prove that his conduct is eminently irrational. If, for example, he be one of those moderate Rationalists who admit (as thousands do) the miraculous and other evidence of the supernatural origin of the Gospel, and *therefore* also admit such and such doctrines to be true,—what can he reply, if further asked what reason he can have for accepting these truths and rejecting others which are supported by the very same evidence? How can he be sure that the truths he receives are established by evidence which, to all appearance, equally authenticates the falsehoods he rejects? Surely, as already said, this is to reject and accept evidence as he pleases. If, on the other hand, he says that he receives the miracles only to authenticate what he knows very well without them, and believes true on the information of reason alone, why trouble miracles and revelation at all? Is not this, according to the old proverb, to "take a hatchet to break an egg?"\*

Nor can we disguise from ourselves, indeed, that consistency in the application of the essential principle of Rationalism would compel us to go a few steps further; for since, as Bishop Butler has shown, no greater difficulties (if so great) attach to the page of Revelation than to the volume of Nature itself,—especially those which are involved in that dread enigma, "the origin of evil," compared with which all other enigmas are trifles,—that abyss into which so many of the difficulties of all theology, natural and revealed, at last disembody themselves,—we feel that the admission of the principle of Rationalism would ultimately drive us, not only to reject Christianity, but to reject Theism in all its forms, whether Monotheism, or Pantheism, and even positive or dogmatic Atheism itself. Nor could we stop, indeed, till we had arrived at that absolute pyrrhonism which consists, if such a thing be possible, in the negation of all belief,—even to the belief that we do not believe!

\* If such a man says that he rejects certain doctrines, not on *rationalistic* grounds, but because he denies the canonical authority, or the interpretation of portions of the records in which they are found, and is willing to abide by the issue of the evidence on those points—evidence with which the human mind is quite competent to deal,—we answer, that he is not the man with whom we are now arguing. The points in dispute will be determined by the honest use of history, criticism, and philology. But between such a man and one who rejects Christianity altogether, we can imagine no *consistent* position.



But though the objections to the reception of Christianity are numerous, and some insoluble, the question always returns, whether they overbalance the mass of the evidence in its favor? nor is it to be forgotten that they are susceptible of indefinite alleviation as time rolls on; and with a few observations on this point we will close the present article.

A refinement of modern philosophy often leads our rationalist to speak depreciatingly, if not contemptuously, of what he calls a *stereotyped* revelation—revelation in a "*book*." It ties down, he is fond of saying, the spirit to the letter; and limits the "progress" and "development" of the human mind in its "free" pursuit of truth. The answer we should be disposed to make is, first, that if a book *does* contain truth, the sooner that truth is stereotyped the better; secondly, that if such book, like the book of Nature, or, as we deem, the book of Revelation, really contains truth, its study, so far from being incompatible with the spirit of free inquiry, will invite and repay continual efforts more completely to understand it. Though the great and fundamental truths contained in either volume will be obvious in proportion to their importance and necessity, there is no limit to be placed on the *degree* of accuracy with which the truths they severally contain may be deciphered, stated, adjusted—or even on the period in which fragments of new truth shall cease to be elicited. It is true, indeed, that theology cannot be said to admit of unlimited progress, in the same sense as chemistry—which may, for aught we know, treble or quadruple its present accumulations, vast as they are, both in bulk and importance. But even in theology as deduced from the Scripture, minute fragments of new truth, or more exact adjustments of old truth, may be perpetually expected. Lastly, we shall reply, that the objection to a revelation's being consigned to a "*book*" is singularly inapposite, considering that by the constitution of the world and of human nature, man, without *books*—without the power of recording, transmitting, and perpetuating thought, of rendering it permanent and diffusive,—ever is, ever has been, and ever *must* be little better than a savage; and therefore, if there was to be a revelation at all, it might fairly be expected that it would be communicated in this form; thus affording us one more analogy, in addition to the many which Butler has stated, and which may in time be multiplied without end, between "Revealed Religion and the Constitution and Course of Nature."

And this leads us to notice a saying of that comprehensive genius, which we do not recollect having seen quoted in connection with recent controversies, but which is well worthy of being borne in mind, as teaching us to beware of hastily assuming that objections to Revelation, whether suggested by the progress of science, or from the supposed incongruity of its own contents, are unanswerable. We are not, he says, rashly to suppose that we have arrived at the true meaning of the *whole* of that book. "It is not at all incredible that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscerned. For all the same phenomena and the same faculties of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before." These words are worthy of Butler; and as many illustrations of their truth have been supplied since his day, so many others may fairly be anticipated in the course of time. Several distinct species of argument for the truth of Christianity from the very structure and contents of the books containing it have been invented—of which Paley's "*Horæ Paulinæ*" is a memorable example. The diligent collation of the text, too, has removed many difficulties; the diligent study of the original languages, of ancient history, manners, and customs, has cleared up many more; and by supplying proofs of accuracy where error or falsehood had been charged, has supplied important additions to the evidence which substantiates the truth of Revelation. Against the alleged absurdity of the Laws of Moses, again, such works as that of Micholis have disclosed much of that *relative wisdom* which aims not at the abstractedly *best*, but the best which a given condition of humanity, a given period of the world's history, and a given purpose could dictate. In pondering such difficulties as still remain in those laws, we may remember the answer of Solon to the question, whether he had given the Athenians the *best* laws; viz., that he had given them the best of which they were capable: or the judgment of the illustrious Montesquieu, who remarks, "When Divine Wisdom said to the Jews, 'I have given you precepts which are not good,' this signifies that they had only a *relative* goodness; and this is the sponge which wipes out all the difficulties which are to be found in the Laws of Moses." This is a truth which we are persuaded a profound philosophy will understand the better the more deeply it is revolved; and only

those legislative pedants will refuse weight to it, who would venturously propose to give New Zealanders and Hottentots, in the starkness of their savage ignorance, the complex forms of the British constitution. In a similar manner, many of the old objections of our deistical writers have ceased to be heard of in our day, unless it be from the lips of the veriest sciolism; the objections, for instance, of that truly pedantic philosophy which once argued that ethical and religious truth are not given in the Scripture in a *system* such as a schoolman might have digested it into; as if the brief iteration and varied illustration of pregnant truth, intermingled with narrative, parable, and example, were not infinitely better adapted to the condition of the human intellect in general! For similar reasons, the old objection, that statements of Christian morality are given without the requisite limitations, and cannot be literally acted upon, has been long since abandoned as an absurdity. It is granted that a hundred folios could not contain the hundredth part of all the limitations of human actions, and all the possible cases of a contentious casuistry; and it is *also* granted that human nature is not so inept as to be incapable of interpreting and limiting for itself such rules as, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

In the same manner have many of the objections suggested at different periods by the progress of science been dissolved; and, amongst the rest, those alleged from the remote historic antiquity of certain nations on which infidels, like Volney and Voltaire, once so confidently relied. And it is worthy of remark, that some of the old objections of philosophers have disappeared by the aid of that very science—geology—which has led, as every new branch of science probably will, to new ones. Geology has, however, in our judgment, done at least as much already to remove difficulties as to occasion them; and it is not illogical, or perhaps unfair, to surmise that, if we will only have *patience*, its own difficulties, as those of so many other branches of science, will be eventually solved. One thing is clear,—that, if the Bible be true and geology be true, *that* cannot be geologically true which is scripturally false, or *vice versa*; and we may therefore laugh at the polite compromise which is sometimes affected by learned professors of theology and geology respectively. All we demand of either—all that is needed—is, that they refrain from a too hasty conclusion of absolute contradictions between their

respective sciences, and retain a quiet remembrance of the imperfection of our present knowledge both of geology, and, as Butler says, of the Bible. The recent interpretation of the commencement of Genesis—by which the first verse is simply supposed to affirm the original creation of all things, while the second immediately refers to the commencement of the human economy; passing by those prodigious cycles which geology demands, with a silence worthy of a *true* revelation, which does not pretend to gratify our curiosity as to the previous condition of our globe any more than our curiosity as to the history of other worlds—was first suggested by geology, though suspected, and indeed anticipated, by some of the early Fathers. But it is now felt by multitudes to be the more *reasonable* interpretation,—the second verse certainly more naturally suggesting previous revolutions in the history of the earth than its then instant creation: and though we frankly concede that we have not *yet* seen any account of the whole first chapter of Genesis which quadrates with the doctrines of geology, it does not become us hastily to conclude that there can be none. If a further adjustment of those doctrines, and a more diligent investigation of the Scripture, together, should hereafter *suggest* any *possible* harmony,—though not the true one, but one ever so gratuitously assumed,—it will be sufficient to neutralize the objection. This, it will be observed, is in accordance with what has been already shown,—that wherever an objection is founded on an apparent contradiction between two statements, it is sufficient to show any *possible* way in which the statements may be reconciled, whether the true one or not. The objection, in that case, to the supposition that the facts are gratuitously assumed, though often urged, is, in reality, nothing to the purpose.\* If it should ever be shown, for example, that supposing as many geological eras as the philosopher requires to have passed in the chasm between the first verse, which asserts the original dependence of all things on the fiat of the Creator, and the second, which is supposed to commence the hu-

\* Some admirable remarks in relation to the answers we are bound to give to objections to revealed religion have been made by Leibnitz (in reply to Bayle) in the little tract prefixed to his *Theodicée*, entitled "De la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison." He there shows that the utmost that can fairly be asked is, to prove that the affirmed truths involve no necessary contradiction.



man era, any *imaginable* condition of our system—at the close, so to speak, of a given geological period—would harmonize with a fair interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, the objection will be neutralized.

We have little doubt in our own minds that the ultimately converging, though, it may be, transiently discrepant conclusions of the sciences of philology, ethnology, and geology (in all of which we may rest assured great discoveries are yet to be made) will tend to harmonize with the ultimate results of a more thorough study of the records of the race as contained in the book of Revelation. Let us be permitted to imagine one example of such possible harmony. We think that the philologist may engage to make out, on the *strictest principles of induction*, from the tenacity with which all communities cling to their language, and the slow *observed* rate of change by which they alter; by which Anglo-Saxon, for example, has become English,\* Latin Italian, and ancient Greek modern (though these languages have been affected by every conceivable cause of variation and depravation); that it would require hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of years to account for the production, by known natural causes, of the vast multitude of totally distinct languages, and tens of thousands of dialects, which man now utters. On the other hand, the geologist is more and more persuaded of the comparatively recent origin of the human race. What, then, is to harmonize these conflicting statements? Will it not be curious if it should turn out that nothing *can* possibly harmonize them but the statement of Genesis, that in order to prevent the natural tendency of the race to accumulate on one spot and facilitate their dispersion and destined occupancy of the globe, a preternatural intervention expedited the operation of the causes which would gradually have given birth to distinct languages? Of the probability of this intervention, some profound philologists have, on scientific grounds alone, expressed their conviction. But in all such matters, what we plead for is only—*patience*; we wish not to dogmatize; all we ask is, a philosophic abstinence from dogmatism. In relation to many difficulties, what is now a reasonable exercise of faith may one day be

rewarded by a knowledge which on those particular points may terminate it. And, in such ways, it is surely conceivable that a great part of the objections against Revelation may, in time, disappear; and, though other objections may be the result of the progress of the older sciences or the origination of new, the solution of previous objections, together with the additions to the evidences of Christianity, external and internal, which the study of history and of the Scriptures may supply, and the still brighter light cast by the progress of Christianity and the fulfillment of its prophecies, may inspire increasing confidence that the new objections are also destined to yield to similar solvents. Meanwhile, such new difficulties, and those more awful and gigantic shadows which we have no reason to believe will ever be chased from the sacred page,—mysteries which probably could not be explained from the necessary limitation of our faculties, and are, at all events, submitted to us as a salutary discipline of our humility,—will continue to form that exercise of faith which is probably nearly equal in every age—and necessary in all ages, if we would be made “little children,” qualified “to enter the kingdom of God.”

In conclusion, we may remark, that while many are proclaiming that Christianity is effete, and that, in the language of M. Proudhon (who complacently says it amidst the ignominious failure of a thousand social panaceas of his own age and country), it will certainly “die out in about three hundred years;” and while many more proclaim that, as a religion of supernatural origin and supernatural evidence, it is already dying, if not dead; we must beg leave to remind them that, even if Christianity *be* false, as they allege, they are utterly forgetting the maxims of a cautious induction in saying that it will therefore cease to exert dominion over mankind. What proof is there of this? Whether true or false, it has already survived numberless revolutions of human opinions, and all sorts of changes and assaults. It is not confined, like other religions, to any one race—to any one clime—or any one form of political constitution. While it transmigrates freely from race to race, and clime to clime, its chief home, too, is still in the bosom of enterprise, wealth, science, and civilization; and it is at this moment most powerful amongst the nations that have most of these. If not true, it has such an *appearance* of truth as to have satisfied many of the acutest and most powerful in-

\* It contains, let us recollect, (after all causes of changes, including a conquest, have been at work upon it,) a vast majority of the Saxon words spoken in the time of Alfred—nearly a thousand years ago!

tellects of the species ;—a Bacon, a Pascal, a Leibnitz, a Locke, a Newton, a Butler ;—such an appearance of truth as to have enlisted in its support an immense array of genius and learning ; genius and learning, not only in some sense professional, and often wrongfully represented as therefore interested, but much of both, strictly extra-professional ; animated to its defence by nothing but a conviction of the force of the arguments by which its truth is sustained, and that “hope full of immortality” which its promises have inspired. Under such circumstances it must appear equally rash and gratuitous to suppose, even if it be a delusion, that an institute, which has thus enlisted the sympathies of so many of the greatest minds of all races and of all ages—which is alone stable and progressive amidst instability and fluctuation,—will *soon* come to an end. Still more absurdly premature is it to raise a pæan over its fall, upon every new attack upon it, when it has already survived so many. This, in fact, is a tone which, though every age renews it, should long since have been rebuked by the constant falsification of similar prophecies, from the time of Julian to the time of Bolingbroke, and from the time of Bolingbroke to the time of Strauss. As Addison, we think, humorously tells the Atheist, that he is hasty in his logic when he infers that if there be no God, immortality must be a delusion, since, if chance has actually found him a place in this bad world, it *may*, perchance, hereafter find him another place in a worse,—so we say, that if Christianity be a delusion, since it is a delusion which has been proof against so much of bitter opposition, and has imposed upon such hosts of mighty intellects, there is nothing to show that it will not do so still, in spite of the efforts either of a Proudhon or a Strauss. Such a tone was, perhaps, never so triumphant as during the heat of the Deistical controversy in our own country, and to which Butler alludes with so much characteristic but deeply satirical simplicity, in the preface to his great work :—“It is come,” says he, “I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious.

On the contrary, thus much at least will here be found, not taken for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured as he is of his own being, *that it is not, however, so clear that there is nothing in it.* The Christian, we conceive,

may now say the same to the Froudes, and Foxtons, and to much more formidable adversaries of the present day. Christianity, we doubt not, will still live, when they and their works, and the refutations of their works, are alike forgotten ; and a new series of attacks and defences shall have occupied for a while (as so many others have done) the attention of the world. Christianity, like Rome, has had both the Gaul and Hannibal at her gates : But as the “Eternal City” in the latter case calmly offered for sale, and sold, at an undepreciated price, the very ground on which the Carthaginian had fixed his camp, with equal calmness may Christianity imitate her example of magnanimity. She may feel assured that, as in so many past instances of premature triumph on the part of her enemies, the ground they occupy will one day be its own ; that the very discoveries, apparently hostile, of science and philosophy, will be ultimately found elements of her strength. Thus has it been to a great extent with the discoveries in chronology and history ; and thus will it be, we are confident, (and to a certain extent has been already), with those in geology. That science has done much, not only to render the old theories of Atheism untenable, and to familiarize the minds of men to the idea of miracles, by that of successive creations, but to confirm the Scriptural statement of the comparatively recent origin of our race. Only the men of science and the men of theology must alike guard against the besetting fallacy of their kind,—that of too hastily taking for granted that they already know the whole of their respective sciences, and of forgetting the declaration of the Apostle, equally true of all man’s attainments, whether in one department of science or another,—“We know but in part, and we prophesy but in part.”

Though Socrates perhaps expressed himself too absolutely when he said that “he only knew that he knew nothing,” yet a tinge of the same spirit,—a deep conviction of the profound ignorance of the human mind, even at its best—has ever been a characteristic of the most comprehensive genius. It has been a topic on which it has been fond of mournfully dilating. It is thus with Socrates, with Plato, with Bacon (even amidst all his magnificent aspirations and bold predictions), with Newton, with Pascal, and especially with Butler, in whom, if in any, the sentiment is carried to excess. We need not say that it is seldom found in the writings of those modern speculators who rush,



in the hardihood of their adventurous logic, on a solution of the problems of the Absolute and the Infinite, and resolve in delightfully brief demonstrations the mightiest problems of the universe—those great enigmas, from which true philosophy shrinks, not because it has never ventured to think of them, but because it has thought of them enough to know that it is in vain to attempt their solution. To know the limits of human philosophy is the "better part" of all philosophy; and though the conviction of our ignorance is humiliating, it is, like every true conviction, salutary. Amidst this night of the soul, bright stars—far-distant fountains

of illumination—are wont to steal out, which shine not while the imagined Sun of reason is above the horizon! and it is in that night, as in the darkness of outward nature, that we gain our only true ideas of the illimitable dimensions of the universe, and of our true position in it.

Meanwhile we conclude that God has created "two great lights,"—the greater light to rule man's busy day—and that is Reason; and the lesser to rule his contemplative night—and that is Faith.

But Faith itself shines only so long as she reflects some faint illumination from the brighter orb.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## BOYHOOD'S EARLY LAY.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.]

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Boyhood's early lay! Boyhood's early lay!  
Ever methinks I hear the tone—  
Oh! 'tis far away—Oh! 'tis far away,  
Once all my own!

What the swallow sang—what the swallow sang—  
She who autumn and spring brings round,  
Till the village rang—till the village rang—  
Still does it sound!

"When I bade adieu—when I bade adieu—  
Scrip and wallet had ample store,  
When I came anew—when I came anew—  
All was no more!"

Oh thou childhood's tone—oh thou childhood's tone—  
In unconscious wisdom glad,  
That like Solomon—that like Solomon—  
The birds' lore had!

Oh thou field of home—flow'ry field of home—  
Where thy space all holy seems,  
Let me once more roam—let me once more roam—  
Tho' but in dreams.

When I bade adieu—when I bade adieu—  
Then the world with promise shone,  
When I came anew—when I came anew—  
All was gone!

Back the swallows fly—back the swallows fly—  
And the scrip renews its store,  
But the heart's lost joy—but the heart's lost joy—  
Comes no more!

Never swallow brings—never swallow brings—  
Those whose loss thou weep'st so sore,  
Tho' the village rings—tho' the village rings—  
As of yore!

## MEMOIR OF MISS PARDOE.

## WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE lady whose portrait forms the illustration to our present number, is one who has largely ministered to the instruction, as well as the amusement of the age.

Miss Pardoe is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, of the Royal Wagon Train, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been engaged in active service. It is but doing bare justice to this amiable and excellent man to say that he was as much beloved by the men whom he commanded, as he was popular among his fellow-officers, and his honorable retirement is still cheered by the regard and respect of all who have ever known him.

Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy, but is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice, was her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it, which cannot fail to interest and delight the reader.

The good reception which this work met with, determined the fair author to court again the public favor, and she published several novels in succession—"Lord Morcar," "Hereward," "Speculation," and "The Mardyns and Daventrys." In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style, and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836 she accompanied her father to Constantinople, and, struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the East,

she embodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. "The City of the Sultan" at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life, all conspired to render her work universally known and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," a work, like "The City of the Sultan," profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by "The Romance of the Harem."

Miss Pardoe's powers of description and habits of observation, appeared to point out to her her line of literature, as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands, and a tour which the family made through the Austrian empire, enabled her to give the world the results of her observations on Hungary in that excellent work, "The City of the Magyar," a work now more than ever deserving of public notice—less gay and glittering than "The City of the Sultan," her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research; its statistics are peculiarly accurate; and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

A very short time after the publication of this work, appeared "The Hungarian Castle," a collection of Hungarian legends in three volumes, interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labor to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the county of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement was a novel entitled "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time this was followed by another—"The Rival Beauties." These tales are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in



modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life. We have placed "The Rival Beauties" out of its proper order, that we may conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest: her "Louis the Fourteenth," and "Francis the First." The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer, and she has in both cases executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of information displayed in these volumes is really stupendous, and the depth of research necessary to produce it, fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a

very high rank among the writers of history.

Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce*, as in those of Miss Pardoe.

She is now, we hear with much pleasure, engaged on "A Life of Mary de Medici," a subject extremely suited to her pen.

Looking on her portrait, we may trust that she has half her life, or more, still in the future, and may reasonably look to her for many contributions to the delight and learning of ourselves and our posterity.

## THE PUBLISHING TRADE.

WE alluded, some time since, to the healthy condition of the London publishing trade, and of the state of the book market throughout the three kingdoms. What we observed then, has been more than confirmed by the result of Mr. Murray's great annual trade-sale at the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate street, during the present month. Few of our readers are, perhaps, aware that it is the custom of the two great London houses, Murray's and Longman's, to put their books up to a kind of auction every year; that the sale is prefaced by a dinner, at which all the booksellers of "credit" in London are invited to be present,—and that, as soon as the cloth is removed, Mr. Hodgson, the auctioneer, of Fleet street, commences the business of the day by offering the books *seriatim*, as in the printed catalogue, to the attention of the guests. The practice is not, as at other auctions, to knock the lot down to the highest bidder, but to put the book up at a certain price below what is usually called "subscription-price,"—or, in other words, below the figure at which the book can be obtained on any other occasion. It is also the custom to put up books not ready for delivery, but only nearly so; and it is curious to watch the interest that is felt throughout the room when a book of name is offered for the first time. It is a matter of ancient and proper deference to the great houses to let "the Row" begin. Thus, with a popular work, Longman will start with 350,—Simpkin with the same number,—Whittaker with 250,—Hamilton and Adams with the same number,—till at last it comes to "twenty-fives" and "fives,"—and at

times to only "one." Not less interesting is it to behold the eager way in which the numbers called out are placed promptly on paper by the several booksellers,—or the quick, tradesman-like manner in which they cast up the several totals, and look with mute astonishment one at another at the greatness of the demand. Sales of this description are limited to the two houses we have mentioned, and are always looked forward to with interest, as affording an index of the approaching season. Mr. Murray's last sale was the best he has had since his father's death,—he disposing of books on that day to the amount of £19,000. Nor will this be wondered at when the numbers sold are put together. For instance, the trade took, on that occasion, 2,000 of Lord Campbell's "Chief Justices," 5,000 volumes of "The Colonial Library," 1,400 of Layard's "Nineveh," 1,400 of Byron's Works in one volume, 1,300 copies of Mr. Borrow's new work "L'Avengro," 900 of the new edition of Mr. Cunningham's "Hand-book for London," 750 of Mr. Grote's "Greece," 750 of Mr. Curzon's "Levant," and 600 of M. Guizot's new work. School-books sold in still greater proportions: 5,000 Markham's "Histories," 4,000 "Little Arthur's History of England," 2,000 Wordsworth's "Latin Grammar," 1,200 Somerville's "Geography," and even Mrs. Rundell, though thought to be antiquated, maintained her reputation with her new dishes and in her new dress. Authors benefit as well as booksellers by a sale like this.—*Athenæum*.

From the North British Review.

## WHAT IS LIFE ASSURANCE?

*What is Life Assurance? Explained by Practical Illustrations of its Principles; with Observations on each description of Assurance, and on the Rates of Premium charged by the different Offices.* By JENKIN JONES, Actuary to the National Mercantile Life Assurance Society, Author of a "Series of Assurance Tables, calculated from a New Rate of Mortality," &c. &c. London, 1847.

THE question which forms the title of this Tract is one which a daily increasing number of persons are beginning to ask with interest. It is of some consequence that they should be supplied with a satisfactory answer. By many, perhaps by the majority of those who ask the question, the information afforded by the author will be held to be sufficient; on perusal they will thankfully follow the directions given by him, and, repairing to the Office to which they may be inclined on some accidental ground of preference, will effect, in due form, such a policy as meets their views. If thereafter they are not very profoundly acquainted with the principles of Life Assurance, they at least know its practical working in their own case, and having satisfied their sense of duty by providing in adequate measure against the consequences of their premature decease, they are no longer inclined to resume the general question, or to do more than probably take their share in the conventional gossip which may prevail regarding the comparative progress of their own, and other, and rival institutions. Another class of inquirers we are persuaded desiderate not only practical directions how to effect a Life Assurance, and information as to the official machinery and working of Assurance Institutions, all which Mr. Jenkin Jones' small volume sufficiently supplies, but also a fuller development of the nature and principles of Life Assurance as a system. Cordially recommending Mr. Jones' directory to all who have arrived at that ripened stage of conviction at which its information will be as useful as it is acceptable, we shall, in a more general manner than suited his purpose, endeavor to supply an answer to the question, "What is Life As-

surance?" In doing so, we shall have occasion to deal with several important matters of principle touching the constitution and rules of Assuring Associations, upon which it is eminently desirable that the general community, and the classes who avail themselves of assurance in particular, should be at least preparing to think for themselves, that when requisite they may act with intelligence and decision in the support and establishment of sound views.

Banks, Assurance Companies, and other Associations established for the purpose of preserving and accumulating the surplus wealth of individuals, will only take root under the shadow of just and long-established Governments. They will only flourish in communities where integrity and confidence alike prevail. Other conditions are necessary to their growth and prosperity. They must be based upon sound principles, conducted with intelligence and energy, and their whole affairs and interests arranged and adapted to the varying exigencies of their progress. We cannot in this country boast of entire freedom from either blundering or fraud; but, generally speaking, Life Assurance, in its origin and history in Britain, presents a pleasing example of the combined operation of these several elements of success.

In other countries, Life Assurance has been little practiced. France has been too careless and unstable, Holland has been too busy, Germany too unpractical, and America too youthful and self-confident, to cultivate the frugal and forecasting arts of a wise economy, among the chief of which we may reckon Life Assurance. In Britain alone has there been found the intelligence to appre-



ciate, and the wisdom to secure, the full benefits of the system.

It would be an interesting and instructive exercise to trace minutely the origin and progress of Life Assurance in this country. To do so thoroughly, it would be necessary to take notice of the advances made at different times and places in collecting the facts regarding human life and mortality, which, while they form the basis of Life Assurance, have, at the same time, other important uses. It would be requisite also to show the progress made by successive writers in the development of the science of Life Probabilities, as deduced from these data; and, finally, to mark the growth of Life Assurance as a scheme of business gradually gaining acceptance with the community, and now covering the land with prosperous institutions, which are yearly dispensing their benefits among innumerable families. To furnish a detailed history of these several departments of the subject would more than exhaust our space. A cursory glance at its prominent features, under the several heads referred to, will suffice for our present purpose.

In regard to Mortality Bills and Mortuary Registers, the main fact which it is important to impress upon the mind of any one asking for the first time, What is Life Assurance? is, that such collections of facts have been made as to afford a satisfactory standard of the duration and value of human life. This, of course, forms the grand foundation of the system, and if any great error or fallacy had been retained in the hypotheses of mortality, the fortunes and well-being of innumerable families might be put in peril. No such disastrous result is possible from this cause, the basis of facts on which the system has been reared being deeply and securely laid. A brief enumeration of the principal Mortality Tables which have been constructed within the last century and a half will, perhaps better than a general assurance on our part, show how extensive and various are the facts from which the law of mortality can now be deduced.

A Record of the Births and Burials in the city of Breslau from 1687 to 1691; the Mortality Bills of London from 1728 to 1737; the Register of Assignable Annuities in Holland for 125 years before 1748; Lists of the Tontine Schemes in France and the Necrologes of Religious Houses; the Mortality of *Northampton* for 46 years prior to 1780; of *Norwich* for 30 years prior to 1769; of *Holycross* for 30 years prior to 1780; of *Warrington* for 9 years; of *Ches-*

*ter* for 10 years; of *Vienna*, *Berlin*, and *Brandenburgh* for long periods, and seven enumerations of the entire population of *Sweden*, with similar materials from the *Canton de Vaud*; a very carefully constructed Table of the Mortality of *Carlisle* for 8 years prior to 1787. To these have now been added Tables of the Experienced Mortality in the *London Equitable Office*; and, latterly, of seventeen different Offices, embracing assured lives to the number of 83,905. The mortality among the annuitants to whom the Government sold annuities has supplied a very valuable Table, in which male and female life is separately treated. To all those materials, which, with due allowance for the operation of those causes which might be expected to produce variation, may be said in their general results to confirm and corroborate each other, there has now been added the "English Life Table," constructed by the Registrar-General from the Records of *England and Wales*, established in 1839, and now in full operation, from which the value of life on an average of the whole community has been satisfactorily obtained.

We are warranted, therefore, in asserting, without qualification, that the law of mortality has been ascertained so accurately from sufficient data as to admit of the most confident reliance on its general operations.

These various materials have been from time to time rendered subservient to important uses and applications by those philosophers and writers who have devoted their attention to the study and development of the science of Life Probabilities. To Dr. Halley belongs the credit of first unfolding a general formula for calculating the value of annuities, whereby he supplied the germ of all subsequent developments of the science. De Moivre contributed greatly to advance the subject, although the hypothesis on which he proceeded was soon found to be incorrect. Thomas Simpson and James Dodson, in their several works, aided in extending the application of the facts and laws of mortality, as then ascertained, to many useful purposes, and especially in promoting the business of Life Assurance. The successful and patriotic labors of Dr. Price, in destroying the bubble schemes set afloat during the latter half of last century, are known to many, and deserve ever to be held in honorable remembrance. The publication of the fourth edition of his work on Annuities and Reversionary Payments, in 1783, with the valuable tables which enriched it, marked the commencement of a new era in the

business of Life Assurance. Mr. Morgan's labors, both in the business and authorship of Life Assurance, are still remembered in connection with the London Equitable Society.

Francis Baily, in 1810, published a work on Annuities, distinguished by scientific beauty, and calculated for daily use in the business of Life Assurance. A similar work, comprehending all that was valuable in previous writers, was produced in 1815 by Mr. Joshua Milne. The standard compilation of David Jones, published under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is now, perhaps more than any other work, in daily use by Assurance Companies. To a student of principles, however, we would recommend the simpler work of Baily.

It might be invidious, and it is not necessary, to notice and estimate in comparison the services of eminent actuaries of our own generation, such as Ansell, Finlaison, Davies, Neison, Edmond, and the Joneses, or to dwell on the contemporary authorship of such writers as Babbage and De Morgan, whose works will abundantly repay the careful perusal of any one desirous of fully understanding the theory of Life Assurance.

The first Life Assurance Society established in this country was the Amicable Corporation of London, founded during the reign of Queen Anne in the year 1706. Centuries before that time there existed in England ancient associations known as guilds, fraternities, mysteries, and brotherhoods. These possessed more of the character of friendly societies than of Life Assurance institutions; but they discover even in the early developments of society those prudent and benevolent tendencies of the English community, which have rendered it in later times so favorable a soil for the cultivation of Life Assurance.

Anterior to the bubble schemes exploded by Dr. Price, only five Life Assuring Associations had been established in England. These earlier societies began by charging an annual premium of £5 per cent. on every life assured, without reference to age—so rude were the first ideas of the risk undertaken in a policy of Life Assurance. Even when they discovered how very rough and inequitable this mode of regulating the contributions was, the first attempts to graduate rates to the age of the assured were made upon calculations of the probability of life greatly below its actual value, while the premiums were still further enhanced by the ignorant, but perhaps wholesome jealousy of Government, which refused to issue licenses,

(then much desired by the societies as a guarantee of their soundness,) because the rates were not considered sufficiently high.

From the publication of Dr. Price's work, before alluded to, until the end of the last century, there were instituted only two new Assurance Societies which survived any length of time.

Since the commencement of this century, companies and societies of all kinds have sprung up and flourished. From 1800 to 1810 inclusive, thirteen were established. For the next ten years till 1820, only four were set up. During the succeeding decennial period till 1830, twelve new companies attested the return of a fresh interest and impulse in the direction of Life Assurance. The next ten years, ending in 1840, were signalized by still more abundant evidences of the zealous cultivation of Life Assurance, no less than thirty-one associations having during that period effected a permanent establishment in the country. Since 1840 a still larger number have appeared. Altogether, the whole societies and companies now doing business in Life Assurance in the United Kingdom are about ninety-three. We say Companies and Societies; for under these generic designations may be classed all the proper Life Assurance Institutions. *Society* is the name appropriate to those associations which, composed exclusively of assuring members, depend on the contributions of those members alone for the fulfillment of their policies, and which retain, for the benefit of the members, all surplus funds arising from the excess of contributions. In short, the Society is constituted and worked on the principle of Mutual Assurance. The *Company*, in its pure, unmixed character, consists of an association of proprietors or shareholders subscribing, and partially paying up, an aggregate capital on which they trade with the public (at least the healthy portion of it) in assuring lives at certain specified rates,—thus affording to the assured the guarantee of a separate capital, but appropriating to the shareholders, in addition to the interest which that paid-up capital produces, the profit arising from their assuring trade. The Proprietary Companies now, however, with not more than one or two exceptions, offer to assurers the option of either paying merely the rate for which the Company is willing to insure the life, and so acquiring no after-benefit beyond the exact sum in the policy; or paying a somewhat larger rate, and thereby obtaining some participation in the profits of the business. Having



thus introduced into their original proprietary constitution the more popular principle of mutual Assurance, they may be said with more correctness to belong to a new and mixed genus, partaking in about equal proportions of the proprietary and mutual elements. In fact, Life Assurance Associations are generally and familiarly classified under the three heads of "Mutual," "Proprietary," and "Mixed."

We shall not attempt to analyze or comment upon the various institutions which offer the benefits of Life Assurance to the public. This has already been done with a free hand by such writers as Babbage and De Morgan and their several reviewers. Neither shall we at any length discuss the merits of those measures by which such associations as the London Equitable have been managed to the great profit of a privileged class. These proceedings have already been canvassed until something very like unanimity on the subject prevails. We shall merely give a general view of the principles of Life Assurance, and of the advantages peculiar to different classes of associations, leaving our readers to exercise their own judgment as to the plan which appears to them most advantageous. It is desirable, and it is, moreover, high time, that the public should for themselves acquire a knowledge of the elements of the subject. The pretensions of rival establishments would then in some measure be subjected to an independent test; and public patronage, guided by better lights than puffing advertisements, would quietly and steadily move in the right direction.

We have already glanced at the foundation of the system, and seen that the force of mortality in this country has been ascertained, and may be relied upon with all the confidence which mankind repose in the operation of a general law. While, however, we hold that the law of mortality has been so well ascertained as to relieve both assurer and assured of all apprehension of any serious and disastrous mistake in the tables on which Assurance is conducted, the subject is one to which continued attention should be earnestly and patiently directed, with the view of working out its minuter applications. There is still much to be done even in the best conducted institutions toward adjusting equitably the contributions of the several classes of their members. A vast advance has been made since the period when the youngest and most select lives were rated, without any distinction, with the old and infirm. But although the excessive and un-

equal charges of those early times of ignorance and over-caution have gradually given place to rates, generally speaking, graduated according to the ages of parties, there yet remains room for improvements in applying the facts of ascertained mortality, so as to do justice to the several ages of the assured; and, in the sale and purchase of annuities and reversions, to meet with more accuracy the different degrees of contingency.

Life Assurance is based on the principle, or rather on the fact, that human life, proverbially uncertain as it is in the individual, is in respect of a multitude of individuals governed by a fixed and well-ascertained law, in virtue of which it can be safely and accurately calculated how many of them shall die in each year, until the whole become extinct. Proceeding upon an ascertained or assumed rate of mortality, it is not difficult to find by calculation what single or annual payment by each of a multitude of individuals would provide a certain specified amount to be paid over on the death of each. Money, however, does not, in a commercial community, rest a single day unproductive, and the interest to be derived for the use of the money while it remains in the common fund, thus manifestly forms the other main element, along with the rate of mortality, in determining the scale of premiums on which Assurances are effected by any association.

When a body of individuals associate together with the view of assuring lives, either on the plan of a Proprietary Company or a Mutual Society, the first thing to be done is to fix the *rate of mortality* on which their tables shall be constructed. It may safely be asserted that the Northampton Table has been proved to be erroneous, and that the associations which retain it in any department of their business, however prosperous and extensive, are in so doing clinging to an antiquated hypothesis which must operate in producing inequitable results to large classes of their contributors. The true rate of mortality is one which runs somewhere within the limits of the Carlisle, the Government Annuity, and the English Life Table. These, along with information derived from experience in regard to assured lives, afford a correct and satisfactory basis on which to construct a table of mortality graduated so as to suit all ages; and were any parties proposing to found a new institution upon an assumed mortality differing materially from these tables, we should not only be disposed to challenge their intelligence, but to doubt their integrity.

The next thing to be settled is the *rate of interest* at which the aggregate funds of the concern may be expected to be improved on an average of their whole investments. On this point it is impossible to set up a standard so sure and well ascertained as that which now regulates the rate of mortality. Limits, however, may be assigned, and if past experience could be relied on with absolute confidence as indicating what may be calculated upon for the future, it would not be difficult to fix the average rate at which all the calculations should be made. We shall not here start the question as to the probability of interest being permanently maintained in this country. It is enough to state as facts, that hitherto the average of the investments of Assurance Companies have yielded a close approximation to five per cent., and that the calculations of most of them are based on an assumption of three per cent. It is obvious that unless some great and permanent depression of interest shall ensue, and supposing the funds to be farmed with a fair degree of skill and attention, three per cent. may be confidently taken as the basis of calculation. It is equally evident, that, apart from considerations of a more general kind, as losses arise on investments of the securest order, and the chances of loss increase as the per centage rises, the assumption of more than four per cent. as a constant aggregate rate would be speculative and hazardous, and sufficient of itself to warn away the confidence of the public from any associations adopting it.

These two matters of fact—the rate of mortality and the rate of interest being ascertained and assumed, the groundwork is laid for proceeding to the business of actual assurance, and to all transactions in which the pecuniary interest of individuals is dependent on the value of life.

In every office additions are, of course, made to the net calculations to provide against contingencies and for expenses of management.

Applying to the proper data the formulæ evolved by mathematicians, tables have been constructed showing the price of assurances at all ages, both by single and annual payments of premiums; single and joint lives are appreciated in all modes of combination, and there is no species of deferred, contingent, or reversionary interest or expectancy which cannot be measured and valued with accuracy, so as to form the subject of purchase and sale. The variety of transactions so arising is very great, and the benefits consequently accruing to many whose interests have thus

become tangible are very considerable. In the small volume named at the head of this article, tables are given and illustrations are supplied of a variety of the more ordinary transactions entered into by Life Assuring Associations.

It should now be easy to explain how what are called "Profits" arise, and to show how important it is that these should be divided upon sound and equitable principles. Profits are the surplus contributions of the assured above what is found to be necessary to meet the risks undertaken by the assuring office. In the case of a proprietary company these may correctly be denominated "profits," because the fund so arising is just the free balance on their books after fulfilling or providing for all their obligations; but in the case of a mutual society they are not, properly speaking, profits at all, but surplus capital, being proportional advances by the members more than the purposes of the society required from them. In both cases the fund must arise either because the mortality assumed in fixing the rate of contribution has proved higher than the actual deaths among the members, or the rate of interest obtained has been more than was calculated upon. In practice, as may be inferred from what has been already said, the hypothesis on which tables for practice are generally constructed is considerably within the line of actual probability in both these respects. Profits therefore arise because the mortality is not so great, and the per centage on investments is greater than was assumed in fixing the rates of contribution. If mortality could be measured and predicted with as much certainty (as to any thousand individuals, for example) as the setting of so many suns, and if interest could be meted and recorded in its flowing with accuracy as absolute as that which registers the progress of its concurrent stream of time, and were Assurance business done upon net calculations thence deduced, no profits would ever arise, the contributions being fixed at the precise sums necessary to meet the relative risks. Every separate assurer would from the first pay exactly what was just and needful, and no more. The scheme of business would work out its results like Babbage's famous machine, and thus all the contest and confusion which have attended "distribution of profits," and "declaration of bonuses," in so many associations, would be avoided. Every member would receive just what he was entitled to, and no more—there being no occasion or temptation, or even possibility, in a society so constituted and worked,



for one member getting more than he ought, because it would visibly be taken from another, who would in consequence receive less.

Such, however, is not the case. We have to deal in the matter not wholly with mathematical elements. Mortality may have its general laws ascertained, but can never be accurately predicted in its special operations within the limits of a comparatively small body of assurers. Interest may be assumed on an average based on the experience of the past, but can never be assigned with arithmetical precision in tables constructed as a guide for future operations. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that both the rate of mortality and the rate of interest shall be assumed. The charges of management, and the chances of loss, have also to be taken into account upon a probable estimate. The business of Life Assurance must, therefore, in all cases, be conducted upon a hypothesis. Common sense and ordinary prudence at once dictate that the hypothesis shall be a safe one, and such as to cover all the fluctuations and uncertainties arising from the several elements of mortality, interest, expenses, and loss, which enter into and affect the actual business result.

Premiums for assurance are, therefore, charged, and prices for annuities are taken in all cases somewhat higher, and in some cases considerably higher, than the net sums required in the first calculation. In consequence of this excess of charge a surplus fund arises, which is called "profit."

If this account of the origin and nature of profits be carefully kept in view, it should serve to correct several crude and false notions which are apt to prevail on the subject. It shows at once that the surplus fund has properly been contributed by *all the members in proportion to the amount of their payments*, and therefore ought, as far as practicable, to be divided among all in a like proportion: That profit is not, and cannot be, the excess of the premiums paid over the sum assured; and that to give the *whole* of such profit to those who have so paid up is not to equalize life among the contributors, but to confer a bounty on long life, and, in as far as the surplus fund is concerned, to act on a principle the very opposite of that on which Life Assurance is founded.

If our readers experience any difficulty in understanding or assenting to what we are now laying down, we only ask them to exercise a little reflection on the subject. What is the special object of Life Assurance? What is that for which it and it alone provides?

Not the accumulation of savings merely—that may be secured by depositing in a bank, as well as by paying premiums to an assurance office. Manifestly and confessedly that which is peculiar to Assurance is, that it provides against premature death, and is intended to equalize life among all the contributors. In the very nature of the case some must pay more than they ever receive back, that others may receive back more than they pay. Let this fundamental fact be borne in mind, and it will at once be seen that what is called profit does not arise because *some* members pay more than they receive, but because *all the members* from the beginning have contributed on a scale higher than proves to be necessary. To talk of the members who die early causing a "loss," and to punish them by exclusion from all share in the surplus fund, is not only unjust, but absurd. The death of one who dies the day after he effects his policy, is no more a loss to the institution, in the true sense of loss, as used in an association for assuring lives, than that of the man who has paid premiums for half a century. Is it not the very pride and glory of the system that the one case is provided for as fully and ungrudgingly as the other? Even in the case of a party who dies after paying only one premium, is it not clear that he would have paid *less* than he actually did if the rates had been fixed with absolute accuracy according to the risk? Even he, in the single payment he has made, must have supplied a fractional contribution to the surplus fund. Loss does not arise because members die early, that having been contemplated from the first, and provided for in the calculation. Loss in the true sense would arise if the mortality was greater than was assumed, or if the interest realized was less, or if an investment should be lost, or if expenses of management proved excessive. In short, loss would appear if the rates were fixed on a scale insufficient to cover all contingencies. It follows, on the other hand, that "profit" arises because the rates have been fixed on a scale more than sufficient to cover all contingencies.

It further follows, that in proportion as the rates charged for Assurance are high, the surplus, or profit fund, will be swelled and aggrandized. In some of the Societies which are still pleased (or we should perhaps rather say, which are compelled by their constitution, which they have no power to alter) to use the Northampton Table of Mortality, the surplus arising annually is very great. In proportion to the amount of such

Surplus is the power of an office increased to give one class the advantage over another in the division, and by the declaration of large bonuses to dazzle the public with imaginary benefits. The amount of the bonuses periodically declared cannot form a true test of the prosperity of any institution. That amount may arise from using a false mortality table, and exacting large rates, as much as from getting good lives and fortunate investments.

The first question in any investigation with a view to a division, is the ascertainment of the amount of profit at any given period. This is a matter requiring very careful treatment. A mercantile firm, however extensive and varied may be their property and affairs, or a bank, however speculative may be a portion of its investments, proceed to a valuation of their assets upon rules and principles which ordinary intelligence and prudence suggest, and any considerable mistake will at once become apparent to those concerned; but a Life Assurance Society, from the peculiar nature both of its property and obligations, might readily fall into errors, which, while they were of a very serious kind, might not be even suspected to exist for a long series of years. On the one side of the balance-sheet stand as the property of the Society its realized funds and investments, with the present value of all the premiums due by the members; on the other side as debt stands the present value of all the sums assured. In these valuations very great fallacies may sometimes lurk. It is notorious, that a large and respectable Society in England, at two successive septennial periods, divided, as profit, the whole surplus fund which could arise on their policies during the entire period of their currency, thus anticipating twice over, on a great number of their policies, profits not then realized, and appropriating to one class, with real (though perhaps not intentional) injustice, what belonged to another.

It would be out of place to enter here upon a full exposition of the principle and methods of a correct valuation of premiums and policies. These are now well understood, and in general are honestly applied, although error and injustice still result in some offices from the use of the exploded mortality of Northampton as the criterion of value.

When the amount of the profit or surplus fund has, at the assigned period, been ascertained, the question next in order, and not inferior in importance, is, how is that fund to be divided? The question of amount is one

of scientific calculation—the question of distribution is one of equity. As might be supposed, the latter is emphatically the *questio vexata* among assurers and assured, upon which every office professes to hold and apply the only true principle of division, and upon which it is, perhaps, impossible in practice to realize perfectly the full results of the most unexceptionable theory.

Although absolute and exact equity may be unattainable, the principle of division should be sound, and such as to afford in its application the nearest approximation to even-handed justice.

By special compact, the whole parties interested may be bound to a particular method of Division: as, for instance, by the deed of constitution, or the by-law of the association, it may be provided that the first 5000 policies shall alone participate in the surplus fund, or that none shall share in such surplus until they have paid premiums equivalent with interest to the sum assured. In such cases it may be admitted, that as all parties know the rule before they join the body so constituted, none of the members can fairly complain when they find the laws consistently carried out. Others, however, are entitled to maintain, in the name of sound principle, that by so agreeing to conduct business, the effect is to divide among a favored class what was contributed proportionally by all, and that to the extent of the surplus the principle applied is not that of equalizing life and providing against premature death,—the great and proper object of Life Assurance,—but of conferring a bonus and bounty upon long life, which is the gambling principle of the Tontine.

Farther, and without dwelling upon this subject, we may venture to say, that no little suspicion exists, that in several very prosperous and otherwise ably conducted institutions, the older lives engross the lion's share of the spoil. No competent defence has ever been made of the system by which the long lives reap their enlarging shares of benefit at successive periods of investigation, by profits being allotted to them in proportion to the amount both of their original assurance, and of additions made by previously declared bonuses. Still less can the system be upheld by which they draw profit at *each* successive period of division, according, not merely to the premiums paid subsequent to the date of the previous division, during which period the profit to be divided arose—but in proportion to all the premiums paid from the very commencement of the policy.



The long-standing and numerous policies of associations conducted upon these plans, so far from being attractive to new members, will probably, with increasing experience, be found to be the reverse. The oftener the periods of allocation recur, the greater the evil and the injustice under such a system of division. This accumulative system of bonus additions, if brought into action, every ten or every seven years, is bad enough; but when it is carried into effect every five years, our astonishment is, that it does not produce results more startling than any that have yet appeared in advertising type; and as it is impossible to invent a new mathematics, but quite a possible thing to cook a bonus, we are led to ask, whether in the offices to which we refer, arbitrary accommodations have not been resorted to already, to disguise and counteract the inevitable results of their own vaunted principle? In truth, it needs no prophet to predict, that if this accumulative plan of heaping up bonuses on the old policies were rigorously and permanently carried out, the discouragement to new entrants would become so great, that few would be attracted to such offices — that with a decreasing or even a stationary business, the fallacy would become more apparent than it does, or can do, so long as business is flowing in with an annually increasing volume; and that thus an accumulative process of decline would ensue, and the office would effectually wind itself up, and shut its own door.

Still, however, it must be admitted, that the offices which, within endurable limits, favor the old lives, will in all probability retain a strong hold on the support of many. Most men are apt to think well of their own prospects of longevity. The assured who dies after paying only a few premiums, is, from narrow views and a mistaken application of the ordinary mercantile analogy, regarded as causing a "loss" to the Society. The pure principle of Life Assurance is, it is thought, very well so far; but in the estimation of some, it is rendered all the more attractive by having superadded a bonus-lottery, in which the long lives draw the prizes.

We reassert as a demonstrable fact, that the profits have arisen out of the contributions of *all* the members. Each several policy-holder, therefore, from the youngest to the oldest, has a right to participate in what each has had a share in creating. The interest of each in the surplus fund is just the difference between the payments actually made, and those which would have been demanded, had the precise rate of interest, and

the precise rate of mortality been foreknown. That scheme of division, therefore, is certainly the most equitable and most in accordance with the strict principles of Life Assurance, which distributes the profits among all the policy-holders, without preference of classes, and so as to include the members who die early as well as those who live long. That means exist, and that computations are practicable for so dividing, is undoubted, and it is hoped they will be brought into more extensive use when true principle shall be thought a safer guide than false popularity, and when the interests of the long lives, always a powerful class, are postponed to the demands of enlightened equity.

The importance of the views we are now urging is much greater than may at first sight appear. The prevailing systems are, in reality, most unfavorable to the spread of Life Assurance among the general body of society. The grand object should be to promote its extension among all who can avail themselves of its benefits. Instead of doing this by offering Assurance at low but safe rates, these are kept so high as to deter many from attempting to assure, and to defeat many more who make the attempt, all in order to produce a surplus fund for the long lives. New entrants not only pay an adequate premium, but in addition what may be called a Tontine-tax, in the distribution of which they may never share; and thus Life Assurance, instead of being simplified, and cheapened, and popularized, as it might be, within the limits of perfect safety, is clogged and complicated, by the super-addition of an expensive system, the very opposite to Life Assurance in its nature and tendency.

We cannot escape noticing, however briefly, the question raised as to the comparative merits of the Improved Proprietary, or "Mixed" Company, and the Mutual Society. As usually happens in matters involving the pecuniary advantage of rival establishments, extreme views have been keenly maintained on both sides. To reach the truth, we may disregard equally the interested statements of proprietary partisans and the overstrained arguments of the mutually-assured. We cannot seriously believe, on the one hand, that there is any risk of a well-conducted mutual office making good at least the sum in the policy, or that the value of the guarantee against such risk is of the last consequence. Neither can we see, on the other hand, that capital is in all cases an encumbrance and mere absorbent of profit to the loss and detriment of the assured.

It is quite manifest, although it is often overlooked, that if a body of proprietors get only an average rate of interest on their paid-up capital, they do not thereby withdraw a single farthing of the surplus or profit fund arising on the payments of the assured. They merely receive the interest which their capital has itself yielded, and it is only in so far as they draw a higher rate of interest than the average of that borne by the company's investments, or make slump bonus additions to their paid-up stock, that they trench upon the Assurance profits, and so withdraw what in a mutual office is divided wholly among the assured themselves.

The Proprietary Companies were in the early times of Life Assurance in the habit of appropriating the whole profits, by which the shareholders were greatly enriched. The Mutual offices, more especially those instituted during the present century, have, by their vigorous competition for business, given a check to this monopolizing system. Too many of the Proprietary Companies still discover some remains of the old tendency, but, generally speaking, they are now alive to the necessity of offering to the public advantages bearing a comparison with those held out by the Mutual offices. What competition has forced them to adopt as a necessity, equity confirms and demands as a right; and any Proprietary Company which henceforth shall attempt to appropriate the profits, or a large part of them, to the shareholders, will, we doubt not, find, as they ought, that they are behind the market, and must either better their terms or shut their doors.

The Mutual Societies have thus established a strong claim on the gratitude of the community, their correction of the abuses of the Proprietary System having given them great acceptance with the public. Still the Proprietary System prevails in point of extent, and if liberally carried out, possesses great advantages. The allocation of large bonuses upon the capital stock is as indefensible in principle as it must henceforth be shortsighted in policy;—but supposing such practices to be finally abandoned, we should say that so far as the mere element of constitution is concerned, the Proprietary form is the best. Taking other circumstances into account, however—such as extent of business, good management, favorable investments, and the like, particular offices of a different constitution may surpass, both in success and security, one which may be framed on what we should regard as more

eligible principles. Our reasons for preferring the Proprietary constitution (apart from the guarantee afforded by the subscribed capital) are, that it possesses several advantages in the practical working of its affairs, which a Mutual Society cannot command. The Directors (representing the shareholders principally) are more likely to act impartially in the distribution of the surplus fund among the policy-holders than the Directors of a Mutual Society, who generally represent the old policy-holders, the powerful and ruling class in all such associations. A Proprietary Company can modify and vary the tables and rates according to advancing information, or their own experience or change of circumstances. A Mutual Society, on the other hand, cannot pass from an erroneous to a correct system of contribution. If they have begun upon a wrong table, they must persevere in the face of all reason and conviction. A large class of members come, at a certain point, to have a substantial and annually increasing interest in the maintenance of the erroneous hypothesis. Of course, their rights under the deed of constitution are indefeasible, and so the only remedy for the evil is the forlorn one of a *felo de se*. The society can get quit of its erroneous scale of contribution by winding up, and not otherwise.

Moreover, under the Proprietary form the non-participating rates may be most largely diminished. We doubt if the advantages which they possess in this respect are sufficiently appreciated either by themselves or the public. It will perhaps come more into view in succeeding years, as one of the methods of obviating in part the difficulties of meeting the premiums which recently have produced so very large an amount of surrendered and forfeited policies. It seems pretty clear that a set of proprietors can with more safety sell Assurance at a price which will barely remunerate them, than a society whose solvency depends on the calculations proving adequate, and which ought therefore in all cases to charge rates undoubtedly sufficient.

When we consider the vast amount of business now transacted by the Assurance Offices of this country, and the immense and still rapidly accumulating capital to which their operations give rise, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of their being soundly constituted and honestly conducted. It is computed that five millions sterling is paid annually into the whole Life Institutions of the kingdom, by which perhaps



£135,000,000 is secured to families and representatives at death.

The management and application of funds so large, and the effect of this comparatively recent accumulation upon the monetary interests and prospects of the community, might suggest several interesting questions and speculations, upon which, however, we forbear to enter. Looking at it merely in its direct bearings, Life Assurance presents one of the most pleasing features of modern society. The benefits of a system of provision so extended and admirable, adapt themselves to the various exigencies of life with peculiar effect. They have been felt in many a widowed chamber and orphan's home—in alleviating the anxieties of many a dying parent—in fostering the spirit of self-reliance—and, generally, in moderating the cares and mitigating the calamities of life. Indeed, we hesitate not to assign a very powerful influence to Life Assurance among the institutions and elements of that higher civilization which in later times has been evolved and enjoyed beyond all historical precedent among the upper and middle classes of this country. Among these classes the tendency is evidently to an increase of Assurance. With increasing business we may be allowed to express a hope that the offices of every kind now established may make the best use of their prosperity, and increasingly deserve it by improvements both in principle and practice, such as the new data of mortality and the better understood principles of equity warrant and demand; and that so doing, they have before them a career of honor and wide-spread social advantage which shall be coeval with that national prosperity which they contribute to promote and adorn.

Before closing these remarks, we shall advert to the prospects of the *extension* of Life Assurance in this country, and to some interesting views of the subject, which are beginning to occupy the attention of thinking and philanthropic men.

The benefits of which we have been speaking have hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the upper and middle ranks of society. The lower grades of the latter, and the whole body of the working-classes, have yet to learn that Life Assurance is adapted to them also; that under suitable modifications in its plan of working, it is calculated to diffuse its comforts and advantages throughout all the families in the land, however humble, and that its economic benefits and happy influences may be brought with-

in the reach and commended to the acceptance of all. The time seems to have fully come when, among all the other means of raising and ameliorating the condition of the working people of Britain, Life Assurance should be recognized and advocated in a manner befitting its undoubted importance.

It will serve to explain why in time past Life Assurance has done nothing for the lower classes, and at the same time indicate the line of future advancement in this respect, if we consider for a little one feature of Assurance as now almost universally practiced by the classes who avail themselves of it. Business is almost wholly done on the plan of annual or bi-annual premiums. Now, great as have been the benefits of this system, and prosperous as are the many institutions which practice upon it, it is certain that to some it has always been attended with disadvantage, and that it cannot be suited to the circumstances and capabilities of all. The persons for whom it is peculiarly adapted belong chiefly to the middle ranks of life,—persons of limited but certain income,—Clergymen, professional men, annuitants, and salaried employees of every grade; and generally all who, while not possessed of realized property, have the means by their incomes of paying annually the premiums necessary to secure the desired fund at their death. The laws of primogeniture and entail have also rendered Life Assurance on this plan a very valuable source of provision for the younger children of the landed aristocracy.

For the lower grade of the middle classes, the struggling and embarrassed among professional men and shopkeepers, and for the whole body of the working-classes, the system in its own nature is not suited, and never can be made to adapt itself. Through the activity and canvassing of rival establishments, it has already been carried into these latter classes farther than it can perhaps be permanently maintained. The point of incompatibility lies in this, that while it is absolutely essential to the safety and sound working of the whole system, that the premium should be paid punctually and without fail at *every* return of the periodical day of payment, under the penalty of forfeiting the Assurance altogether; the classes referred to are subject to fluctuations in their means and circumstances, which deprive them of the power of meeting the calls for premium, and so compel them on some unlucky day to forfeit the advantages to which they may have been directing the exertions and the hopes of many years. Relaxations may, and

ought, in equity, to be made in the stern and unsympathizing rules of the offices in regard to forfeited policies; and we are glad to observe that the highest of them are beginning to show some consideration in the matter; still, principle forbids their going beyond a fair allowance for surrender value; and the sad fact remains unmodified in its substantial truth, that under the premium system of Assurance, hundreds of policies are, each year, in every large office, surrendered or forfeited. The offices themselves, in their annual reports, do not assign much prominence to this fact. Their interest is to conceal it. It is our duty to bring it forth into the broadest light, not that we consider it in any respect a blot or a stigma on these institutions, but that the public are interested in observing and thoroughly understanding what Life Assurance, on the prevalent premium plan can do, and what it cannot do. Not that we grudge the happy contributors, whose steady flow of means never forsakes them when the inevitable premium day returns, their large policies and plethoric bonuses, and comfortable congratulations on the annual day; but that we feel it to be the part of both humanity and wisdom to cast an eye of careful regard toward the crowd of their less fortunate brethren, who, instead of sharing in the success, have been consigned to the lean limbo of defeat and disaster. It is a great and a growing evil. It may startle some to be told, that in the year 1848, and within the Edinburgh offices alone, policies assuring sums to the amount of *more than a million sterling* were *surrendered and forfeited!* This fact proves at once and conclusively that the poorer class of the assured avail themselves of the benefits of the present system under great risks and disadvantages; and surely no one can doubt the grave and serious consequences arising to parties so disappointed, and their families. Loss of heart,—disgust with all methods of provident accumulation,—and the encouragement of speculative tendencies, are among the moral evils which greatly outweigh the mere pecuniary loss incident to such forfeitures. It is high time that those who are competent to direct public opinion on this subject, and who wish well to Life Assurance as an important instrument of social benefit, should give earnest attention to what, if not met and mitigated, must become ere long a stumbling-block to thousands among the classes to whom we specially refer in the very threshold of the best institutions.

A remedy, partial, at least, and perhaps

as complete as any single specific could supply, is furnished by the Life Assurance system itself, upon a different plan of operation.

Persons whose policies have been forfeited or surrendered on account of their inability to continue paying the premiums, have, as the result shows, been attempting to secure benefits beyond their reach. Tempted by the desire to secure at once a considerable sum in the event of premature death, they have undertaken the equivalent obligation which they have not been able to fulfill. They have wagered their circumstances against their life, and the latter has gained to their own loss. The transaction has been too speculative in its character for them. In attempting to secure more than their means and circumstances rendered possible, they have lost all. Such a disadvantage as this, however, is by no means incident to Life Assurance under every form. It is inseparable from the premium plan, where the sum in the policy is equivalent to all the premiums which the assured is expected to pay, as on an average life; but it is entirely obviated on the plan of single payment, by which the full price of the Assurance is paid at once. By this method a much smaller sum in proportion to the payments actually made is secured at first; but to the extent of the payment, the full benefit of the equalization of life is secured, which is the essence of Life Assurance, while no risk of forfeiture can possibly defeat what has once been attained. To a large extent this system would supply the desideratum which is evidently felt among the classes most exposed to forfeiture. Dying *under* the average age, they would have secured a smaller sum than their single payments, paid as premiums, would have obtained for them. Living up to the average age, the benefits on both systems should be equal. Dying *beyond* the average age, the single-payment-depositor would have the advantage. For many purposes, such as securing or attempting to secure debts and provisions under marriage-contracts, and the like, this mode of Assurance would not be found suitable. Neither would it be possible, under any system, to obviate or prevent altogether the evils of forfeiture; but certainly it does appear that deposit or single payment Assurance would suit the views and circumstances of a very large and increasing class, who are now straining beyond their strength to share in the benefits of a more promising, but also to them more hazardous system.



To the working-classes, the plan to which we refer might, by extensive adoption, prove an invaluable boon. That the Savings' Bank does not meet all their wants, is proved by the existence of those numerous benefit and sickness societies which have been had recourse to by them. That they still need to be directed into the right method of applying their savings, so as best to meet future contingencies, is too sadly apparent by the all but universal confusion and disorder which have recently overtaken these societies. The exertions of Government to aid them in the reconstruction and right management of these societies are every way laudable; but it is evident that their limited numbers and small funds give them no chance of obtaining the

advantages of favorable investments, or a sufficient average of mortality among their members, while the element of self-government will always expose them to serious risks.

The plan of Deposit Assurance, carried out extensively among the saving and industrious classes of the community, would powerfully promote all the ends which benevolent and patriotic men most earnestly desire to accomplish. It would familiarize them with a plan of saving and accumulating in all respects the most easy, safe, and suitable for them which they have ever known, and in their own sphere and degree would make them partakers with their richer brethren in the comforts and dignity of independence.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MY WINTER ROOM.

BY ALFRED B. STREET,

AUTHOR OF "FRONTENAC," ETC.

THE WINTER wind is roaring in the air,  
And crashing through the trees, upon the panes  
A dull sound tells the beating of the snow,  
And, now and then, a sharp quick tinkling where  
The hail is smiting. Hark, how bitterly  
The wild wind shrieks! and, as I glance from out  
My casement, nothing but the black sky o'er,  
And the pale ghastly snow beneath, I see.  
Within, how warm and cosy is my room!  
The broad bright blaze leaps, laughing, crackling up  
The rumbling chimney, shedding round my walls  
Its rosy radiance. Swarms of ruddy sparks,  
Like dancing fire-flies, hover now below  
The chimney's mouth, now stream up quietly  
Its sable throat, and now right at my face  
Dart swiftly, snapping out their testy lives.  
The great swart andirons stand in sulky strength  
Amidst the glowing redness. Now and then  
A brand breaks up, and falls on either side,  
Attended by a merrier dance of sparks.  
And then the play of shadows. On the wall  
The tongs has cast a straddling shape, with knob  
Nodding so wisely, every chair has lined  
Its giant frame-work all around. The tall  
Quaint clock, which ticks with such industrious tongue,  
Chiming harmonious with the silver chirp  
Of the unceasing cricket, casts its high  
And reaching figure up the wall, with breast  
Bent to an angle, stretching half along  
The ceiling, wavering to each mirthful fit  
Of the glad firelight. How the cinder-blaze  
Flashes upon the letters of my books,  
Dances along the barrel of my gun  
(Remainder of sweet Indian summer days  
In the calm forest when the smoky air  
Rang with its voice), and glittering on the joints  
Of my long fishing-rod (awakener too  
Of cool, dark forest streams, and leaping trout,  
And dashing music, and of net-work gold  
Dropped by low branches), glancing in the dark,  
Smooth polish of my cane (that also tells

Of rambles in the fresh, green, pastoral hills  
To view the summer sunset—through the glens  
To while away the languid summer heat,  
And by broad waters where the harvest-moon  
Beheld its face reflected). Cheery nook,  
Sweet cheery nook! how precious is thy peace  
In my unquiet life! how gladly here  
My heart expands in pure beatitude,  
Feeling its storms all hushed in holy rest,  
All tumults soothed—at sweet peace with itself—  
In kindness with all kind. The mangling day,  
Cares, disappointments, sorrows, may have brought,  
But all have vanished. All the bitter things  
Of being—unappreciated worth—  
Wounded affection—barred ambition like  
The Phoenix burning in the flames it fans  
With its own pinions: hopes that, like old Rome,  
Are strewed in wrecks, which tell how bright and grand  
Their pristine shapes; all these roll off like mists,  
And leave the crimsoned room a radiant shrine  
Of blest contentment. Here the fancy, too,  
Revels in its sweet dreaming, tracing things  
Grotesque and beautiful from out the coals,  
One glowing like a famished lion's eye,  
One cracking open like a maiden's lips  
(So soft and rich their velvet ruddiness),  
And melting one in ashes soft and gray,  
Like sunset's rim, what time the sun hath sunk  
Beneath it; and not only this, but lapped  
In poetry, which dances now in sweet  
And fairy music, as of harp and flute,  
And marching now in stately phalanx on  
To drum and trumpet. Glows the happy soul  
Responsive, till the hours on downy feet  
Have brought the time for slumber—then with prayer  
To God, my head upon its pillow sinks,  
And hearing, in the slow delicious creep  
Of slumber o'er the frame, the stormy wind  
And beating snow, I slide within the land,  
The dim, mysterious, unknown land of dreams.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## HOWARD.

*John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe.* From Original and Authentic Documents. By HEPWORTH DIXON.

To add another to the numerous eulogies which have been justly bestowed on the memory of Howard the philanthropist, is not our object. We are far from making the attempt: our aim is to contribute something to the more accurate and familiar knowledge of the man himself—his life, his character, his career, his services.

It not unfrequently happens that the great men of history, whom we have admired in our youth, sink grievously in our estimation, and lose their heroic port and proportions, when we survey them more nearly, and at a season of maturer judgment. They shrink into the bounds and limits of commonplace mortality. We venture even to administer reproof and castigation, where, perhaps, we had venerated almost to idolatry. Such is not the case with Howard. Poets have sung his praises, and his name has rounded many an eloquent period. Howard the philanthropist becomes very soon a name as familiar to us as those of the Kings and Queens who have sat upon our throne; but the vague admiration, thus early instilled into us, suffers no diminution when, at an after period, we become intimately acquainted with the character of the man. We may approach the idol here without danger to our faith. We may analyze the motive—we may “vex, probe, and criticise”—it is all sound. Take your stethoscope and listen—there is no hollow here—every pulse beats true.

The Howard that poets and orators had taught us to admire loses none of its greatness on a near approach. But it undergoes a remarkable *transformation*. The real Howard, who devoted his life to the jail and the lazaretto, was a very different person from that ideal of benevolence which the verse of Darwin, or the eloquence of Burke, had called up into our minds. Instead of this faint and classic ideal, we have the intensely and

somewhat sternly religious man, guided and sustained, every step of his way, not alone, nor principally, by the amiable but vacillating sentiment which passes under the name of philanthropy, but by an exalted, severe, imperative sense of duty. It is Howard the Christian, Howard the Puritan, that stands revealed before us. The form changes, but only to grow more distinct and intelligible. The features have no longer that classic outline we had attributed to them; but they bear henceforth the stamp of reality—of a man who, without doubt, had lived and moved amongst us.

Those who have rested content (and we think there are many such) with that impression of Howard which is derived from the panegyrics scattered through our polite literature, and who accordingly attribute to him, as the master-motive of his conduct, simply a wide benevolence—a sentiment of humanity exalted to a passion—must be conscious of a certain uneasy sense of doubt, an involuntary scepticism; must feel that there is something here unexplained, or singularly exaggerated. Their Howard, if they should scrutinize their impression, is a quite anomalous person. No philanthropist they have ever heard of—no mere lover of his kind, sustained only by the bland sentiment of humanity, not even supported by any new enthusiastic faith in the perfectibility of the species—ever lived the life of this man, or passed through a tithe of his voluntary toils and sufferings. Philanthropists are generally distinguished for their love of speculation; they prefer to think rather than to act; and their labors are chiefly bestowed on the composition of their books. Philanthropists have occasionally ruined themselves; but their rash schemes are more notorious for leading to the ruin of others. As a race, they are not distinguished for self-sacrifice, or for



practical and strenuous effort. There must, therefore, to the persons we are describing, be a certain doubt and obscurity hanging over the name of Howard the philanthropist. It must sound like a myth or fable; they must half suspect that, if some Niebuhr should look into the matter, their heroic figure would vanish into thin air.

Let them, however, proceed to the study of the veritable Howard, and all the mystery clears up. The philanthropist of the orator gives place to one who, in the essential elements of his character, may be ranked with Christian missionaries and Christian martyrs. Instead of the half-pagan ideal, or personification of benevolence, there rises before them a character which a rigorous analysis might justly class with those of St. Francis or Loyola, or whatever the Christian church has at any time exhibited of exalted piety and complete self-devotion. The same spirit which, in past times, has driven men into the desert, or shut them up in cells with the scourge and the crucifix; the same spirit which has impelled them to brave all the dangers of noxious climates and of savage passions, to extend the knowledge of religion amongst barbarous nations—was animating Howard when he journeyed incessantly from prison to prison, tracking human misery into all its hidden and most loathsome recesses. He who, in another century, would have been the founder of a new order of barefooted monks, became, in Protestant England, the great exemplar of philanthropic heroism. Perhaps he too, in one sense, may be said to have founded a new religious order, though it is not bound together by common rules, and each member of it follows, as he best may, the career of charitable enterprise that lies open before him. The mystery, we say, clears up. Benevolent our Howard was, undoubtedly, by nature, as by nature also he was somewhat imperious; but that which converted his benevolence into a ceaseless motive of strenuous action, of toil, and of sacrifice; that which *utilized* his natural love of authority, transforming it into that requisite firmness and predominance over others without which no man, at least no reformer, can be rigidly just, and, face to face, admonish, threaten, and reprove; that which constituted the mainspring and vital force of his character, was intense piety, and the all-prevailing sense of duty to his God. The craving of his soul was some great task-work, to be done in the eye of Heaven. Not the love of man, nor the praise of man, but con-

science, and to be a servant of the Most High, were his constant motive and desire.

Men of ardent piety generally apply themselves immediately to the reproduction in others of that piety which they feel to be of such incomparable importance. This becomes the predominant, often the sole object of their lives. It is natural it should be so. In such minds all the concerns of the present world sink into insignificance; and their fellow-men are nothing, except as they are, or are not, fellow-Christians. Howard was an exception to this rule. Owing to certain circumstances in his own life; to the manner of his education; to his deficiency in some intellectual qualifications, and his pre-eminence in others, he was led to take the domain of physical suffering—of earthly wretchedness—for the province in which to exert his zeal. For the preacher, or the writer, he was not formed, either by education or by natural endowment; but he was a man of shrewd observation, of great administrative talent, of untiring perseverance, and of an insatiable energy. The St. Francis of Protestant England did not, therefore, go forth as a missionary; nor did he become the founder of a new sect, distinguished by any doctrinal peculiarity; but he girded himself up to visit, round the world, the cell of the prisoner—to examine the food he ate, the air he breathed, to rid him of the jail-fever, to drive famine out of its secret haunts, and from its neglected prey. It was this peculiarity which led men to segregate Howard from the class to which, by the great elements of his character, he belongs. To relieve the common wants of our humanity was his object—to war against hunger and disease, and unjust cruelties inflicted by man on man, was his chosen task-work; therefore was it vaguely supposed that the sentiment of humanity was his great predominant motive, and that he was driven about the world by compassion and benevolence.

His remains lie buried in Russia. Dr. Clark, in his travels through that country, relates that "Count Vincent Potocki, a Polish nobleman of the highest taste and talents, whose magnificent library and museum would do honor to any country, through a mistaken design of testifying his respect for the memory of Howard, has signified his intention of taking up the body that it might be conveyed to his country seat, where a sumptuous monument has been prepared for its reception, upon a small island in the midst of a lake. His countess, being a romantic lady,

wishes to have an annual *fête* consecrated to benevolence ; at this the nymphs of the country are to attend, and strew the place with flowers." There are many, we suspect, of his own countrymen and countrywomen, who would be disposed to honor the memory of Howard in a similar manner. They would hang, or carve their wreaths of flowers upon a tomb where the emblems of Christian martyrdom would be more appropriate. We need hardly add that the design of the romantic countess was not put into execution.

The vague impression prevalent of this remarkable man has been perpetuated by another circumstance. Howard has been unfortunate in his biographers. Dr. Aikin, the earliest of these, writes like a gentleman and a scholar ; manifests throughout much good sense, a keen intelligence, and a high moral feeling ; but his account is brief, and is both defective and deceptive from his incapacity, or unwillingness, to portray the religious aspect of the character he had undertaken to develop. Dr. Aikin's little book may still be read with advantage for the general remarks it contains, but it is no biography. Neither was Dr. Aikin calculated for a biographer. He wanted both the highest and the lowest qualifications. Details, such as of dates and places, he had not the patience to examine ; and he wanted that rarer quality of mind by which the writer is enabled to throw himself into the character of a quite different man from himself, and almost feel by force of sympathy the motives which have actuated him. This the cultivated, tasteful, but, in spite of his verse, the quite didactic mind of Aikin was incapable of doing.

The Rev. Samuel Palmer, who had known Howard for thirty years, appended to a sermon, preached on the occasion of his death, some account of his life and career. But this, as well as several anonymous contributions to magazines, and a brief anonymous life which appeared at the same time, can be considered only in the light of materials for the future biographer.

The task lay still open, and Mr. Baldwin Brown, barrister-at-law, undertook to accomplish it. He appears to have had all the advantages a biographer could desire. He had conversed with the contemporaries and friends of Howard, and with his surviving domestics—an advantage which no subsequent writer could hope to profit by ; he was put in possession of the materials which the Rev. Mr. Smith and his family, intimate friends of Howard, had collected for the

very purpose of such a work as he was engaged on ; Dr. Brown, professor of theology at Aberdeen, another intimate friend of Howard, transcribed for him, from his commonplace book, the memoranda of conversations held with Howard, and committed to writing at the time ; and, above all, he was furnished with extracts and memoranda from diaries kept by Howard himself, and which fortunately had escaped the general conflagration to which the philanthropist, anticipating and disliking the curiosity of the biographer, had devoted his papers. Several influential men amongst the Dissenters interested themselves in obtaining information for him ; and the list of those to whom he expresses obligations of this kind, occupies two or three pages of his preface. Mr. Brown was himself a man of religious zeal—we presume, from his work, a Dissenter ; he could not fail to appreciate the religious aspect of Howard's character. As a lawyer, he was prepared to take an interest in the subject of his labors—the reformation of our prisons and our penal laws. Thus he brought to his task many peculiar advantages ; and the work he produced was laborious, conscientious, and very valuable. Unfortunately, Mr. Baldwin Brown was a dull writer, by which we here imply that he was also a dull thinker, and his book will be pronounced by the generality of readers to be as dull as it is useful. Notwithstanding the attractive title it bears, and the many interesting particulars contained in it, his biography never attained any popularity. It was probably read extensively amongst the Dissenters, to whose sympathies it more directly appeals than to those of any other class of readers ; but we think we are right in saying that it never had much circulation in the world at large.

More parsonic than the parsons, our lawyer-divine can resist no opportunity for sermonizing. The eloquence of a Dissenting pulpit, and that when it is but indifferently *supplied*—the tedious repetition, and the monotonous unmodulated periods of his legal textbooks—these combine, or alternate, through the pages of Mr. Brown. Yet those who persevere in the perusal of his book will be rewarded. He is judicious in the selection of his materials. He presents us with the means of forming an accurate conception of Howard ; though, in so doing, he seems to reveal to an attentive reader more than he had well understood himself.

Tedious or not, this is still the only biography of Howard. A Mr. Thomas Taylor



has written what appears to be an abridgment of the work. His book is more brief, but it is still more insipid. What notion Mr. T. Taylor has of biography may be judged of from this, that he thinks it necessary, in quoting Howard's own original letters, to amend and improve the *style*—preserving, as he says, the sense, but correcting the composition. He is apparently shocked at the idea that the philanthropist should express himself in indifferent English, even though in a hasty letter to a friend.

Very lately Mr. Hepworth Dixon, whose work has recalled us to this subject, has presented us with a life of Howard. It cannot be said of Mr. Dixon's book that it is either dull or insipid; it has some of the elements of popularity; but we cannot better describe it in a few words than by saying that it is a *caricature* of a popular biography. Its flippancy, its conceit, its egregious pretensions, its tawdry *novelistic* style, are past all sufferance. It is too bad to criticise. But as, in the dearth of any popular biography of Howard, it has assumed for a time a position it by no means merits, we cannot pass it by entirely without notice. For, besides that Mr. Dixon writes throughout with execrable taste, he has not dealt conscientiously with the materials before him. His notion of the duty of a biographer is this—that he is to collect every incident of the least piquancy, no matter by whom related, or on what authority, and color it himself as highly as he can. Evidently the most serious preparation he has made, for writing the life of Howard, has been a course of reading in French romances. It is with the spirit and manner of a Eugene Sue that he sits down to describe the grand and simple career of Howard.

Mr. Dixon has not added a single new fact to the biography of Howard, nor any novelty whatever, except such as he has drawn from his own imagination. Nor does he assist in sifting the narrative; on the contrary, whatever dust has the least sparkle in it, though it has been thrice thrown away, he assiduously collects. That he should have nothing new to relate is no matter of blame; it is probable that no future biographer will be able to do more than recast and reanimate the materials to be found in Brown and Aikin. But why this pretence of having written a life of Howard from "original documents?" We beg pardon: he does not absolutely say that he has written *the Life of Howard* from original documents—the original document, for there is but one, may apply to the "*prison-*

*world of Europe*," of which also he professes to write. This "earliest document of any value connected with the *penology of England*," which, with much parade, he prints for the first time, relates to the state of prisons before the labors of Howard. Impossible to suppose, therefore, that Mr. Hepworth Dixon meant his readers to infer that, by the aid of this document, he was about to give them an original Life of Howard.

Let us look at Mr. Dixon's preface—it is worth while. It thus commences:—

"Several reasons combined to induce the writer to undertake the work of making out for the reading world a new biography of Howard; the chief of them fell under two heads:—

"*It lay in his path.* Years ago now, circumstances, which do not require to be explained in this place, called his attention to the vast subject of the *prison-world*."

We must stop a moment to admire this favorite magniloquence of our author. Howard wrote a report on the state of prisons; Mr. Dixon writes on nothing less than the *prison-world of Europe*! He heads his chapters—"The Prison-world of the Continent," "The Prison-world of England." If Mr. Dixon, in his patriotic labors, should turn his attention to the nuisance of Smithfield market, he would certainly give us a treatise on "*The Butcher-world of Europe*," with chapters headed, with due logical gradation, "*The Butcher-world of England*," and "*The Butcher-world of London*."

"It lay in his path," was one reason why he wrote his biography. "It needed to be done," was the other. We agree in the last of these reasons, whatever demur we make to the first. A more popular biography than Mr. Brown's would certainly be a useful book. But what can Mr. Dixon mean by saying, that "although Howard was the father of prison-science, the story of his life has hitherto been made out without reference to that fact?" Messrs. Brown and Aikin were not, then, aware that the excitement of the public attention to the great subject of prison-discipline was the chief result, and the direct and ostensible aim of the labors of Howard!

But now we arrive at Mr. Dixon's statement of his own peculiar resources for writing the Life of Howard, and the valuable contributions he has made to our better knowledge of the man; in short, his claims upon our gratitude and confidence:—

"It has been the writer's study to render this

biographical history of Howard as worthy of its subject, and of the confidence of the reader, as the nature of the materials at his disposal would allow. He has carefully collated every document already printed—made, and caused to be made, numerous researches—conversed with persons who have preserved traditions and other memorials of this subject—traveled in his traces over a great number of prisons—examined parliamentary and other records for such new facts as they might afford—and, in conclusion, has consulted these several sources of information, and interpreted their answers by such light as his personal experience of the prison-world suggested to be needful. The result of this labor is, that some new matter of curious interest has turned up—*amongst other things*, a manuscript throwing light on the early history of prison reforms in this country, found in the archives of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for which he is indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary, the Rev. T. B. Murray; and the writer is assured *that no other papers exist in any known quarter*. The material for Howard's life is therefore *now fully collected*; whether it is herein finally used, will entirely depend upon the verdict of the reader."

From all this mystification, the reader is at least to conclude that something very important has been done, and contributions very valuable have been made, for a final biography of Howard. Documents collated—researches made, and caused to be made—then a discovered manuscript, which now is, and now is not, appertaining to the subject—assurance "that no other papers exist in any known quarter!"—"materials *now fully collected*!" Oh, Admirable Crichton! Our author has done all this for us! Our author has read the memoirs of Baldwin Brown—and that not very attentively; if he has done more it is a pity, because there is not the least trace of it in his book. Our author has read the memoirs of Baldwin Brown, and travestied his narrative, and then writes this preface, as a travesty, we presume, of erudite prefaces in general. The book altogether does not belong to literature, but is a sort of parody on literature.

We may as well give our readers the benefit of the rest of the preface:—

"The mental and moral portraiture of Howard attempted in this volume is new." [Fortunately, and to the recommendation of the volume, it is not new, but a transcript of that which his predecessor had drawn.] "As the writer's method of inquiry and of treatment was different to that ordinarily adopted, so his result is different. His study of the character was earnest, and, he believes, faithful. After making himself master of all the facts of the case which have come down to us, biographically and traditionally, his

plan was to *saturate himself with Howardian ideas*, and then strive to reproduce them *living, acting, and suffering*, in the real world."

How the Howardian ideas *suffered* from this process, we can somewhat guess. The rest of the sentence is not so plain:—

"The writer lays down his pen, not without regret. Long accustomed to contemplate one of the most noble and beautiful characters in history, he has learnt to regard it with a human affection; and at parting with his theme—the mental companion of many hours, and the object of his constant thoughts—he *feels somewhat like a father who gives away his favorite daughter in marriage*. He does not lose his interest in his child; but she can be to him no longer what she has been. A touch of melancholy mingles with his joy. He still regards his offspring with a tender solicitude—but *his monopoly of love is ended*."

Oh, surely no!

We propose, as far as our limits will permit, to retrace the chief incidents in the biography of Howard. A brief sketch of his life and character may not be unacceptable to our readers. Such strictures as we have passed upon his latest biographer, Mr. Dixon, we shall have abundant opportunities to justify as we proceed.

The well-known monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, which, from the circumstance of the key held in the hand of the statue, has been sometimes taken by foreigners for the representation of the apostle St. Peter, bears inscribed on the pedestal that Howard "was born in Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2, 1726." But both the place and the year of his birth have been differently stated by his biographers. The Rev. S. Palmer, who had known him long, writes that he was born at Clapton; Dr. Aikin, that he was born at Enfield. To the authority of the Doctor, on such a point as this, we attach no weight; it is plain to us that he gave himself little trouble to determine whether he was born at Clapton or Enfield. It was probably at Clapton; but Clapton is in the parish of Hackney, so that there is really no discrepancy between Mr. Palmer's statement and that on the monument. The year 1726 seems also to be generally received as the most probable date of his birth. After all the discussion, we may as well adhere to the inscription on the pedestal of the statue.

The father of Howard had acquired a considerable fortune in business as an upholsterer and carpet warehouse-man in Long Lane, Smithfield. He was a dissenter, of Calvinistic principles; and, it is presumed, an Inde-



pendent. The question has been raised, whether our Howard was descended from any branch of the noble family of that name; but his biographers generally agree in rejecting for him the honors of such a pedigree. Nor can any one be in the least degree solicitous to advance such a claim. The military achievements of a Norman ancestry would diffuse a very incongruous lustre over the name of our Christian philanthropist. Thus much, however, is evident, that at one time there existed some tradition, or belief, or pretence, in the family of the citizen Howard, that they were remotely connected with the noble family whose name they share. "The arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and of the Earls of Suffolk, Effingham, and Carlisle, are placed at the head of the tombstone which Howard created to the memory of his first wife, on the south side of Whitechapel churchyard." Such is the assertion of the anonymous biographer in the *Universal Magazine*, (vol. lxxxvi.) who stands alone, we believe, in maintaining the validity of this claim. And Mr. Brown, after quoting these words, adds—"From actual inspection of the mouldering monument, I can assure those of my readers who may feel any curiosity on the subject, that this description of its armorial bearings is correct; and am further enabled to add, on the authority of his relative, Mr. Barnardiston, that the distinguished individual by whom that monument was erected, occasionally spoke of Lord Carlisle as his relative; thus claiming at least a traditional descent from the Howards, Earls of Suffolk." That such a man as Howard should have used these arms *once* is significant; that he should have used them only once, is equally so. He was one of the last men, if we have read his character correctly, who would have assumed what he did not, at the time, think himself entitled to; and one of the last who would shrink from claiming a right where his title was clear.

Mr. Dixon not only rejects the claim, but is highly indignant that it should ever have been suggested. "Howard sprang from a virgin and undistinguished soil;"—why the upholsterer's should be peculiarly a *virgin soil* we do not see. "Attempts, however, have not been wanting to *vulgarize* his origin—to rob its greatness of its most natural charm—by circling his brows with the *distant glitter* of a ducal crown; by finding in his simple lineaments the trace of noble lines, and in his veins the consecrated currents of patrician blood." Strange waste of eloquent indignation! But he does not keep quite

steady in his passion. "No," he exclaims, "let Howard stand alone. His reputation rests upon a basis already broad enough. *Why should we pile up Pelion on Olympus?*" There was, then, a Pelion to pile upon Olympus? We had thought not. Our author should have kept these red and purple patches at a greater distance: they do not harmonize.

Meanwhile the father of Howard had so little of what is commonly called aristocratic pride, that although he had retired from business, and had a good property—and property, too, in land—to leave to his son, he yet wished that son to tread in his own footsteps. He apprenticed him to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street.

The education of young Howard was such as is, or was, generally given to a lad of respectable parents intended for trade. He was at two schools. Of the first, Howard himself is reported to have said, that, having been there seven years, "he left it not fully taught in any one thing." He left it when a boy, and what boy ever left his school "fully taught in any one thing?" The remark is rather characteristic of the speaker than condemnatory of John Worsley, the schoolmaster in question. His second school was kept by a Mr. Eames, a man of acknowledged ability. But how long he remained there is not known. At this school he made the friendship of one Price, afterward that Dr. Price who remains, to all posterity, impaled in Burke's *Letter on the French Revolution*. The great orator thrust his spear through his thin texture, and pinned him to the board; and never, but in this rich museum, will any one behold or think of Dr. Price. Perhaps he deserved a better fate, but his case is hopeless now. Yet, if it can heal his memory to connect his name with one who was not a *revolutionary philanthropist*, let him have all the benefit of the association. Howard had never acquired the art of writing his own language with ease and correctness, and therefore it will be directly understood how valuable to him, in the preparation of his reports, was the help of a literary friend. That literary friend he found in Dr. Price. In a letter to him, Howard writes, "It is from your kind aid and assistance, my dear friend, that I derive so much of my character and influence. I exult in declaring it, and shall carry a grateful sense of it to the last hour of my existence."

After his father's death, Howard purchased his freedom from the wholesale grocer's in Watling Street, and traveled upon the Con-

minent. He was not without taste for the arts; and it was at this time, Mr. Brown supposes, that he brought with him from Italy those paintings with which he afterward embellished his favorite seat at Cardington.

On returning from this tour, he took lodgings at Stoke Newington, in the house of Mrs. Loidore, a widow, upward of fifty, of rather humble station in life, and a perpetual invalid. She, however, nursed him with so much care, through a severe illness, by which he was attacked while residing under her roof, that, on his recovery, he offered her marriage. "Against this unexpected proposal," says Mr. Brown, "the lady made many remonstrances, principally upon the ground of the great disparity in their ages; but Mr. Howard being firm to his purpose, the union took place, it is believed, in the year 1752, he being then in about the twenty-fifth year of his age, and his bride in her fifty-second. Upon this occasion, he behaved with a liberality which seems to have been inherent in his nature, by settling the whole of his wife's little independence upon her sister. The marriage, thus singularly contracted, was productive of mutual satisfaction to the parties who entered it. Mrs. Howard was a woman of excellent character, amiable in her disposition, sincere in her piety, endowed with a good mental capacity, and forward in exercising its powers in every good word and work."

Thus runs the sober narrative of Mr. Brown. Not so does Mr. Dixon let pass the opportunity for fine descriptive writing. Read and admire:—

"As he became convalescent, his plan ripened into form. When the danger had entirely passed away, his health was restored to its accustomed state; he offered her, as the only fitting reward of her services—a toy? an ornament? a purse? a house? an estate? or any of those munificent gifts with which wealthy and generous convalescents reward their favorite attendants? No. He offered her his hand, his name, his fortune! Of course, the good lady was astonished at the portentous shape of her patient's gratitude. She started objections, being older, and having more worldly prudence than her lover. It is even said that she seriously refused her consent to the match, urging the various arguments which might fairly be alleged against it,—the inequality in the years, fortune, social position of the parties, and so forth—but all to no purpose. Howard's mind was made up. During his slow recovery, he had weighed the matter carefully—had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry her, and nothing could now change his determination. The struggle between the two must have been extremely curious; the sense of duty on both sides, founded upon honest convictions, no doubt,—the

mutual respect without the consuming fire,—the cool and logical weighing of arguments, in place of the rapid pleading of triumphant passion; the young man without the ordinary inspirations of youth on the one hand; the widow, past her prime, yet simple, undesigning, unambitious, earnestly struggling to reject and put aside youth, wealth, protection, honor, social rank,—the very things for which women are taught to dress, to pose, to intrigue, almost to circumvent heaven, on the other;—form together a picture which has its romantic interest, in spite of the incongruity of the main idea. Humble life is not without its heroic acts. *Cæsar refusing the Roman crown*, even had he been really serious, and without afterthought in its rejection, is a paltry piece of magnanimity, compared with Mrs. Loidore's refusal of the hand of Howard. At length, however, her resistance was overcome by the indomitable will of her suitor. One of the contemporary biographers has thrown an air of romance over the scene of this domestic struggle, which, if the lady had been young and beautiful—that is, if the element of passion could be admitted into the arena—would have been truly charming. As it is, the reader may receive it with such modifications as he or she may deem necessary. 'On the very first opportunity,' says this grave but imaginative chronicler, 'Mr. Howard expressed his sentiments to her in the strongest terms of affection, assuring her that, if she rejected his proposal, *he would become an exile for ever to his family and friends*. The lady was upward of forty [true enough! she was also upward of fifty, good master historian], and therefore urged the disagreement of their years, as well as their circumstances; but, after allowing her four-and-twenty hours for a final reply, his eloquence surmounted all her objections, and she consented to a union wherein gratitude was to supply the deficiencies of passion!' Criticism would only spoil the pretty picture—so let it stand."

Criticism had already spoiled the picture, such as it is. But this matters not to Mr. Dixon. The quotation he has thought fit to embellish his pages with, is taken from an anonymous pamphlet published in 1790, under the title of *The Life of the late John Howard, Esquire, with a Review of his Travels*. Mr. Dixon, however, evidently extracts it second-hand from the note in Mr. Brown, where it is quoted, with some other passages from the same performance, for the express purpose of refutation and contradiction. This is what Mr. Dixon would call *artistic*—the picking up what had been discarded as worthless, and, with a gentle shade of doubt thrown over its authenticity, making use of it again.

A note of Mr. Brown's, in the same page of his memoirs (p. 634), will supply us with another instance of this ingenious procedure. That note runs thus:—



"We are informed in the memoirs of Mr. Howard, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that, during the period of his residing as a lodger in the house of Mrs. Loidore, he used to ride out in the morning for a few miles with a book in his pocket, dismount, turn his horse to graze upon a common, and spend several hours in reading! 'On a very particular inquiry, however,' says the author of the *Life of Mr. Howard*, inserted in the *Universal Magazine*, 'of persons very intimate, and who had often rode out with him, we are assured that they never saw, nor ever heard of such a practice.'"

Mr. Dixon makes use of the first part of the note, ignoring the second.

"It is said," he writes, gravely suspending his judgment on the authenticity of the fact—"It is said, in a contemporary biographical notice, that he would frequently ride out a mile or two in the country, fasten his nag to a tree, or turn him loose to browse upon the way-side; and then, throwing himself upon the grass, under a friendly shade, would read and cogitate for hours. This statement, if true, would indicate more of a romantic and poetical temperament in Howard, than the generally calm and Christian stoicism of his manner would have led one to expect."

That Mr. Dixon never consulted the memoir itself in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we shall by-and-by have an opportunity of showing. That memoir, worthless as an authority, has become notorious for the calumny it originated. But this collator of documents, this inquirer after traditions, this maker of unimaginable researches, has never turned over the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that obituary which, owing to its slanderous attack, has excited so much controversy in all the biographies of Howard, his own included.

This wife, so singularly selected, died two or three years after her marriage. Howard is again free and solitary, and again betakes himself to travel. We are in the year 1755, and the great earthquake of Lisbon has laid that city in ruins. He goes to see the grand and terrific spectacle. Dr. Aikin calls it a sublime curiosity. We presume that no other motive than curiosity impelled him on this occasion; it would be certainly very difficult to suggest any other. No difficulties, however, daunt Mr. Dixon. According to him,—“Howard, attracted by reports of the unexampled sufferings of the survivors, no sooner found himself at his own disposal, than he determined to haste with all possible speed to their assistance!” Single-handed, he was to cope with the earthquake.

Lisbon, however, he was not fated to reach. The vessel he sailed in was taken by a French privateer, and he, with the rest of the passengers and crew, carried into Brest, and there retained prisoners of war. The calamities of imprisonment he here endured himself, and under no mild form; afterward, when other circumstances had drawn his attention to the condition of the prisoners, the remembrance of his own sufferings came in aid of his compassion for others. “Perhaps,” he says, in the preface to his first report, “what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people, whose case is the subject of this book.”

Released upon parole, he returned to England, obtained his exchange, and then sat himself down on his estate at Cardington. Here he occupied himself in plans to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry. Scientific studies, and the study of medicine, to which, from time to time, he had applied himself, also engaged his attention. It was at this period he was elected a member of the Royal Society, not assuredly, as Mr. Thomas Taylor presumes, from the “value attached” to a few communications upon the state of the weather, but, as Dr. Aikin sensibly tells us, “in conformity to the laudable practice of that society, of attaching gentlemen of fortune and leisure to the interests of knowledge, by incorporating them into that body.”

Howard now entered into matrimony a second time. On the 25th April, 1758, he married Henrietta Leeds, second daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq., of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire. This alliance is pronounced by all his biographers, to be in every respect suitable. Parity of age, harmony of sentiment, and, on the part of the lady, the charms of person and amiability of temper, everything contributed to a happy union. And it was so. Unfortunately, the happiness was as brief as it seems to have been perfect. His second wife also expired after a few years—“the only years,” Howard himself has said, “of true enjoyment he had known in life.”

On this occasion, Mr. Dixon, after infusing into Howard “the bland and insinuating witchery of a virgin passion,” proceeds to describe his Henrietta in the most approved language of the novelist: “Although her features were not cast in the choicest mould of Grecian beauty, she was very fair—had large impressive eyes, an ample brow, a mouth exquisitely cut,” &c. Shall we nev-

er again get the chisel out of the human face?

Connected with this second marriage of Howard, his biographers relate a trait of character which will be differently estimated by different minds—we relate it in the words of Mr. Dixon:—

“We must not omit an incident that occurred before the ceremony, which is very significant of Howard’s frankness and firmness at this epoch. Observing that many unpleasantnesses arise in families from circumstances trifling in themselves, in consequence of each individual wishing to have his own way in all things, he determined to avoid all these sources of domestic discord, by establishing his own paramount authority in the first instance. It is just conceivable that his former experience of the wedded life may have led him to insist upon this condition. At all events, he stipulated with Henrietta, *that, in all matters in which there should be a difference of opinion between them, his voice should rule.* This may sound very ungallant in terms, but it was found exceedingly useful in practice. Few men would have the moral honesty to suggest such an arrangement to their lady-loves, at such a season; though, at the same time, few would hesitate to make the largest mental reservations in their own behalf. It may also be, that few young belles would be disposed to treat such a proposition otherwise than with ridicule and anger, however conscious *they* might be, that as soon as the hymeneal pageantries were passed, their surest means of happiness would lie in the prompt adoption of the principles so laid down.

“Would that men and women would become sincerer with each other! The great social vice of this age is its untrustfulness.”

And Mr. Dixon thereupon launches into we know not what heroics upon etiquette, upon English law, morals, and the constitution, all *a propos* of Henrietta’s obedience! For our own part, we do not look with much respect upon this stipulation which calls forth the admiration of Mr. Dixon, and apparently meets with his cordial sympathy. Such a stipulation would probably be a mere nullity; with, or without it, the stronger will would predominate; but if we are to suppose it a really binding obligation, forming the basis of the conjugal union, it presents to us anything but an attractive aspect. It was the harsh feature in Howard’s character, or the mistaken principle that he had adopted—this love of an authority—this claim to a domestic absolutism—which was to give no reasons, and admit of no questioning.

In justice to the character of Howard, we must not leave this matter entirely in the hands of Mr. Dixon. Everything he draws is, more or less, a caricature. The authority

on which his narration is founded is the following statement of the Rev. S. Palmer, given in Brown, p. 55:—

“The truth is,” says Mr. Palmer, in his manuscript memoir of his distinguished friend, “he had a high idea (some of his friends may think, too high) of the authority of the head of a family. And he thought it right, because most convenient, to maintain it, for the sake of avoiding the unhappy consequences of domestic disputes. On this principle I have more than once heard him *pleasantly relate* the agreement he made with the last Mrs. Howard, previous to their marriage, that, *to prevent all altercation about those little matters* which he had observed to be the chief grounds of uneasiness in families, he should always decide. To this the amiable lady readily consented, and ever adhered. Nor did she ever regret the agreement, which she found to be attended with the happiest effects. Such was the opinion she entertained, both of his wisdom and his goodness, that she perfectly acquiesced in all that he did, and no lady ever appeared happier in the conjugal bonds.”

Here the matter has a much less repulsive aspect than in Mr. Dixon’s version, who has, in fact, exaggerated, in his zeal, a trait of Howard’s character, which his best friends seem always to have looked upon with more or less of regret and disapproval.

As the only other circumstance connected with Howard’s domestic life which we shall have space to mention, has also a peculiar reference to this trait in his character, we will depart from the chronological order of events, and allude to it here. His last wife left him one child, a son. This son grew up a dissolute youth; his ill-regulated life led to disease, and disease terminated in insanity. To this last malady, Mr. Brown tells us he is authorized to say that there was a hereditary predisposition—we presume he means upon the mother’s side.

Immediately on the death of Howard, there appeared, among the obituaries of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, a memoir of the deceased, in which the miserable fate of the son is directly charged upon the severity of the father. The whole memoir is full of errors. For this, the extreme haste in which it was necessarily written forms an excuse. But no excuse can be given for the perverse and malignant spirit it betrays. The very next number of the magazine opens with four or five letters addressed to Mr. Urban, all remonstrating against, and refuting this baseless calumny; and every biographer has felt himself compelled to notice and repel the slander.

The fact is, that the writer or writers of



the memoir—for several were engaged in concocting this very hasty and wretched performance—were quite ignorant, both of the education the son had received, and of the profligate course, and the consequent derangement of his health into which he had fallen. They knew only that the son was in a lunatic asylum, and that the father was a severe disciplinarian: and they most unwarrantably combined the two together, in the relation of cause and effect. "All prospects," they say, speaking of the youth, "were blasted by paternal severity, which reduced the young man to such an unhappy situation as to require his being placed where he now is, or lately was."

The vindication of Howard from this slander is complete; the origin of the son's malady is clearly traced; his affection for his child is amply demonstrated, and his unceasing anxiety to train him to virtue and piety is made equally manifest. But his most intimate friends entertained the opinion that his conduct toward his son was not *judicious*, and that his method of training up the youth was by no means so wisely, as it was conscientiously adopted. This is the sole charge, if such it can be called, to which the father is obnoxious; nor, from this, do we pretend to acquit him.

"It is agreed, on all hands," says Mr. Brown, "that Howard entertained the most exalted notions of the authority of the head of a family—notions derived rather from the Scriptural history of patriarchal times than from any of our modern codes of ethics, or systems of education." Accordingly, we are told that he trained up his child from earliest infancy to an implicit obedience. Without once striking the child, but by manifesting a firmness of purpose which it was hopeless to think of shaking, he established such an authority over him that Howard himself, on one occasion, said, that "if he told the boy to put his finger in the fire, he believed he would do it." When he was an infant, and cried from passion, the father took him, laid him quietly in his lap, neither spoke nor moved, but let him cry on till he was wearied. "This process, a few times repeated, had such an effect, that the child, if crying ever so violently, was rendered quiet the instant his father took him." When he grew older, the severest punishment his father inflicted was to make him sit still in his presence, without speaking, for a time proportioned to the nature of the offence. But this impassive, statue-like firmness must have precluded all approach to companionship or confidence

on the part of the son. It was still the obedience only of fear. "His friends," we quote from Mr. Brown, "and among the rest the most intimate of them, the Rev. Mr. Smith, thought that in the case of his son he carried those patriarchal ideas rather too far, and that by a lad of his temper (the son is described as of a lively disposition) he would have been more respected, and would have possessed more real authority over him, had he attempted to convince him of the reasonableness of his commands, instead of always enforcing obedience to them on his parental authority." We therefore may be permitted to say, that we look upon this aspect of Howard's character as by no means estimable. As a husband he claimed an unjust prerogative, and as a parent he divorced authority from persuasion, nor allowed obedience to mingle and ally itself with filial affection.

Mr. Dixon does not, of course, omit his tribute of indignation against the calumny of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We said that he had not given himself the trouble to look at the memoir itself which he denounces. Here is the proof:—

"The atrocious slander to which reference is made," says Mr. Dixon, "was promulgated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in an obituary notice of the philanthropist. The charge was made *on the strength of one asserted fact*—namely, that Howard had once locked up his son for several hours in a solitary place, put the key into his pocket, and gone off to Bedford, leaving him there till he returned at night. On the appearance of this article, the friends of the illustrious dead came forth publicly to dispute the fact, and to deny the inferences deduced from it. Meredith Townsend, one of Howard's most intimate friends, sifted the story to the bottom, and gave the following account of its origin."

The charge was *not* made on the strength of this one asserted fact—nor on any fact whatever—it was made on the mere authority of the writer. The story alluded to is *not to be found* in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The writers of that obituary had never heard of the story, or we may be sure they would have made use of it. The friends of the illustrious dead could not, therefore, have come forward, in refutation of this article, to "dispute the fact and deny the inferences." If Mr. Dixon had but read Brown's memoirs attentively he would not have fallen into this blunder, which shows how little else he can have read.

The story alluded to had been circulated during the life of Howard, and when he was

absent on one of his journeys. The Rev. Mr. Townsend, "many years Mr. Howard's pastor at Stoke Newington," took the first opportunity he had of mentioning it to Howard himself, who contradicted it, and related to him the incident which he supposed must have given rise to the report. On the death of Howard the story was again revived, where, or by whom, Mr. Brown does not tell us. The Rev. Mr. Palmer thereupon obtained from Mr. Townsend the explanation which he had received from Howard himself. The letter which the latter gentleman addressed to the Rev. Mr. Palmer is given at length in Brown (note, page 645). This letter the Rev. Mr. Palmer communicates to the *Editor of the Universal Magazine*, and mentions that extracts from it, unauthorized by him, had found their way into the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The explanation of the story there given is briefly this. Howard was engaged one day with his child in the root-house, which served also as a summer-house, when the servant came in great haste, to say that a gentleman on horseback wished to speak to him immediately. Not to lose time, he told the little fellow to sit quiet, and he would soon come to him again. To keep him out of mischief, he locked the door. The gentleman kept him in conversation longer than he expected, and caused his forgetting the child. Upon the departure of the guest, recollecting where the child had been left, he flew to set him at liberty, and found him quietly sleeping on the matting of the floor.

It was on the 31st March, 1765, that Howard lost his second wife. After spending some time in the now melancholy retirement of Cardington, he again quits England for the Continent. Travel is still with him, as with so many others, the mere relief for unavailing sorrow, or for the wasting disease of unemployed energies. It is during this journey to Italy that we are able to trace, more distinctly than usual, the workings of Howard's mind. Some memoranda, and fragments of a diary which he kept, have given us this insight.

It was his design to proceed to the south of Italy. He stops at Turin. He is dissatisfied with himself. This life of sight-seeing, this vagrancy of the tourist, does not content him. He will go no further. But we must give the extract itself from his journal. We quote from the more faithful text of Mr. Brown—Mr. Dixon having the habit of omitting, here and there, a sentence if it does not

please his taste, and tricking the whole out with dashes and a novel punctuation.

"Turin, 1769, Nov. 30.—My return without seeing the southern part of Italy was on much deliberation, as I feared a misimprovement of a Talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure, which would have been as I hope contrary to the general conduct of my Life, and which on a retrospective view on a death Bed would cause pain as unbecoming a Disciple of Christ—whose mind should be formed in my soul. These thoughts, with distance from my dear boy, determine me to check my curiosity and be on the return. Oh, why should Vanity and Folly, Pictures and Baubles, or even the stupendous (*sic*) mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will all be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an eternal everlasting kingdom—a worm ever to crawl on Earth whom God has raised to the hope of Glory which ere long will be revealed to them which are washed and sanctified by Faith in the blood of the Divine Redeemer! Look forward, oh! my soul! how low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious World of Light, Life, and Love—the Preparation of the Heart is of God—Prepare the Heart, Oh! God! of thy unworthy Creature, and unto Thee be all the glory through the boundless ages of Eternity.

"Sign'd J. H.

"This night my trembling soul almost longs to take its flight to see and know the wonders of redeeming love—join the triumphant Choir—Sin and sorrow fled away—God my Redeemer all in all—Oh! happy Spirits that are safe in those mansions."

Accordingly he retraces his steps. He flies back to Holland. He is now at the Hague. It is Sunday evening, 11th February, 1770. Here is a portion of his self-communing. Many of these quotations we will not give; we know they look out of place, and produce a strange, and not an agreeable impression, when met with in the walks of polite literature. But, without some extracts, it is impossible to form a correct idea of the character of Howard.

"Oh! the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope, even I! through redeeming mercy in the perfect righteousness—the full atoning sacrifice shall, ere long, be made the instrument of the rich free grace and mercy of God, through the Divine Redeemer. Oh, shout my soul grace, grace—free, sovereign, rich, unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature!—but where sin has abounded, I trust grace super-abounds. \* \* \* \*

"Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to my eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful to death. My soul, walk thou with God; be faithful, hold on, hold out, and then—what words can utter!—J. H."



But he could not rest in Holland. "Continuing in Holland," he writes, "or any place, lowers my spirits." He returns to Italy. He visits Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, and extends his tour to Naples.

It was, and may still be, a custom with a certain class of religious people, to make, in writing, a solemn covenant with God, and sign it with their own hand. It is at Naples that Howard retires into his chamber, indites, and signs such a covenant. He appears afterward to have carried it with him. With the same sort of formality with which a person republishes a will, he "renews the covenant, Moscow, September 27, 1789."

Through the remainder of this journey we need not follow him. He returns to England, and we see what sort of man has landed on its shores.

Those who are acquainted with the religious world and the religious biographies, will bear us out when we say, that the language we have quoted from this journal, and the other extracts which may be read in Brown, would not, *of themselves*, manifest any extraordinary degree of piety or self-devotion. With a certain class of persons such language has become *habitual*; with others, it really expresses nothing but a very transitory state of excitement. Solemn self-denunciations—enthusiastic raptures—we have heard them both, from the lips of the most worldly, selfish, money-loving men we have ever known. It is the after life of Howard which proves that in him such language had its first, genuine, full meaning. These passages from his diary explain his life, and his life no less explains them.

On his return to Cardington, he occupied himself, as before, with plans to improve the condition of his tenantry; building for them better houses, and erecting a school. But at length an event occurred which supplied his self-consuming energy with the noble task it craved. Elected High Sheriff for the county of Bedford, the duties of his office led him to the interior of the prison. He witnessed the sufferings, the extortion, the injustice, the manifold cruelty, which the supineness of the legislature allowed to reign and roit there.

"The distress of prisoners," he tells us, in the preface to his first report, "came more immediately under my notice, when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was the seeing some, who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*; some, on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial; and some, whose prosecutors did

not appear against them; after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again, till they should pay *sundry fees* to the jailor, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailor in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I, therefore, rode into several neighboring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practiced in them; and, looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity, which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate."

These oppressions, these calamities, he dragged to light. He may be said to have *discovered* them—so indifferent, at this time, was one class of the community to the misery of another. His official position gave him just that elevation requisite to make his voice heard. The attention of parliament was roused. He was examined before a committee of the whole House; he received the thanks of parliament; and a bill was passed to remunerate the jailor by a salary, instead of by fees—thus remedying one of the most extraordinary mal-practices that was surely ever endured in a civilized society.

Here, then, was a task to strain all his powers, and absorb all his benevolence. Here was misery to be alleviated, and injustice to be redressed, and a nation to be aroused from its culpable negligence. Benevolent, liberal, systematically and perseveringly charitable, not averse to the exercise of authority and censorship, of restless and untamable energy, and of singular constancy and firmness of purpose, the task employed all his virtues, and what in some position of life would have proved to be his failings. Even to his love of travel, his new occupation suited him. What wonder that, with all these aptitudes, the *religious man*, devoured by his desire to do some good and great work, should have devoted to it his life and his fortune, his days and his nights, and every faculty of his soul. He had now found his path. His foot was on it; and he trod it to his dying hour.

After inspecting the jails of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he, in 1775, took the first of those journeys on the Continent, which had, for their sole object, the inspection of prisons. And henceforward, in all his travels, he is so absorbed in this one object, that he pays attention to nothing else. Not the palace, rich with painting and sculpture; not the beautiful hills and valleys—only the prison and the lazaretto can retain him for a moment. Once he is tempted to hear some fine music—it

distracts his attention—he foregoes the music. The language of Burke, in his well-known panegyric, is true as it is eloquent.

“He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples—not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art—not to collect medals or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men, in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own.”

But the boon—for a great task of this kind was a veritable boon to such a spirit as Howard’s—was nearly missed. Before he went abroad on his first journey of philanthropy, he ran the risk of being imprisoned himself within the walls of the House of Commons, as member for the town of Bedford. The borough had formerly been under the control of the house of Russell. Responding to the cry of “Wilkes and Liberty!” the corporation had risen against their lord. To free themselves from his control, they had boldly created five hundred honorary freemen, coined, in short, five hundred votes, which were to be at their own disposal. The measure seems to have passed undisputed. They were, of course, victorious. Whom they elected, in the first glow of patriotism, we do not know; but after a few years, the corporation rewarded their own patriotic efforts by selling the borough to the highest bidder. Such, at least, was the accusation brought against them in the town of Bedford itself, where a strong party rose which made strenuous efforts to wrest the election out of their hands. By this party, Whitbread and Howard were put in nomination. The candidates of the corporation were Sir W. Wake and Mr. Sparrow. After a severe struggle on the hustings, and in the committee of the House of Commons, the election was decided in favor of Whitbread and Wake. Howard lost his election—happily, we think—by a majority only of four votes. On his return from the Continent, he published his first report on the state of prisons. We had designed to give some account of this, and the subsequent publications of Howard, but our

space absolutely forbids. Perhaps some other opportunity will occur, when we can review the history of our prisons, to which the volumes of Howard form the most valuable contribution. We must content ourselves with a few general remarks on his labors, and with the briefest possible account of this the great and eventful period of his life.

To lead our readers over the numerous, toilsome, and often perilous journeys which Howard now undertook, for this national and philanthropic object of improving our prisons and houses of correction, would be utterly impracticable. But, to give them at once some adequate idea of his incessant activity, we have thrown into a note a summary, taken from Dr. Aikin, of what may be considered as his public labors.\*

These long, incessant, and often repeated journeys—were they necessary, some will be tempted to ask, for the object he had in view? Surely a few instances, well reasoned on, would have been sufficient to put us on the right track for the reformation of our prisons. But it should be considered, in the first place, that Howard was teaching a people pre-eminently practical in

- \* 1773. High Sheriff of Bedfordshire—visited many county and town jails.
- 1774. Completed his survey of English jails. Stood candidate to represent the town of Bedford.
- 1775. Traveled to Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Flanders, and Germany.
- 1776. Repeated his visit to the above countries, and to Switzerland. During these two years revisited all the English jails.
- 1777. Printed his State of Prisons.
- 1778. Traveled through Holland, Flanders, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and part of France.
- 1779. Revisited all the counties of England and Wales, and traveled into Scotland and Ireland. Acted as supervisor of the Penitentiary Houses.
- 1780. Printed his first Appendix.
- 1781. Traveled into Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Germany, and Holland.
- 1782. Again surveyed all the English prisons, and went into Scotland and Ireland.
- 1783. Visited Portugal, Spain, France, Flanders, and Holland; also Scotland and Ireland, and viewed several English prisons.
- 1784. Printed the second Appendix, and a new edition of the whole works.
- 1785. { From the close of the first of these years
- 1786. { to the beginning of the last, on his
- 1787. { tour through Holland, France, Italy, Malta, Turkey, and Germany. Afterward went to Scotland and Ireland.
- 1788. Revisited Ireland; and during this and the former year, traveled over all England.
- 1789. Printed his work on Lazarettos, &c. Traveled through Holland, Germany, Prussia, and Livonia, to Russia and Lesser Tartary.
- 1790. January 20. Died at Cherson.



their intellectual character, a people who require to be taught by example and precedent. The most philosophical reasoning, the most eloquent diatribe, would not have availed half so much to stir the public mind, as, on the one hand, these details which Howard threw before it, fact upon fact, unsparingly, repeatedly—details of cruelty and injustice perpetrated or permitted by our own laws; and, on the other hand, this plain statement brought from abroad, that in Ghent, that in Amsterdam, that even in Paris, many of the evils which we suffered to remain as incurable, *were* cured, or had never been allowed to exist. It was much to tell the citizen of London that in Flanders, and in Holland, there were prisons and bridewells that ought to put him to the blush.

And, in the second place, let it be considered, that Howard himself was pre-eminently a practical man. He neither wrote books of speculation, nor thought in a speculative manner. It was from detail to detail that his mind slowly advanced to principles and generalizations. These prisons, they were his books; these repeated circuits he made through the jails of Europe, they were his course of reading. He reperused each blotting page of human misery till he was satisfied that he had comprehended all it could teach. He was no Beccaria to enunciate a principle from the recesses of his library, (though it should be mentioned, in passing, that he had read Beccaria—that the man of speculative talent had stimulated the man of administrative talent, and the two were co-operating, all over Europe, on the same great subject of penal legislation;) his eye was ever upon practices, he got wisdom in the concrete, principle and instance indissolubly combined: he so learnt, and he so taught.

Again, in England itself, there was no system that equally regulated all the jails of the country; or, to speak more correctly, there was no uniformity in the abuses which existed amongst them. Arrangements were found in one, no trace of which might be discovered in another. All were bad, but the evils in each were different, or assumed different proportions. In some, there was no separation between the debtor and the criminal; in others, these were properly classified, but the criminal side might be more shamefully mismanaged than usual. In some, there was no attention paid to the sick; in others the infirmary might be the only part of the jail that was not utterly neglected. There might be a good supply of medicine, and no food. In some, the separation of the two sexes was decently

maintained; in others not. It was impossible to make any general statement that would not have called forth numerous contradictions. An accusation strictly just with regard to York, might be repelled with indignation by Bristol; whilst, on some other charge, Bristol might be the culprit, and York put on the show of injured innocence.

Some prisons were private property; they were rented to the jailor, and he was to extract the rent and his profit, by what extortion he could practice on his miserable captives. These were prisons belonging to liberties, manors, and petty courts, of the existence of which few people were aware. In some of these the prisoner lay forgotten by his creditor—lay there to starve, or live on the scanty and precarious charity of those who gave a few pence to "the starving debtor." In many cases the jailor—for all remuneration and perquisite—was allowed to *keep a tap*. Of course whatever was doled out to the prisoner by charity, was spent in drunkenness. The abuses were of all kinds, strange, and numberless. Howard tracked them out, one by one—recorded them—put them in his book—published them to the world.

Add to all this, that, after some time, he became invested with the character of  *censor* of the prisons. He looked through them to see that, when a good law *had* been made, it was obeyed. There was never a commissioner so universally respected. Men are not so bad but they all admired his great benevolence, and his justice equally great. No bribery, no compliments, and no threats, could avail anything. In vain the turnkey suggested to *him*, that the jail-fever was raging in the lower wards: the crafty official had so deterred many a visiting magistrate, who had thanked him politely for his warning, and retired. Howard entered, and found *no* jail-fever; but he found filth and famine, that had been shut up there for years from the eyes of all men. No danger deterred him. The infected cell, where the surgeon himself would not enter—from which he called out the sick man to examine him—was the very last he would have omitted to visit. This character of public censor he carried with him abroad, as well as at home. Foreign potentates courted his good opinion of their institutions—consulted him—shrank from his reproof—a reproof all Europe might hear. The Grand-duke of Tuscany, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Russia, were all anxious to see and hear him. He had no flattery for them; the report he gave was as faithful as a page out of his note-book.

As a popular misconception has prevailed upon the character of Howard, attributing benevolence to him as almost a sole motive, so a like popular misconception has prevailed, as to the nature and objects of that benevolence. He is sometimes spoken of as if to visit the sick and the captive, and relieve *them* individually, was the main object of his charitable journeys, and his unremitting inquiries. If, indeed, he had done nothing more than seek out those unhappy men, who, at the bottom of their infected dens, lay abandoned by all the world, he would have been entitled to our admiration, and to all the merits of a heroic charity. But he did more than this. He aimed at a permanent improvement of the condition of the prisoner. He aimed farther still. His object was the same which excites so much attention at the present moment: by a good system of imprisonment, both to punish and reform the criminal. "To make them better men," is a phrase often in his mouth, when speaking of prisoners, and he thought this might be effected by combining imprisonment with labor, with perfect abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and other good regulations. Those who will read his reports with attention, will be surprised to find how often he has anticipated the conclusions to which a wider experience has led the reflective men of our own age. There is a note of his upon Solitary Confinement which might be adopted as a summary of those views which enlightened men, after many trials of various systems, have rested in. No false sensibility accompanied the benevolence of Howard. In some respects he was a sterner disciplinarian than would be generally approved of.

Upon this aspect of his character there remains only one remark to add: his mind was never absorbed in the great objects of a public philanthropy to an oblivion of his *near duties* and his private charities; he was to the last the just, considerate, benevolent landlord, quite as much as he was Howard the philanthropist.

"During his absence in one of his tours," says Dr. Aikin, "a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman on horseback, with a servant, stopt at the inn nearest Mr. Howard's house at Cardington, and entered into conversation with the landlord, concerning him. He observed that characters often appeared very well at a distance, which could not bear close inspection; he had therefore come to Mr. Howard's residence in order to satisfy himself concerning him. The gentleman then, accompanied by the innkeeper, went to the house, and looked through it, with the offices and gardens, which he found in perfect order. He

next inquired into Mr. Howard's character as a landlord, which was justly represented; and several neat houses which he had built for his tenants, were shown him. The gentleman returned to his inn, declaring himself now satisfied with the truth of all he had heard about Howard. This respectable stranger was no other than Lord Monboddo; and Mr. Howard was much flattered with the visit, and praised his lordship's good sense in taking such a method of coming at the truth, since he thought it worth his trouble."

The traveler who undertook all these philanthropic journeys was a man of slight form, thin, and rather beneath the average height. Every feature, and every movement, proclaimed energy and determination. "An eye," says Dr. Aikin, "lively and penetrating, strong and prominent features, quick gait and animated gestures, gave promise of ardor in forming, and vivacity in executing his designs." "Withal there was a bland smile," says another of his biographers, "always ready to play upon his lips." "I have," continues Aikin, "equally seen the tear of sensibility start into his eyes, on recalling some of the distressful scenes to which he had been witness; and the spirit of indignation flash from them, on relating instances of harshness and oppression." In his dress and person he was remarkably neat, and in his ablutions, we are told, punctilious as a Mussulman;—far more so, we suspect. For the rest, he had reduced his wants to the lowest possible scale. Water and the simplest vegetables sufficed. Animal food, and all vinous and spirituous liquors, he had utterly discarded. Milk, tea, butter, and fruit were his luxuries; and he was equally sparing in the quantity of food, and indifferent as to the stated times of taking it.

From the prisoner, and the subject of prison-discipline, it is well known that the attention of Howard was directed to measures for arresting the plague. It was a grand idea this—that he would lead the way to some general scheme to be adopted throughout Europe, and the contiguous parts of Asia, for checking the incursions of, and perhaps finally exterminating the plague. For no object did he suffer so much, or expose himself to so great dangers; embarking purposely in a vessel with a foul bill of health, and undergoing the perilous confinement of the lazaretto, that every practice of the quarantine might be thoroughly known to him. Nowhere was his conduct more heroic. It cannot be said here, however, that his object was equally well chosen, or that his labors were attended with any good result. Whilst



it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of his service as inspector-general of the prisons of Europe, we can detect nothing in this latter scheme but an unfortunate waste of heroic benevolence. In dealing with jails and houses of correction, he was dealing with evils, the nature of which he, and all men, could well understand; but, in dealing with the pestilence, he was utterly in the dark as to the very nature of the calamity he was encountering. It is very probable that, had he realized his utmost wishes, and built a lazaretto on the most improved plan, combining every valuable regulation he had observed in every lazaretto of Europe, it would only have proved an additional nuisance.

This period of his life is more full of striking incidents than any other, but we must hurry rapidly over it.

"The point," says Mr. Brown, "at which he wished to commence his new investigations was Marseilles; but the extreme jealousy of the French government respecting their Levant trade, had long kept the lazaretto of that port carefully concealed from the eye of every foreigner; but, as Mr. Howard's object was such as ought to have awakened neither political nor commercial jealousy in any one, Lord Caermarthen, then secretary of state for foreign affairs, made an application to the French minister for permission for him to view this celebrated building. After waiting some time at the Hague, in expectation of its arrival, he went to Utrecht to visit his friend Dr. Brown, at whose house he received a letter from his lordship, informing him, not only that the request he preferred had been peremptorily refused, but that he must not think of entering France at all, as, if he did, he would run a risk of being committed to the Bastille. Howard, however, was not to be deterred. He started immediately for Paris. At Paris, having gone to bed, according to his usual custom, about ten o'clock, he was awaked between twelve and one, by a tremendous knocking at his room door, which, starting up, in somewhat of an alarm, he immediately opened; and, having returned to bed, he saw the chambermaid enter with a candle in each hand, followed by a man in a black coat, with a sword by his side, and his hands enveloped in an enormous muff. This singular personage immediately asked him if his name was not Howard. Vexed at this interruption, he hastily answered, 'Yes—and what of that?' He was again asked if he had not come to Paris in the Brussels diligence, in company with a man in a black wig? To this question he returned some such peevish answer, as that he paid no attention to such trifles; and his visitor immediately withdrew in silence. Not a little alarmed at this adventure, though losing none of his self-possession, and being unable to compose himself to sleep, Mr. Howard got up; and, having discharged his bill the night before, took his small trunk, and, removing from this house, at the regu-

lar hour of starting, took his seat in the diligence, and set off for Lyons."

Such is the narrative of Mr. Brown. It has been supposed that this midnight visitor was an officer of the police, and that, had Howard remained a few hours longer at his hotel, he would have been arrested. But some mystery still hangs over this adventure. Howard, in one of his letters, alluding to it, says that he had since learnt who his strange visitor was, and adds, that "he had had a narrow escape;" and his biographer, Mr. Brown, tells us that—

"He learned that the man in a black wig was a spy, sent with him to Paris, by the French Ambassador at the Hague, and that he himself would have been arrested then, (at Paris,) if Mr. Le Noir had not been at Versailles on the day of his arrival; and, several persons having recently been arrested on very false or frivolous grounds, he had left orders for no arrests being made before his return, which was not until late in the evening of the next day, when he was pursued, but not overtaken."

If it was this that Howard learnt, we think his informant must have deceived him. An air of great improbability hangs over this story. The French government is represented as being so anxious to arrest Howard, if he should enter France, that it sends a spy to travel with him from the Hague; if so, the identity of Howard was sufficiently known to the police on his arrival at Paris. Yet we are next told that an officer visits Howard at midnight, only to assure himself that it is Howard;—pays a visit, in short, that can have no other effect than to give the alarm to his intended captive. In addition to this, we are to suppose that this person, whom the French government is so anxious to arrest, pursues his journey unmolested, and spends five days at Marseilles, visiting the very lazaretto to which it was known he was bound, and the inspection of which that government was so solicitous to prevent.

As to the other motives by which Mr. Brown accounts for these hostile proceedings of the French government, we can attach no weight to them whatever. On a previous visit to Paris, Howard had been extremely desirous to survey the interior of the Bastille. Not being able to obtain permission, he had boldly knocked at the outer door, and, assuming an air of official authority, walked in. He had penetrated to some of the inner courts before this little *ruse* was detected. He was then, of course, conducted out. He

was obliged to content himself with an account of the Bastille written in French, and the publication of which had been forbidden by the government. He obtained a copy, and translated it into English. For this, and for another cause of offence of a far slighter character, it is difficult to suppose that Howard had excited the peculiar animosity of the French government.

Howard visited the lazaretto of Marseilles, however, under the full impression that the police were on the search for him. From Marseilles he went to Toulon, and inspected the arsenal and the condition of the galley-slaves. To obtain admission into the arsenal, he dressed himself, says Mr. Brown, "in the height of the French fashion," Englishmen being strictly prohibited from viewing it at all. We are told that this disguise was easy to him, "as he always had much the air and appearance of a foreigner, and spoke the French language with fluency and correctness." Mr. Dixon, faithful to his system of caricaturing all things, describes him as "dressed as an exquisite of the Faubourg St. Honoré!" We presume that it was the French gentleman of the period, and not the French dandy, that Howard imitated.

He next visited the several lazarettos of Italy—went to Malta—to Smyrna—to Constantinople, everywhere making perilous inquisitions into the plague. At Smyrna he is "fortunate enough" to meet with a vessel bound to Venice with a foul bill of health, and he embarks in it. On its way, the vessel is attacked by pirates. "The men," says Mr. Brown, "defended themselves for a considerable time with much bravery, but were at length reduced to the alternative of striking, or being butchered by the Moors, when, having one very large cannon on board, they loaded it with whatever missiles they could lay their hands upon, and, pointed by Mr. Howard himself, it was discharged amongst the corsair crew with such effect that a great number of them were killed, and the others thought it prudent to sheer off." Pointed by Mr. Howard himself! We can well understand it. The intrepid, energetic man, Fellow too of the Royal Society, would look at the elevation of the gun, and lend a helping hand to adjust it.

We throw into a note a parting specimen of the manner of Mr. Dixon. Not satisfied with the simple and probable picture which Mr. Brown presents to us, he makes Howard load the gun as well as point it—makes him sole gunner on board; and in order to improve his *tableau*, after having fought half

the battle through, recommences it, that he may discharge his gun with the more effect.\* Mr. Dixon advertises, as his next forthcoming work, a history of our prisons. We are sorry that so good a subject has fallen into such bad hands. Unless he should greatly improve, we shall have a book necessarily replete with much popular and interesting matter, in not one page of which will the narrative be strictly trustworthy.

At Venice he is conducted to the lazaretto, to undergo the quarantine. He is shut up in a close loathsome room, the very walls of which are reeking with foul and pestilential odors. Surely never was a valuable life so heroically ventured, for so futile a purpose. Whilst lying here, smitten with a low fever, he received—we quote from Mr. Brown—"intelligence from England of two circumstances which had transpired there, each of them an occasion of the deepest affliction to his mind. The first was the formation of a fund for the erection of a statue to his honor; the second the misconduct of his only son."

We can well believe they were *both* afflictions. Those who have entered into the character of Howard, will feel at once that the project of doing him any public honor would be, in his own language, "a punishment, and not a reward." It was mingling with his conduct and motives that very alloy of vanity, and consideration for men's opinion, which he was so anxious to keep them clear from. If a generous man has done a kind action for kindness' sake, how it spoils all if you *pay* him for it! You lower him at

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\* "For a while the Venetian sailors defended themselves with desperate courage, for it was a question of victory or perpetual slavery with them; but their numbers were limited, their arms indifferent, and altogether the contest seemed too unequal to last long. It was the first actual fighting in which Howard had been present; but the imminency of the danger and the sight of conflict appealing to the strong combative instincts of his race, he fought on deck with the coolness of a Saxon, and the courage of a knight-templar. Indeed, it was his self-possession which proved the salvation of the crew. There was only one gun of large calibre on board, and of this he assumed the direction, though he had probably never fired even a rifle in his life; but, in the hour of peril, fighting seemed to come to him, as to most of his countrymen, by inspiration. *This gun he rammed almost to the muzzle with nails, spikes, and similar charge, and then, steadily waiting his opportunity, as the privateer bore down upon them with all her crew on deck, apparently expecting to see the Venetians strike their flag, he sent the contents in amongst them with such murderous effect, that, after a moment or two of consternation, the corsairs hoisted sail, and made off at their best speed.*"—(P. 356.)



once. He refuses your payment; he would deny, if he could, his previous action; he begs, at all events, it may be utterly forgotten. To pay Howard in praise was, to his mind, as great an incongruity. He shrank from the debasing coin. He would have denied his philanthropy: "Say it is my hobby, if you will," he is heard at one time to mutter. Dying, he says to his friend—"Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Child of Time—was it not enough?

When he had escaped the lazaretto and returned to England, he wrote a letter to the gentlemen who had undertaken to collect subscriptions, requesting them to lay aside their project. The money collected was in part returned, a part was spent in liberating a certain number of poor debtors, and the residue was applied toward erecting, at his death, the statue of him in St. Paul's Cathedral.

His son he was compelled to consign to the care of a lunatic asylum. He now published the information he had obtained, at so much risk, upon lazarettos, and the mode of performing quarantine, together with additional observations upon prisons and hospitals at home and abroad. Connected with this publication, an incident is related, which shows the extraordinary value Howard had put on the materials he had collected, and also the singular perseverance and determination of the man. We give it in the words of Mr. Brown:—

"On his return from his Turkish tour, one of his boxes was stolen as he was getting into a hackney-coach in Bishopsgate Street, from the stage in which he had traveled from Dover. It contained a duplicate of his travels, twenty-five guineas, and a gold watch. The plan of the lazaretto of Marseilles, of which he possessed no duplicate, was, happily, in the other box. Had it not been so, he declared to his friend Dr. Lettsom, that, notwithstanding the risks he had run in pro-

curing that document, so important did he consider it, that he would a second time have exposed himself to the danger of a visit to France, to supply its place."

We believe he would.

This publication completed, and his son so unhappily disposed of, the veteran philanthropist quitted his country again, and for the last time. It was still against the plague that his enterprise was directed. He seems to have thought that successful barricades, by quarantine and other measures, might be erected against it. With the plague, as with the cholera, it is generally admitted there is some occult cause which science has not yet penetrated; but the predisposing, or rather the co-operating causes, are, in both cases, dirt and bad diet; and the quarantine which would attack *these* is the only measure which, in our present state of knowledge, is worthy of serious consideration. It was his purpose, this time, to travel through Russia into Turkey, and thence, perhaps, to extend his journey far into the East, to whatever city this grim enemy of mankind might have taken possession of.

He had reached as far as Cherson, on the eastern borders of Russia, visiting, according to his wont, prisons and hospitals on his way. Here he was seized by a fever which proved mortal, and which he is supposed to have caught in visiting, with his usual benevolence, a young lady, to whom also it proved fatal. He was buried in the grounds belonging to the villa of a French gentleman who had shown him much attention. A small brick pyramid, instead of the sun-dial he had suggested, was placed over his grave. The little pyramid or obelisk still stands, we are told—stands alone, "on a bleak, desolate plain." But Protestant England has a monument in that little pyramid, which will do her as much honor as any colony or empire she has planted or subdued.

LORD CAMPBELL AND THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—"Little do we know what is for our permanent good," remarks Lord Campbell. "Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy liberty, he no doubt would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he could have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being

cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul; and inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

*The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History.* By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK. Vols. 1 to 3. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

WE are not sure that the title of this book adequately expresses its nature or purpose. The word "Romance" will, to a large class of readers, be not unlikely to suggest that the author claims the privileges of a writer of fiction, and that, though the *dramatis personæ* are found in the recorded history of the country, he has yet the same power over their movements as the Greek tragic poet asserted over his Agamemnons and Helens, or as Scott and Bulwer have, in our day, over the obedient shadows of mighty chiefs and gorgeous dames and damosels, whom, having evoked, they compel into their service, not to react the scenes of their former life, but to appear as actors under such other circumstances as imagination may suggest. Mr. CRAIK's is a different purpose—one presenting, perhaps, greater difficulties. His is to exhibit the persons, whom he undertakes to describe, as they actually were; and his power over the character of his story is limited by what he finds recorded in authentic documents. "The Romance of the Peerage" is a title that, interpreted by the book, would tell us, that the principle of selection to which any particular narrative owes its place in his work, is its being of that class to which, speaking of realities, we should give the epithet of romantic; and that it is taken from that debateable ground between public and private history which may be described as occupied by the Peerage. "It is with facts alone," says Mr. Craik, "that the present work professes to deal—it aspires in nowise to the airy splendors of fiction. The romance of the Peerage which it undertakes to detail is only the romantic portion of the history of the peerage."

The subject is happily chosen. Society in England—nay, everywhere—is essentially aristocratic, and the *family*, not the *individual*, is the first humanizing thought—is that which, were it, could it be, absent, man would be as the beasts of the field or of the forest. The peerage, in the abstract, is but

this thought exhibited in the only form in which it can be easily shown. We have no especial veneration for the individuals of which any class is composed; but yet we think, in our day, that the members of the peerage are at least equal to those whom popular suffrage has raised to the rank of legislators. The debates in the Lords are, for the most part, superior to those in the Commons; but it is a mistake to think of the peerage in England as separating men into classes. Truly considered, it is one of the many ways in which the aristocratic element in the constitution becomes practically mitigated. There is scarcely a family in the land, however humble, that, through some or other of its branches, is not connected with the peerage. The instances are numerous of persons who, from the very lowest situations of life, have succeeded in establishing their rights as peers of the realm in virtue of the hereditary principle. Our laws, that know nothing of the de-humanizing, left-handed marriages of the German nobility, give to the wife of a peer, no matter what the rank of her parents may be, all the rights which his wife, from whatever rank taken, could possess. To distinguished ability in every one of the recognized professions of civil life, the avenue to the House of Lords is scarcely less open than that of the House of Commons. But we must not be betrayed into a discussion that would lead us far from Mr. Craik's work, and compel an examination of the very principles on which society in England is founded. Were such a discussion possible for us at the moment, we know no writer who has done so much to assist us as Mr. Craik, both in the illustrations which the volumes before us afford, and yet more by the justness of the views which everywhere inspire and animate his work, and of which we find in the third volume a formal exposition. We now advert to the way in which this privileged order is connected with all other classes, for the single purpose of saying



that in the choice of his subject Mr. Craik has been fortunate, having selected one which can scarcely be without considerable interest to almost every one in the community :—

“The family history of the Peerage has the recommendation for the present purpose of having been much more largely recorded than any other family history ; such a limitation, besides, gives distinctness and managableness to what would otherwise be a boundless subject. Nor is there any danger that our survey, by being thus circumscribed, will be confined to a single class of the community, and that the smallest ; there is no one of our ennobled families the history of which can be long pursued without conducting us over the whole field of English society. All of them have been mixed up in every possible way with every rank of the people. In some instances, the oldest and highest of them have gradually sunk, or been suddenly thrown down, to the humblest social position ; in other cases, the stream of descent has flowed for ages in the obscurest channel, and the heir to a coronet has been found in the descendant of generations of peasants or mechanics. Every ancient genealogical tree among us has projected itself over the land, by branch or offshoot, in all directions. Thousands of persons now hidden in the common crowd of the population, are the not remote connections of the most distinguished houses, or the remnants of lineages that once were among the most honored in the realm. The romance of the peerage, in this way, often descends to both the middle and the working classes.”

To the peerage itself the work, from its very nature, must be rather injurious in diminishing the kind of *prestige* with which the institution is regarded. The history with which we are occupied is the history of individuals, and it is not possible to think of romance in a life without at the same time remembering, that romance implies a deviation from established order and arrangement. The quiet performance of unostentatious but most important duties is the true distinction of the English nobleman ; but this will not do for romance, and so the selection must be of persons distinguished, and distinguished for anything rather than the unassuming yet self-asserting good conduct which is the proper attribute of the best specimens of the class which gives its title to the work. The most orthodox historian of the Church will find his heroes in the greatest heretics ; royal societies will listen to full accounts of meteors and unusual phenomena, whom no one would think of enlightening by any statement of the laws of the planetary system ; and in the same way, we should remember that in any such work as that before us, the more irregular, and capricious, and self-willed the course of any man or wo-

man whom Mr. Craik meets in his travels through Peerage-land, far and away, the better for his purpose.

Mr. Craik's work touches upon almost every incident of public interest for a period of about three centuries. Though there is no actual interruption of continuity at any one period of our annals, separating, as by a boundary, our ancestors from ourselves—though the changes of manners at any one period so insensibly blend with that which it precedes, and that which it follows—yet it is certainly true that for all practical purposes we scarce think of a period anterior to that of Elizabeth ; and with that period the first narratives in the volumes before us commence. With the history of a maternal relative of Queen Elizabeth is our first concern ; and she, fortunately for the dramatic unities of Mr. Craik's plot, lived to the age of ninety-five, which may thus be regarded as a fixed moment of time. She had married three times ; and when a woman gives to the world what Southey calls a Harleian miscellany of children by several authors, we have a certain unity of action and of subject, as the three families become, as it were, one, from the fact of their being so as her family. Though there is some shifting of the scenes, the unity of place is, on the whole, pretty well observed : for the old lady is for some forty-five years, and through two, at least, of her marriages, resident on the same estate ; and that estate, the property of her second husband, and purchased by her third, passed finally to the grandson of her first. That place is not without associations that connect it with our own times ; for it is no other than the manor then and now known by the name of Drayton. Who has not heard of Drayton Manor ?

And who is this “sorceress of the silver locks,” and what is the magic by which she has rendered Time powerless ? Through that life of about a century strange things have been done by those with whom she was connected, and strange things were often said in which her name was mingled. Those strange things, as far as they are injurious to her, we do not believe ; and our reasons for disbelief will appear in the course of this article ; but the magic which enabled her to endure so much of marriage, and so much of widowhood—which kept her alive so long, and preserved within her an elastic spirit that rose above every calamity and affliction—was radiant good-temper. Nothing can be more beautiful—nothing that we have ever read exhibits the female character in a truer or

more amiable light—than her letters to her son, from which we find in these volumes frequent extracts. But who is this sorceress, unchanged while all things are changing round her? Let Mr. Craik answer:—

“To the generality of my readers the very name of Lettice Knollys will probably be new. Yet she was one of Queen Elizabeth’s nearest relations—as near as Mary Stuart, one degree nearer than Mary’s son, who inherited Elizabeth’s crown. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, by his wife, originally Catherine Carey, whose mother was the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Lettice was therefore first cousin once removed to her Majesty. Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, at the age of five-and-twenty, in 1558, had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, uncle nor aunt, alive; more than one of these nearest branches the axe had lopt of; the only individuals in existence more nearly related to her than Lettice Knollys, were Lettice’s mother and that lady’s brother, Henry Carey, soon after created Lord Hunsdon, who were her full cousins by the mother’s side; and the Countess of Lennox and Duchess of Suffolk, the daughters of her father’s sisters, Margaret and Mary. But these two latter ladies both speedily fell into disgrace, or under suspicion; their blood was too royal, or too red, as the phrase ran; so that her cousins of the Boleyn stock, the Careys and the Knollyses, had all the sunshine of the royal relationship to themselves.

“Sir Francis Knollys, besides being married to her first-cousin, had another claim upon her Majesty’s consideration. He was one of the staunchest Protestants she had about her. Not that Protestantism was by any means one of Elizabeth’s strongest passions. But in the circumstances it was necessary that she should be as much a Protestant as she could, and also that she should seek or accept the service and support of better Protestants than herself. She had, as it were, married Protestantism, and taken its name. Most of the Court Protestantism of that day, however, was of a somewhat damaged character. Even Cecil had conformed in the preceding reign; and most of the other courtiers and ministers of the new Queen, however zealous professors they had become since her accession, or had previously been in the days of her brother, had, in like manner, deemed it better in those of her sister to go to mass than either to the stake or into exile. But Knollys, who had been in office under Edward, had resigned everything, and, shaking the dust of his native land from off his shoes, had betaken him to where the Gospel light shone full and free in its native land of Germany, whence he had returned, when the darkness passed away at home, a fiercer Protestant than ever. Indeed, like most of the refugees whom this change brought back to England, he was now probably ready for a second Reformation, if such a thing should come in his way. Elizabeth held what had been already done to be quite enough; but there was no danger in the more extreme principles of her cousin Knollys, who was very well contented to

accommodate himself to the established order of things for the present. She never employed him in any high capacity; but he was much in her confidence so long as he lived; and, besides giving him the Household appointment, first of Vice Chamberlain, afterward of Treasurer, she gratified the vanity, or rewarded the fidelity, of the worthy Puritan by making him a Knight of Garter.

“No account of her that has fallen in my way has mentioned when his eldest daughter was born; but a notice of her age in a letter written in her lifetime, to be afterward cited, shows it to have been in 1539 or 1540. Questionless the little Lettice would be duly nurtured upon the sour milk of the paternal faith; and, notwithstanding sundry startling or puzzling indications, a soul of Puritanism may have lived in her to the end of her days. The light is not always gone out when it is not to be seen. But, whatever may have been her condition as to one kind of grace, we cannot reasonably doubt that she was amply endowed with another kind—that she was ‘in outward show elaborate,’ even if she might be ‘of inward less exact.’ Her history would seem sufficiently to prove that ‘the fatal gift of beauty’ had not been withheld from her.”

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more amiable light—than her letters to her son, from which we find in these volumes frequent extracts. But who is this sorceress, unchanged while all things are changing round her? Let Mr. Craik answer:—

“To the generality of my readers the very name of Lettice Knollys will probably be new. Yet she was one of Queen Elizabeth’s nearest relations—as near as Mary Stuart, one degree nearer than Mary’s son, who inherited Elizabeth’s crown. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, by his wife, originally Catherine Carey, whose mother was the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Lettice was therefore first cousin once removed to her Majesty. Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, at the age of five-and-twenty, in 1558, had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, uncle nor aunt, alive; more than one of these nearest branches the axe had lopped off; the only individuals in existence more nearly related to her than Lettice Knollys, were Lettice’s mother and that lady’s brother, Henry Carey, soon after created Lord Hunsdon, who were her full cousins by the mother’s side; and the Countess of Lennox and Duchess of Suffolk, the daughters of her father’s sisters, Margaret and Mary. But these two latter ladies both speedily fell into disgrace, or under suspicion; their blood was too royal, or too red, as the phrase ran; so that her cousins of the Boleyn stock, the Careys and the Knollyses, had all the sunshine of the royal relationship to themselves.

“Sir Francis Knollys, besides being married to her first-cousin, had another claim upon her Majesty’s consideration. He was one of the staunchest Protestants she had about her. Not that Protestantism was by any means one of Elizabeth’s strongest passions. But in the circumstances it was necessary that she should be as much a Protestant as she could, and also that she should seek or accept the service and support of better Protestants than herself. She had, as it were, married Protestantism, and taken its name. Most of the Court Protestantism of that day, however, was of a somewhat damaged character. Even Cecil had conformed in the preceding reign; and most of the other courtiers and ministers of the new Queen, however zealous professors they had become since her accession, or had previously been in the days of her brother, had, in like manner, deemed it better in those of her sister to go to mass than either to the stake or into exile. But Knollys, who had been in office under Edward, had resigned everything, and, shaking the dust of his native land from off his shoes, had betaken him to where the Gospel light shone full and free in its native land of Germany, whence he had returned, when the darkness passed away at home, a fiercer Protestant than ever. Indeed, like most of the refugees whom this change brought back to England, he was now probably ready for a second Reformation, if such a thing should come in his way. Elizabeth held what had been already done to be quite enough; but there was no danger in the more extreme principles of her cousin Knollys, who was very well contented to

accommodate himself to the established order of things for the present. She never employed him in any high capacity; but he was much in her confidence so long as he lived; and, besides giving him the Household appointment, first of Vice Chamberlain, afterward of Treasurer, she gratified the vanity, or rewarded the fidelity, of the worthy Puritan by making him a Knight of Garter.

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half-dozen re-conquests of the country, or thereby, that have had to be effected since thy time, with little satisfactory result after all, might have been rendered unnecessary."

There is a letter from Sir Nicholas White, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, which we wish Mr. Craik had seen, in which he speaks of the mischief certain to arise from revoking Essex's commission, and of the course then pursued in the management of Ireland—"There are two things that seem strange to us here, if true—the one the letting of the realm to farm, wherein so many hearts may be alienated from the landlord to the farmer—and the other is the casting up of the earl's enterprise between the fallow and the seed, which will make Ulster desperate, and all the rest doubtful; and truly, if the look not back where the began, and review both the man and the matter, the shall puff up the Irish into incorrigible pride, and pull down the hearts of all good English subjects to a perpetual diffidence of any settled government in this realm. There cannot go out of this land a man with greater fame of honor, nor can come in whose bounty hath deserved more; and if that noble mind, desirous of honor, and so careless of gain, were employed with the association of grave council, I believe God hath ordained him to do great things."

It would seem that after his public employment had ceased, Essex remained for more than a year in Ireland. Craik tells us that he made no effort to rejoin his family; causes for domestic jealousy had not improbably arisen. On his reappearance in England, he had an interview with the Queen, and Ireland was under the government of another Lord Deputy. As Sir Henry Sidney was now the governor, and as Sidney was Essex's first patron, we might expect such an understanding between him and Essex as would have been of good augury for the tranquillity of Ireland. It would not appear, however, that much immediate good resulted. Sidney was married to the sister of Leicester. Were Leicester's plans and Essex's incompatible in these public matters; or had the jealousies which interrupted the happiness of Essex's private life extended to everything in which he was concerned? We know not, but Walsingham seems to have had his misgivings, for, in a letter of instructions to Sidney, adverting to Essex's position, who was now sent to Ireland with the title of "Earl Marshal of Ireland," he tells him:—

"And therefore, good my lord, let your ears be closed against tale-bearers, who make their profit of dissension. That nation [the Irish], as I learn, is cunning in that profession; and, therefore, it behoveth your lordships both to be very circumspect in that behalf. I pray God that pestilent humor receive no nourishment from hence. When I fall into consideration of the soundness of both your judgments, then I shake off all fear; but, when I call to mind the cursed destiny of that island, I cannot put off all dread. I hope your own wisdoms, the calling on any of your friends here, and the good ministers about you there, will prevent the malice of such as shall seek any way to slander you."

"He returned to Ireland in the spring of 1576. There he soon found his position worse than ever. He bore up against everything for some months; but at last, having been suddenly taken ill at his own house in Ulster, on the night of Thursday, the 30th of August, he rapidly grew worse; and, having two days after come to Dublin Castle, he lay there till he expired, about eleven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 22d of September."

Mr. Craik discusses at more length than was necessary, if the mere object were to dispose of the fact, a question which at the time excited much inquiry. It was surmised that Essex's death was the effect of poison; it occurred at a time so convenient to Leicester, who soon after married his widow, that the report received easy credence—the belief of every one being that Leicester took this mode of removing obstacles of a kind insuperable to ordinary men. The evidence, however, is decisively against the supposition, though it was one which it would appear, during some period of his illness, Essex himself entertained, and which, not to disturb the dying man, some of the persons about him countenanced. He wrote on his death-bed an affecting letter to Elizabeth, making requests for his son, with which she complied. Mr. Craik has painted the delicacy of thought and feeling exhibited in this letter. He shrinks from alluding to his wife, whose conduct probably had given strong reasons for the scandal that connected her name with Leicester's:—

"The whole letter is beautiful and affecting in the highest degree; but especially admirable and noble is the delicacy with which one unhappy subject is touched upon. God hath made his poor children fatherless; and, therefore, he makes his humble suit that it will please her Majesty to be as a mother unto them. It is spoken so meekly and tenderly, with such freedom from all bitterness, as to express no reproach, but rather only pity, for her who ought to have been a mother to them. Afterward, where the mention of the cir-



cumstance is necessary to explain the true state of his affairs, he speaks with the same composure of the dower that will have to be paid to his widow out of his son's scanty inheritance. And again, in another passage, he does not hesitate to remind her Majesty that his poor son is her kinsman, although the relationship was through the boy's mother. This is the reality of that Christian forgiveness, the parade of which, even from dying lips, is often no better than a form."

Essex was a man thoroughly honest, but it was not an age in which honesty seems to have been appreciated. In his funeral sermon, preached by a bishop of the day, the preacher finds nothing to tell us of but the nobility of his countenance, "planted by the especial gift of God, even from his mother's womb. . . . I have yet further to speak of his lordship, that I believe there be very few noblemen in England more expert and ready in chronicles, histories, genealogies, and *petigruess* [so the right rev. Welshman writes the word], of noble men and noble houses, not only within the realm, but also in foreign realms, than this noble earl was in his time. He excelled in desecring and blazing of arms, and all skill pertaining thereto; and, to be short, his understanding and capacity was so lively and effectual, that it reached to all kind of matters that a perfect nobleman shall have to deal withal in this world." Well done, Bishop Davies, with thy worthy notions of a perfect nobleman! Hereafter we shall have it proved, on thy authority, by some antiquarian of the days to come, that friend Pettigru's *Dublin Directory* had its commencement in Essex's days. This funeral sermon ought to be quoted in all his advertisements.

Essex's widow—our heroic heroine—soon after married the Earl of Leicester; the rumors of the period had, before Essex's death, represented her as having borne a child to Leicester during her husband's absence in Ireland; a private marriage, immediately after Essex's death, sanctioned the continuance of their intercourse. Lettice's father, however, when he came to learn how matters were, had them publicly married. At this time Leicester was in the highest favor with the Queen; but there were dark reports to which the most incredulous gave some attention. Entire disbelief of the crimes attributed to him does not appear to have been the state of feeling with any one, nor perhaps was there any one who gave them entire credence. The sudden deaths, and often under circumstances of the strongest suspicion, of persons, whose continuance in life was incon-

venient to him, gave rise to a phrase of the day, which denominated sudden death by the name of a *Leicester cold*.

Among the higher ranks, "In great Eliza's golden time," to die in one's bed, or by any of the usual forms of disease, would scarcely have seemed a natural death. There is not a family mentioned in Mr. Craik's first volume, of which the greater number of persons at all known to history did not lay down their lives on the scaffold. The relentlessness with which, when a verdict or an attainder by act of parliament, gave the life of an obnoxious individual to some opposing faction, the sentence was executed, rendered the thought of violent death familiar. Of the Queen's own nearest relatives, many had thus perished. Of many branches of the Howards with whom our author has to deal, the axe had made wide havoc. Leicester's grandfather, father, and brother, had been executed. Death in its more peaceful aspects could scarcely in those days have been the daily thought it has since become; and when any circumstances creating the slightest suspicion of foul play arose, the vilest reports were at once believed and circulated. Leicester was married in 1550 to Amy, daughter of Sir John Robsart—the date is mentioned in a memorandum of King Edward the Sixth, who adds, that after the marriages there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts.\* In 1560 the death of Amy Robsart occurred.

"The reader perceives already that the real circumstances of this marriage of Dudley with Amy Robsart were altogether different from those out of which the great modern romancist has woven his exciting fiction. Nor was the bride's father an obscure Devonshire knight, as Scott makes him, but the head of a most distinguished family seated in the county of Norfolk. He seems to have been dead when his daughter's marriage took place; and to have died, moreover, in circumstances which forfeited his estate to the crown. Possibly, Northumberland had the recovery of these estates in view when he married his son to Robsart's daughter; and in 1557, in the reign of Philip and Mary, the Lord Robert Dudley had a grant for life of what appears to have been the principal one, called Sedistern, of which,

\* In Grose's Dictionary, we have the word *GOOSE-RIDING* thus explained:—"A goose whose neck is greased, being suspended by the legs to a cord tied to two trees, or high posts, a number of men on horseback, riding full speed, attempt to pull off the head, which, if they effect, the goose is their prize. This has been practiced in Derbyshire within the memory of persons now living—1811."

accordingly, he retained possession till his death. It then went to the cousin and heir of Amy Robsart, John Walpole, Esquire, of Houghton, from whom it descended to his great-great-grandson, Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister. Sir Robert Walpole and Amy Robsart! Such are the fantastic conjunctions which family history is continually disclosing. The minister was actually the representative of the heroine of romance, being her first cousin only five times removed."

In the court of Elizabeth, Leicester appears to have been all successful, and yet the dark suspicions occasioned by the death of his wife at a time that he was supposed to be playing for the hand of Elizabeth or of the French Queen, as Mary of Scots was then called, still clung to him. They are alluded to in a letter of Cecil's, the guarded and designedly ambiguous language of which is scarcely consistent with any other interpretation. They are distinctly mentioned in the correspondence of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English Ambassador in France. They are formally stated in a curious document drawn up by Cecil in 1666, as among his reasons against Elizabeth's marriage with Leicester:—

"1. Nothing is increased by marriage of him either in riches, estimation, power; 2. It will be thought that the slanderous speeches of the Queen with the Earl have been true; 3. He shall study nothing but to enhance his own particular friends to wealth, to offices, to lands, and to offend others; 4. *He is infamed by death of his wife*; 5. He is far in debt; 6. He is like to prove unkind, or jealous of the Queen's Majesty."

Leicester was the best abused of mankind' and the most unlucky if that abuse had no real foundation in his own crimes; the French Cardinal, Chatillon, after having thwarted some of Leicester's intrigues, is about to embark for the continent—he falls sick at Canterbury, and dies, and straightway he is described as poisoned by Leicester. Throckmorton is on a visit at Leicester's house. "His lungs," says Leicester, "were perished, but a sudden cold he had taken was the cause of his speedy death." Other accounts were, that "he had been poisoned by a salad he had eaten at dinner."

There was another case which affected Leicester's character yet more deeply. Our heroine, Lettice Knollys, had a cousin, Douglas Howard, daughter of William, the first Lord Howard of Effingham, and cousin-german to Anne Bullen; and also to Henry the Eighth's fifth wife. She was married to John Sheffield, the second Lord Sheffield; but in one of Elizabeth's royal progresses she had

the misfortune of meeting Leicester at the Earl of Rutland's; Leicester's triumph over the lady was speedy; and if he was also at the time wooing the Queen, he seems to have been a singularly active fellow at winning ladies' hearts. The royal visit to Belvoir Castle lasted but a few days, but in those few days the conquest was effected. "There is small hope," says Gervais Hollis, "that she who has once permitted a siege, can hold out." The paramours plotted the murder of Sheffield, and a letter of Leicester's dropped accidentally by the lady, and found by the sister of Sheffield, revealed the intention. When Sheffield learned the project, he made his way to London, seeking revenge for the injuries sustained and meditated; but Leicester has already made more work of it before they can meet—"he bribes an Italian physician (whose name I have forgot), in whom Lord Sheffield had great confidence, to poison him; which was immediately effected after his arrival in London."\*

How much or how little of this is true we have no means of conjecturing. That Sheffield died, and died unexpectedly, seems certain. It is equally certain that his widow was soon after the mistress or the wife of Leicester—most probably the mistress—

"She calls it marriage; with that specious name  
She veils the sin, and sanctifies the shame;"—

but if marriage, it was certainly clandestine; and Leicester, during the existence of this relation with her, found time to pay attentions to her sister, Frances Howard, and to continue his courtship of Queen Elizabeth. In 1573, Gilbert Talbot, writing to his father, tells us—"Leicester is very much with her Majesty; she shows the same great affection to him that she was wont; of late he has endeavored to please her more than heretofore. Two sisters now in the court are very far in love with him, as they have been long—my Lady Sheffield and Frances Howard. They, alike striving who shall love him better, are at great wars together; and the Queen thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him; by this means there are spies over him." Frances Howard was then but nineteen. In due time she married, and died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and the inviolable affection of Edward Earl of Hertford, for the many graces, both of mind and body, of this the second of his

\* "Collins' Historical Collections," Vol. LXX.



wives, is recorded in the inscription on a sumptuous monument. Douglas, at the time Talbot was writing, had already borne a son to Leicester. Leicester denied any marriage with her, but acknowledged his paternity. Her narrative, after Leicester's death, was, that having insisted on her marriage with him, and having resisted some arrangements of his to dispose of her in marriage to another, she found her health declining. Her hair and nails beginning to fall off, were symptoms to her imagination that her food had been drugged, and that her life would probably be the sacrifice, if she any longer opposed Leicester's plans. To save herself in the only way which was open to her, from the subtle poisons which, she made no doubt, Leicester had been already administering, she became the wife of Sir Edward Stafford.

The widow of Essex was probably the attraction that separated Leicester from Douglas Howard. But Leicester seems to have had a stronger passion than love—inordinate ambition. The language of the mystical theologian is often scarcely distinguishable from that which expresses the hopes and the raptures of human passion. Leicester lived in a day in which, however ill-regulated the conduct of men might be, none doubted the realities of religion; and we see no reason to distrust Leicester's professions, strangely as they may appear contrasted with his practice. Whatever might be his conduct, or whatever the deceptions he practiced on his own mind or the mind of others, there is no doubt that at this period Leicester was regarded as the leading man of the Puritan party; and he did all he could to cultivate what Mr. Craik happily calls "the rhetorical part of religion." What a strange thing is the human heart!—how impossible to detect its hidden springs of action! Was this courting of the Puritans, then a party rising into power, but hypocrisy? We should fear to answer in the affirmative. And yet we are told, that when Leicester and Walsingham abandoned the Puritans, "they did absolutely renounce any further intercession for them, professing that they had been horribly abused with their hypocrisy." If this be Leicester's language, and not Heylin's own, from whom we have it, is his accusation of his brother Puritans of hypocrisy a proof of his own sincerity, when he was to be reckoned as "walking with them?" There is a striking passage in Mr. Craik's book, which well describes the state of society at this time, and the bearing of men's minds on these religious questions with a

fervor which, in our peaceful day, can scarcely be brought before us, even with the strongest exercise of imagination:—

"It was a strange, self-contradictory time, difficult to be understood or imagined in our day, when the violent agencies then in operation have long spent their force, and all things have subsided into comparative consistency and decorum. Religion was a mighty power, was indeed universally confessed, and in general undoubtedly believed, to be the thing that was entitled to carry it over all other things. Men, almost without exception, looked upon the truths of religion much in the light in which we now look upon the laws of nature, as evident necessities, escape from which was wholly out of the question. A person would have been held a fool or a lunatic who had appeared to think otherwise. This explains not merely the universal profession of religion, by persons of whatever character or manner of life, but the generally manifest sincerity of the profession. The blight of unbelief had scarcely yet touched men's minds. The common faith, Protestant or Catholic, was as much the sustenance of all alike, as the common air. It was in this respect almost as in the palmy days of ancient Paganism, as in Greece in the time of Homer, or, indeed, for ages afterward, when he who did not discern and acknowledge a present deity in any one of certain common natural occurrences, would have been deemed not to see or hear aright, not to have the proper use of his senses.

"If this had been all, one might envy a time when the earth, thus gorgeously illumined by imagination, and hung with splendors not its own, might be thought to lie so near to the gate, so close under the crystal battlements, of heaven; and when men, unsubdued by sense, walked so much in the light of the spiritual and invisible, and were exalted and upheld by so much that has now for ever passed away. But the actual effect was considerably different from what a lively fancy might picture it. It would almost seem as if religion had lost, instead of gained, in practical power and efficacy, by being thus universally received and submitted to as a matter of course. In accepting its doctrines with the same dead acquiescence, as we may call it, with which the mind surrenders itself to the propositions of the mathematics, or to any simple physical truth, the less scrupulous spirits of the first age of the Reformation seem many of them hardly to have connected more of sentiment or affection with their religious belief than with their belief in the law of nature, according to which a stone dropt from the hand falls to the ground. They even appear to have considered themselves entitled to treat the religious truth and the physical truth on many occasions in the same way; and, as they could arrest the action of the law of gravitation at any time by the application of some opposing force, in like manner by some analogous contrivance to suspend and neutralize any principle or precept of religion whenever they chose. The principle, indeed, was not to be overturned, or for a moment gainsayed or questioned; but still it was to be kept

under management and control, just as if it were a principle of mechanics or chemistry. The fierce and all-absorbing contest between the two rival forms of Christianity had hushed all disputation, had stopped all doubt, all reflection, all investigation about Christianity itself; had made that on all hands be simply taken for granted; and this was the result. . . .

"Above all, there was the mixed and imperfect character of the yet recent civilization, only showing its green summits here and there from amid the waste. It was a wild confusion of civilization and barbarism. A century of convulsion and violent change, first a sanguinary and desolating civil war, then a more bitter religious strife, although it may have given an impulse to the social progress of the country at some points, could not but have retarded or paralyzed it at others. Nor could a generation which had sprung out of such a time grow up without retaining much of its half-savage spirit. Even the external and material civilization of this age was the most startling display of incongruities and incompleteness—the most curious patchwork of cloth of gold and frieze. And that was but a type or emblem of its mental and moral civilization, which in like manner everywhere betrays its volcanic origin by such intermixtures and combinations as seem to us in the present day all but incredible, unintelligible, and impossible.

Leicester, though married, never actually abandoned the hope of the Queen's hand. There appears to have been always some mystification as to the fact of his marriage. In a letter to Burghley we find him alluding to it, and evading any distinct acknowledgment—"Her Majesty, I see, is grown into a very strange humor, all things considered, toward me, however it were true or false, as she is informed, the state whereof I will not dispute. Albeit I cannot confess a greater bondage in these cases than my duty of allegiance oweth. . . . As I carried myself almost more than a bondman many a year together, so long as one drop of comfort was left of any hope, as you yourself, my lord, doth well know; if being acquitted and delivered of that hope, and by both open and private prohibitions and declarations discharged, methinks it is more than hard to take such an occasion to bear so great a displeasure for. . . . I have lost both youth, liberty, and all my fortune reposed in her."

"Surely these expressions can bear only one interpretation. Can the hope in which Leicester here speaks of having worn away his life, till he had been wholly acquitted, delivered, and discharged of it, be any other than the hope of marrying Elizabeth? The matter of which her Majesty had been informed, and with regard to

which he will not dispute whether what she had heard be true or false, is, of course, his marriage with Lady Essex."

The fortunes of Penelope Devereux, the daughter of our heroine Lettice, by Essex, and for whom her father had, on his death-bed, expressed the hope that she might become the wife of Sir Philip Sidney, next engage Mr. Craik's attention; but the history of that lady makes a good story in itself, which, as we shall tell it at some other time, must not now interrupt us. We almost wish that Mr. Craik had made it a distinct narrative; as it is not always easy to see our way clearly through the varied episodes, among which, without the utmost watchfulness, we are likely to be misled from the true path. Our eye must fix itself on the old motionless sphynx, while Time circles round her. Lettice Knollys alone unchanged—husbands and children, and husbands' children and grandchildren, nay, great-grandchildren, playing their social parts in life—marrying clandestinely, and escaping the bonds of marriage publicly—still fading rapidly from the observer's eye—one fixed point it is well to have; and this our heroine very conveniently furnishes.

We have said that Leicester did not at any time quite abandon the hope of becoming Elizabeth's husband. For this purpose, no doubt, were the festivities at Kenilworth devised, which are well described by writers of Elizabeth's day, and which all our readers know through Sir Walter's romance. With the story of Leicester's first wife Sir Walter has connected, in the exercise of the undisputed rights of fiction, many incidents of Leicester's latter days. The true story is well told by Mr. Halpin, in his very interesting and very beautiful examination of a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he thinks was suggested to Shakspeare by his having been an eyewitness of the splendid pageants exhibited on the occasion. We have the scene clouded, and "the princely pleasures" cut short, by some transient fit of ill-temper on the part of the Queen; who, however, soon resumed her wonted cordiality toward him. It is scarce possible to think that Elizabeth regarded Leicester with anything of the feeling that is called love. We are not sure that Gregorio Leti has not hit the mark, when he makes Elizabeth confess to the ladies of her court, "that she had not loved the Earl of Arundel but for motives of religion; nor the Earl of Leicester, but on account of the obligations she owed him; nor



the Earl of Somerset, but on principles of policy; and to be better served by a number of favorites, and making use of their reciprocal jealousies to attach them all the more firmly to her service; but that she had never truly loved any except the Earls of Devonshire and Essex." When Leicester was spoken of as aspiring to her hand, she answered in a passion—"Dost thou think me so unlike myself, and so unmindful of my royal majesty, that I would prefer my servant, whom I have myself raised, before the greatest prince in Christendom, in choosing of a husband?"\*

Elizabeth's vexation, when she discovered Leicester's marriage, was but temporary. It was not greater than she was in the habit of exhibiting whenever any marriage took place in the court circle. A burst of fretful impatience—a strong expression of anger and indignation at the fact of a marriage, which, in any way in which it can be viewed, was most disgraceful to the parties contracting it, was all that exhibited Elizabeth's feeling; and warmth of temper is rather to be inferred from her conduct, than warmth of affection. In a few days he stood as high in the royal favor as ever; and, as Mr. Craik observes, his reputation continued unaltered with the general public. Radcliff, Earl of Sussex, died early in 1583. He was no friend of Leicester's; and on his death-bed he bade his friends "beware of the gipsy—he will be too hard for you; you know not the beast as I do." What can Sussex mean by giving the name of gipsy to Leicester? It was at the time interpreted into Leicester's employing the secret arts of witchcraft or medicated potions, in which a degraded and dreaded tribe were supposed to deal; and the old story of Leicester's employing poison to rid himself of an enemy was generally believed. It is strange with what pertinacity this impression of Leicester's character seized on the universal public mind. If there were anything like reasonable grounds for the imputation, the evidence has not come down to our times. In the case of Mary Queen of Scots, there can be no doubt that Walsingham wrote officially to Sir Amyas Poulet and Sir Drew Drury, in whose custody Mary was, that Elizabeth regarded it as "a lack of zeal in her service that they did not find some way to shorten the life of that queen, considering the great peril she is in hourly, so long as that queen should live." It is equally certain, that though the letters have been pre-

served, anxiety was expressed by Walsingham that they should be destroyed. When the Babington conspiracy was first detected, Leicester was in the Low Countries; but is stated to have written from thence advising that Mary's life should be silently taken away by poison, and to have sent a divine to satisfy Walsingham of the carefulness of such a course. On Leicester's return, he was understood to have continued to give the same advice. Walsingham, on the pretence of illness, absented himself from the deliberations in which her execution was determined on, and Leicester was also absent. They both endeavored to satisfy James that they were not parties to the act. So did Elizabeth. It was sought to throw the whole responsibility of the act on the Secretary of Council. But Walsingham's communications with Mary's jailers were made at the very time of his pretended sickness. The letters were first printed by Hearne, in the notes to his "Robert of Gloucester," and are to be found in Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, article DAVISON.

We wish that the writer of an article such as this, in a popular magazine, could adopt the convenient division of his subject into chapters, and thus avoid the effect of abruptness; as before dismissing Leicester from the scene, it would be desirable to introduce to our readers a person with whom they must become acquainted, if they follow the future fortunes of Lettice Knollys. Christopher Blount, destined to be the last of the husbands of this polyandrian lady, had, in early life, been the pupil of Cardinal Allen. He had served in the Low Countries under Leicester, and after Leicester's final return to England, Blount had been knighted by Lord Willoughby, who succeeded Leicester as Captain-General of the English forces; but there was a stage of Blount's life that followed at a long interval his residence with Allen at Louvain, and interrupted his military service in the Netherlands, which his friends and his enemies were alike willing to pass over in silence, and which Mr. Craik tells us has escaped every writer who has hitherto dealt with his biography.

Blount had been mixed up in the Babington conspiracy, whether as an associate in their plans with the party who were endeavoring to rescue Mary, or a spy of Walsingham, which seems the more probable motive of his conduct, and that of the government, who kept his name studiously concealed. Mary's agent, Morgan, in writing to her, speaks highly of Blount—as "a tall gentle-

\* Camden's "Elizabeth."

man, and valiant . . . of an ancient house." He describes him as "of kin to Leicester. Blount and his brother being both Catholics, are forced to fawn upon Leicester, to see if thereby they can live quiet." Morgan makes arrangements for a correspondence in cypher being carried on between Mary and Blount. It does not, however, appear by any means certain that such ever took place. Morgan's letters did not reach Mary for many months after they were written. She appears to have been distrustful. She speaks to Morgan of a letter that she says seemed to have been intended to be sent her by means of Blount; but "the letter being an unknown hand, without subscription of the name thereto, I am not assured whence it came, Blount himself being now with Leicester." Of these letters, through some treachery of her agents, or some system of espionage not perfectly explained, Walsingham obtained copies, and every one of them were deciphered before they were allowed to fall into Mary's hands. Blount seems, from everything we know of him, to have been a restless, intriguing character. At what time, or under what circumstances, he first became acquainted with the wife of Leicester, we have no means of knowing; but from a passage in Camden's "Elizabeth," there can be little doubt that Leicester's jealousy had been awakened, and that he "had sent a person into Holland to murder him."\*

The fluctuations of Elizabeth's power toward Leicester were such as to baffle all calculation. That Leicester played for the crown of England, and that his first thought was to obtain it through a marriage with Elizabeth, scarcely admits of a doubt. That he had long given up that precise means of obtaining the object, is, we think, equally certain. His marriage was acknowledged; and though we know little of his domestic life, he not only observed the ordinary courtesy due to his wife, but was described as affectionate in his conduct and bearing to her. As far as a clue can be discovered to his purposes, it would seem that he contemplated destroying, if he could, the claim of the Stuarts to the crown after the death of Elizabeth; and the circumstances in which he found himself rendered this hope by no means one improbable of attainment. Elizabeth's contract of marriage with the Duke of Anjou was signed in July, 1581. The Netherlands had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and elected Anjou their sovereign, be-

lieving that they were electing the husband of the Queen of England. Anjou, after a successful campaign in the Netherlands, returned to England. The Queen placed a ring on his finger in presence of the whole court—this looked like being in earnest. All England was convulsed at the thought of the bright accidental star thus shooting from its sphere. What was to become of the hope of the Reformation? Was Elizabeth to wed a Popish prince? Was England to become the slave of France? Maids of honor wept, and told Elizabeth of Philip and Mary, and how an English queen abjectly lost all authority in her own realm, and sacrificed the love of her subjects, and died of a broken heart. Was this cruel scene to be again repeated? The marriage was delayed and delayed. The Queen accompanied him to Canterbury—besought him to return speedily—"and the business slept." On arriving in the Netherlands, Anjou found that all real power was in the Prince of Orange—that his was but a nominal sovereignty, having no basis whatever but the belief, now fading away, of his being to become the husband of Elizabeth. While they were engaged with discussions arising from this strange state of facts, the Prince of Orange was assassinated, and Anjou was suspected of the murder. Papers found in the assassin's pocket disproved the imputation; but Anjou endeavored to seize the principal places of strength in the Netherlands, and garrison them with French soldiers. The Flemings discovering his attempt, deprived him of the sovereignty. His death soon after followed. The Netherlands offered their crown to Elizabeth. She refused, but sent Leicester with six thousand men to their aid. He was made Governor-General of the Netherlands, with absolute power. This was done, no doubt, with the purpose of gratifying Elizabeth; she was, however, displeased at a proceeding, the effect of which was likely to render her subject independent of herself. Both in military and civil matters, Leicester was a most inefficient governor. The difficulties in which Elizabeth was placed by the case of Mary Queen of Scots, caused Leicester to be summoned home. On his return to the Netherlands, he found the Spaniards in possession of the fortresses which he had placed in the hands of Stanley and York, and which they had betrayed. When Leicester was finally recalled to England, he felt the prudence of first procuring from the Queen a general pardon for all things done in the Netherlands.

\* Camden's "Elizabeth," 632. Craik, vol. i. p. 189.



The Dutch writers say that but for Elizabeth's attention being engaged by preparations against the Armada, Leicester would have been brought to trial. Whether, in his efforts to obtain an independent sovereignty in the Netherlands, he may not have done something inconsistent with his allegiance to England, or become liable to be plausibly accused of so doing, we have no means of determining. English writers describe him as seeking to make himself an independent prince, for the purpose of removing one of the objections to his marriage with Elizabeth. His existing wife seems not to have been taken into account as an obstacle that could be of any long continuance. Our own impression is, that he had long abandoned all thoughts of becoming king consort of England; but we think it by no means unlikely that he contemplated, with the aid of the Protestant party, of whom he was regarded as the acknowledged leader, the total exclusion of the Scottish family from the crown, and that either as regent, or possibly as king, under some testamentary appointment of Elizabeth, he might become practically sovereign. The disturbance introduced into all men's minds on the subject of hereditary right by the anomalies of Henry the Eighth's marriages, was enough to encourage such hopes, after all, scarcely more wild than those of his father, when he sought to place the crown on the head of Lady Jane Grey. Whatever might be the ultimate object of Leicester's ambition, no subject ever stood so high in the favor of his sovereign as he now did. It would seem that his presence was at any time enough to dispel whatever clouds disturbed his august mistress's serenity. She now appointed him her lieutenant-general. "He shall," said she, "be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or more worthy subject."\*

"So infatuated was she that, soon after this, at his own request, she agreed to create him her Lieutenant-General for England and Ireland, thus in fact putting the entire government of the kingdom into his hands; but here, according to Camden, Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor Hatton interfered with the strongest representations against such an appointment at such a crisis, and the letters-patent, which had been already drawn out, were stopped. On this Leicester left the court for Kenilworth; but stopping on the journey at a house which he had at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, he died there after a short illness, on the 4th of September—within seven or eight miles of where Amy Robsart had met her death almost

that very day eight-and-twenty years before. If the commonly received date of his birth may be relied upon, he had just doubled his years since then.

"What if the wife of his youth was avenged by the hand of the wife of his age? It has been averred that so it was."

Leicester's will divided as equally as he could, such property as he could dispose of, between his wife and his son, by Douglas Howard. To Lettice Knollys the gift could have been of little value, for Leicester died encumbered with debt; but there seem to have been reasons which compelled her to immediate act. She administered to his will two days after his death, and she married Christopher Blount in her first year of widowhood. This precipitate marriage gave occasion to attributing to her and Blount the removal of Leicester. The report that he died by poison was so general, that the privy council examined into the matter. At the time of their investigation, suspicion fell on other people, and the inquiry came to nothing. In "Drummond's Conversations with Ben Jonson," the countess is mentioned in connection with the matter, but without the imputation of guilt:—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; while she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died."\* This falls in with Naunton's account. Another statement, found in Bliss's edition of "*Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*," describes Blount as her favored lover before Leicester's death; tells of Leicester's jealousy having been excited, and that Blount and the Countess, finding Leicester plotting against the life of Blount, resolved to get rid of him. "The countess"—Bliss quotes from a manuscript by some unknown author, written in the sixteenth century—"provided a cordial, which she had no fit opportunity to offer him, till he came to Cornbury Hall, in Oxfordshire, where the Earl, after his gluttonous manner, surfeiting with excessive eating and drinking, fell so ill, that he was forced to stay there. Then the deadly cordial was propounded unto him by the Countess. As Mr. William Haynes, some time the Earl's page, and then a gentle-

\* In the Hawthornden manuscripts is the following epitaph "of the Earl of Leicester," probably communicated to Drummond by Ben Jonson:—

"Here lies a valiant warrior, who never drew a sword—  
Here lies a noble courtier, who never kept his word—  
Here lies the Earl of Leicester, who governed the estates,  
Whom the earth could never living love, and the just heaven  
now hates."—DAVID LAING.

\* Speech at Tilbury.

man of his chamber, told me, who protested he saw her give that fatal cup to the Earl, which was his last draught, and an end of his plot against the Countess, and his end of his journey and of himself."

At the period of Leicester's death, our heroine's eldest son, Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex of that name, was about twenty years of age. Essex had been educated in Cambridge, by Archbishop Whitgift. On leaving it, he lived for some time in retirement in South Wales, and was with difficulty won to leave his retreat. From the time of his coming to court he was received into favor by the Queen. In 1585 he accompanied Leicester to Holland, and distinguished himself in the siege of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney lost his life. On his return, when a Spanish invasion was threatened, Essex was made Governor of the Horse, and received the Garter. The distinctions which he obtained during Leicester's life were, probably, owing to him. We are told of jealousies, and that the dark suspicions connected with his father's death were not without some effect on the son; but that such existed is scarcely consistent with the known facts of the case—with Leicester's early and anxious care of his stepson's interests—with the kindly mention of him in his will, and with the exceedingly affectionate terms on which, through life, Essex and his brother lived. In the year after Leicester's death, Essex married the daughter of Walsingham, Sidney's widow; and we have the Queen enraged—as Mr. Craik, in telling of her fury on this or some such occasion, says, "everybody's marriage seemed to vex her"—but she soon recovered her temper, and bore with equanimity what could not be helped. We cannot follow Essex in those parts of his story that more properly belong to the general history of the country; but that Elizabeth's affection was of a very capricious character, may appear from the fact, that in some discussion on the subject of Ireland, she, provoked by his turning his back on her, gave him a box on the ear, and bade him go and be hanged. He clapped his hand on his sword, and swore a great oath that he neither could nor would put up with an affront of that nature, nor would have taken it at the hands of Henry VIII. himself. Saying this, he left the court. The scene was one which Camden has described—would that we had it from some more graphic hand; still Camden was a cautious writer, and his information is generally from the best sources. The Lord High Admiral interposed—Essex's

wrath but boiled the higher. The Lord Keeper, in a letter (which letter exists to our day), quoted Seneca, and showed how much pleasanter it ought to be to receive chastisement when innocent than if guilty—that, in either case, submission was necessary: the guilty submits to Justice, the innocent to Fortune. Essex was not, as when he abode in his solitudes of South Wales, a pensive Cambridge student: he had been to courts of kings, and thought little of Seneca for many a year. Every piaculum suggested by the Lord Keeper but seemed to irritate the sore and aggravate the disease. He ask a pardon! as the Lord Keeper implored of him—he *stoop to her anger for the present!* which was the Lord Keeper's phrase. "No—no; there is no tempest," said Essex, "so boisterous as the resentment of an angry prince. The Queen is of a flinty temper. He well knew what was due to him as a subject, an earl, and Grand Marshal of England; but he did not understand the duties of a drudge, or a porter. To own himself a criminal would be to outrage truth, and the author of Truth." Such was his raving letter; but it did not stop here. The box which his Queen gave him was, if Camden be right, with the palm of her hand, on the ear, his back being turned to her at the time. That he did sustain some personal injury from the Queen is certain, from his letter, for he says his "body suffered in every part of it from the blow given him by his Prince, and that it would be a crime in him to continue in the service of a Queen who had given him so great an affront. Did not Solomon say, that 'he is a fool who laughs when he is stricken?'" Essex, however, suffered himself to be persuaded to ask the Queen's pardon. It was granted; but from that day, those who watch the smiles and frowns of Kings, and describe themselves as knowing human nature, date the ruin of Essex. The evidence of facts is, we think, against them; and, little as such insults can be forgiven by minds of ordinary cast, we think that there was that both in Elizabeth and Essex which renders it probable that, when the storm blew over, there was no remaining element of mischief in either mind, lurking there, and watching its opportunity to do mischief. The scene is almost that of an overgrown schoolboy rebelling against his Queen and governess.

Their squabble was about Ireland, the government of which has been, at all times, the perplexity of England. Elizabeth had wished to send Sir William Knollys, Essex's uncle, to govern that strange country. Essex rec-



commended Sir George Carew. He probably wished to keep his uncle in England, and get rid of Carew.\* The termination of the dispute was one that no one could expect—Essex himself went there. Instead of telling of his difficulties, which it would not be possible to explain without going into the case at greater length than either the time we can now command, or the nature of the book we are reviewing would justify, we shall quote a few lines of Essex in a letter to the Queen:—

"From a mind delighting in sorrow—from spirits wasted with passion—from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel—from a man that hateth himself and all things that keep him alive, what service can your Majesty expect, since my service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands. It is your rebel's pride and succession must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison—out of my loathed body—which, if it happen to, your Majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

"Happy if he could finish forth his fate  
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure  
From all society—from love and hate  
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure;  
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise—  
Content with hips, and haws, and bramble-berry;  
In contemplation passing out his days,  
And change of holy thoughts, to make him merry;  
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,  
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle Thrush.

"Your Majesty's exiled servant,  
"ROBERT ESSEX."†

This letter was written before Essex had actually set out for his government. In March, 1598–9, his commission as Lord Lieutenant passed the Great Seal. The annalists of the period tell us, that when he was leaving the city, the weather was fair, but before he reached Islington there was a heavy storm of rain, with thunder and lightning.

\* Since writing the above, we have met a confirmation of our views of Essex's motives on this occasion:—"Note here how much will a man benefit his enemy provided he doth put him out of his own way. My Lord of Essex did lately want Sir George Carew to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, rather than his own uncle, Sir William Knollys, because he had given him some cause of offence; and by thus thrusting him into high office, he would remove him from court."—*Extracts from Sir John Harrington's Papers, printed in Nicholls' Progresses of Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 250.

† Kippis, B. B., who quotes the letter from the Harleian Manuscripts.

At sea, too, the weather was bad, and those who looked for signs in the heavens, when they ought to have looked to the earth to see why the English government of Ireland was not successful, read nothing but disaster in the frowning sky. Essex was not more fortunate in Ireland than his father had been. His men were not seasoned to the climate. The Queen would have him attack Ulster, where Tyrone had sought to throw off the English yoke. The Irish Council insisted that he should first quell some disturbances in Munster; and as this gave Essex a good opportunity of exercising his troops in what he thought a less dangerous service, he adopted this course. The Queen was displeased, and peremptory orders came from England that he should march into Ulster. Before these orders could be obeyed—before, indeed, they arrived—Essex had learned that his raw troops, commanded by Sir Henry Harrington, had been routed by the O'Briens. What the circumstances were we cannot precisely learn; but the fury of Essex was unbounded, and he caused the remains of these troops to be decimated. This relentless course, we think, disproves the accusation which his enemies at the time were circulating against Essex—that his object was not to make war on the Irish enemies, but to be at the head of an army which would enable him to command England. Such a course as he adopted must have made him most unpopular with the army. That he intended, however, to return to England with a portion of his army, and was with difficulty dissuaded from it by his friends, appears certain; and to his having this purpose in his mind is attributed his having made a truce with Tyrone, instead of actively prosecuting the war against him. We ought to say that Essex, like most unsuccessful agents, wrote exceedingly good letters; and that if the Irish have not to this day been well governed, it is not for want of admirable state-papers saying how the thing may be easily done. A sharp letter from the Queen irritated Essex, and he left his Irish government at sixes and sevens, and hurried to England. His arrival was wholly unexpected. We must give the scene, as Mr. Craik has done, from the narrative of Rowland White:—"On Michaelmas Eve, about ten o'clock in the morning, my Lord of Essex lighted at Court-gate in post, and made all haste up to the presence, and so to the privy-chamber, and stayed not till he came to the Queen's bedchamber; there he found the Queen newly up, the hair about her face; he kneeled, kissed her hand, and

had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment; for, coming from her Majesty to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found such a sweet calm at home." White, who was in the palace at the time, expresses surprise at Essex's boldness in thus making his way to her, "she not being ready, and he so full of dirt and mire, that his very face was full of it." He left her and returned in an hour, and was again graciously received. In the afternoon he again went up to the Queen; but then all was changed, "for she began to question him for his return, and his leaving all things at a great hazard." On the evening of the same day he was placed under arrest, and within a few days committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper. The Lord Lieutenant's flight from Ireland was followed by a cloud of the obscene birds of prey, fugitives from the devoted island. His sudden return from Ireland, says White, "brings all sorts of knights, captains, officers, and soldiers away from thence. The town is full of them. Most part of these gallants have quitted their commands, places, and companies, not willing to stay there after him, to the great discontentment of her Majesty. The disorder seems to be greater than stands with the safety of that service." The offence was one which was not easily forgiven. Essex remained for eleven months a prisoner—for a considerable part of the time in the Lord Keeper's house, and afterward in his own. We have in Mr. Craik's book an account of the various efforts made in his favor by the members of his own family:—"My Lady of Essex is a most sorrowful creature for her husband's captivity; she wears all black, of the meanest price." She comes to the court all in black, "her dress not being altogether of the value of five pounds," and the Queen refuses to see her. A splendid New-year's gift is sent by her to Elizabeth; no answer is returned. Essex's mother tries the Queen's heart by a similar bribe—her "New-year's gift is very well taken." His sister, Lady Rich, writes letters to the Queen, and is rash enough to allow copies of the letters to be circulated. She is commanded to keep her house. He at last receives his liberty.

All this is told in most interesting detail by Mr. Craik. There is a passage in Sir John Harrington's papers, which Mr. Craik has not adverted to, that would serve to prove that at the time Essex's conduct was attri-

buted to actual madness—and this, and this alone, would furnish an explanation of his subsequent course. Essex had entreated Harrington to express to Elizabeth his sorrow and contrition for the offences he had committed. "I thought," says Harrington, "that charitie should begin at home, and sail with a fair wind, as it was not likely to be a prosperous voyage. I had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast, as I told the Queen. I had heard much on both sides, but the wiser he who repeateth nothing hereof. Did either know what I know either to have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking. It resteth with me in opinion, that contrition thwarted in its career doth speedily lead on to madness. Herein I am strengthened by what I learn in my Lord of Essex, who shifteth from sorrow and repentance to rage and rebellion as suddenly as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. In my last discourse [with him] he uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth and leave his presence. Thank heaven! I am safe at home; and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. His speeches of the Queen become no one who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill-advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The Queene well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit—the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield; and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea."

If Harrington wished to describe actual insanity, what stronger language could he use? It is impossible to resolve his words into metaphor. He thought Essex mad; the return from Ireland could not be regarded as the act of a sane man; the wild purposes indicated in conversation were regarded by Harrington as outbursts of a disordered mind. It would have been well for Essex that the salutary restraint which deprived him of liberty had been longer continued. That restraint was removed at the close of August; and in the following February "he threw himself," says Mr. Craik, "into the mouth of open-jawed destruction, by the most frantic attempt recorded in history." On Sunday, the 8th of February, he rushed, at the head of a few partisans—Blount, his stepfather, being of the number—through the city of London, shouting out "For the Queen, for the Queen!" The citizens did not know what to make of it: they thought Essex and she were at last friends, and that this strange scene was some



proclamation enacted by her wish. The object was an attack on the Queen's palace, with the intention, on his part, of becoming possessed of her person. The rebellion commenced and ended on the same day. Before a month was at an end Essex was tried and executed.

Essex, when dying, seemed to be strongly under the influence of religion. His repentance of his treason seemed to be, and no doubt was, sincere; but the strange confessions he made, implicating in his treason persons of all ranks, and most opposite politics, could scarcely have been true. We believe him to have been living, for three or four of the latter years of his life, under delusions of so strange a kind as—though it would be impossible to contend that the insanity was such as not to leave him a responsible agent—to deprive his testimony against others of any value whatever. He denied, and we believe with truth, that he had any design against the Queen's life. His own he thought in danger from the plots of some of the leading persons about the court; and to this fear he referred his attempt. His stepfather, Blount, who was executed a few days after Essex, describes himself as having dissuaded Essex from some wild plots a few years before, but denied all knowledge of the objects of the wild movement in which he yet participated. He was summoned, he said, by the Earl, to London, on matters connected with the Earl's property, the management of parts of which was in his hands. His request, that he should be executed by decapitation, was complied with, in recognition of the military rank he had borne, when he had served under Essex in Ireland.

Lettice Knollys survived her husband and her son for many a long year. She lived to witness much of the eventful life of her grandson, the third Earl of Essex, of the name of Devereux. In one of Rowland White's letters we find the marriage of that grandson mentioned. He married the last Lady Frances Howard, one of Lord Suffolk's daughters, to the great contentment of Lady Leicester. How little do men see the future! It was scarce possible that a marriage should have been celebrated under circumstances more auspicious than those which augured happiness to the boy of fourteen and the girl of thirteen, who then were giving themselves away. The festivities at court, where the marriage was held, were of unusual brilliancy. They are minutely described by Ben Jonson, who, in a most elaborate, yet most graceful drama, *The Masque of Hymen*, lavished his

richest poetry in announcing the blessings which all after ages were to derive from the union. Alas for human hopes and for prophecies of the poets! The young Earl went to finish his education abroad; the lady remained in the court, where her father was chamberlain. Her position was not without danger; and when the Earl returned, after a few years, to claim his wife, he found that her affections were fixed on Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester. The hope of escape from the conjugal yoke was suggested to the lady by her husband's being, soon after his arrival, attacked by a malignant small-pox. He recovered; and she tried the effect of sorcery—her magic failed. Then came an invocation of more potent fiends, the rulers of the ecclesiastical courts; and, in violation of every principle on which such cases are determined, and to the disgrace of every one connected with the matter, the marriage was pronounced null and void. The sentence of nullity was had on the 16th September; and on the 26th she was married to Carr. "She was married in her hair," as it was expressed, "that is, with her hair flowing in ringlets on her shoulders, the customary attire of a maiden bride."

The old countess lived to see her grandson, at the age of thirty-seven, again venture into the matrimonial noose, with scarcely a more prosperous event. But we cannot, at present, follow Mr. Craik through any further chapters of his romantic history. The old lady died on Christmas day, 1634. For the last forty-five years of her life she had lived at Drayton Basset.

"She and Blount seem to have taken up their residence here upon their marriage; and here she died forty-five years after. Drayton Basset, lying about a couple of miles to the south of Tamworth, had been in ancient times the domain of the Lords Basset, but had latterly fallen to the crown, by which a long lease of it had been granted in the reign of Henry the Eighth; this lease Leicester had acquired, and left, as appears by his will, to his wife; and Sir Christopher Blount is supposed to have afterward purchased the fee. The old manor-house which he and the Countess had inhabited, and in which she continued to reside throughout her third widowhood, was still standing toward the end of the last century. There is a view of it in Shaw's *Staffordshire* from a sketch taken in 1791. The mansion, Shaw remarks, was at this time 'a curious specimen of the occasional simplicity of our ancient nobility in their houses . . . . It was principally of wood and plaster, with a rude old hall, hung round with portraits, stags' heads, &c.; and quadrangular, with several side staircases, like an old college, and the rooms mostly small.' It

seems to have consisted only of a ground floor, with a low attic, and has the appearance of a farm-house or cottage rather than a manor-house. On the death of the Countess of Leicester, Drayton Basset descended to her grandson, the Earl of Essex; and on his death it was inherited by his elder sister, Frances, Marchioness of Hertford. She devised it to her grand-daughter, the Lady Frances Finch, wife of Sir Thomas Thynne, afterward created Viscount Weymouth; from him it descended to the first Marquis of Bath, by whom it was sold to Messrs. Peel and Wilkes, about 60 years ago; and the spot, so long the residence of the old Countess, is now the property and the well-known seat of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, baronet."

We have said little through this article of the delight which we have received from many parts of Mr. Craik's work. The style is, throughout, pure and unaffected—often rising into dignity, and always earnest and

eloquent when sympathy is awakened by anything generous in sentiment or act. The evidence for every statement in the volume is examined with the most scrupulous care. Indeed, Mr. Craik has impressed us with so strong a conviction of the entire good faith in which his investigations are conducted, and of his disregard of mere hearsay, that we shall feel more gratified if, in the future portions of the work, he gives us the results of his inquiries, without exhibiting his authorities in as great detail as he is in the habit of giving them. The work is one which will add greatly to the interest with which history—properly so called—is read, as rendering us personally acquainted with the actors in its principal scenes. Mr. Craik's book deserves the high praise of being most accurate, most instructive, most truthful.

A.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE HERMIT HEART.

Oh! there are sacred sorrows, and the hermit heart  
Divulgement disinclineth, yielding ne'er a sign;  
Lone communings it hath, nor findeth any part  
Of present strength or aid save in the light Divine.

The hermit heart still turneth much to God in prayer,  
Amid the world's vast desert sojourning alone;  
Yet solitary prisonment would breed despair,  
Were the vext soul forbid to seek the mercy throne.

The hermit heart deep converse holdeth from above,  
Its ains bewailing with repentant humble sighs,  
Yet confidently trusting in the pitying love,  
That comprehendeth largely our infirmities.

The garnered memories which we hold so dear,  
Chequered with sweet and bitter, sun and shade,  
No sympathetic mind regardeth mirror'd clear,  
For who to other hath each inmost thought display'd?

Then friends beloved be comforted, all sorrow  
Pour forth to Him who ever proves our truest friend;  
The lightest hearts are sure to find a cloudy morrow,  
But take no heed of clouds, so prayers may still ascend!

C. A. M. W.



From the Athenæum.

## A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

A. A. E. C., BORN JULY, 1848; DIED NOVEMBER, 1849.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of English blood—of Tuscan birth,  
What country should we give her?  
Instead of any on the earth,  
The civic heavens receive her.

And here among the English tombs,  
In Tuscan ground we lay her,  
While the blue Tuscan sky endomes  
Our English words of prayer.

A little child—how long she lived,  
By months, not years, is reckoned:  
Born one July—she survived  
Alone to see a second.

Bright featured as the July sun  
Her little face still played in—  
And splendors, with her birth begun,  
Had had no time for fading.

So, LILY—from those July hours—  
No wonder we should call her;  
She looked such kinship to the flowers—  
Was but a little taller.

A Tuscan lily—only white;  
As Dante, in abhorrence  
Of red corruption, wished, aright,  
The lilies of his Florence.

We could not wish her whiter:—her  
Who perfumed with pure blossom  
The house!—a lovely thing to wear  
Upon a mother's bosom!

This July creature thought perhaps  
Our speech not worth assuming;  
She sat upon her parents' laps,  
And mimicked the gnat's humming.

Said—"Father, Mother;"—then, left off—  
For tongues celestial, fitter!  
Her hair had grown just long enough  
To catch Heaven's jasper-glitter.

Babes!—Love could always hear and see  
Behind the cloud that hid them:—  
"Let little children come to me,  
And do not thou forbid them."

So, unforbidding, have we met,  
And gently here have laid her;  
Though Winter is no time to get  
The flowers that should o'erspread her.

We should bring pansies, quick with Spring,  
Rose, violet, daffodilly—  
And also, above everything,  
White lilies for our LILY.

Nay, more than flowers this grave exacts—  
Glad, grateful attestations  
Of her sweet eyes and pretty acts—  
With calm renunciations.

Her very mother, with light feet,  
Should leave the place too earthy,  
Saying—"The angels have thee, sweet,  
Because we are not worthy!"

But winter kills the orange-buds—  
The gardens in the frost are;  
And all the heart dissolves in floods,  
Remembering we have lost her.

Poor earth—poor heart!—too weak, too weak  
To miss the July shining;  
Poor heart!—what bitter words we speak—  
When God speaks of resigning!

Sustain that heart in us that faints,  
Thou God, the Self-Existent!

We catch up wild at parting saints,  
And feel thy Heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin,  
Has ruffled all our vesture:  
On the shut door that let them in  
We beat with frantic gesture.

To us—us also open straight!—  
The outer life is chilly.  
Are we, too, like the earth, to wait  
Till next year for our LILY?

O, my own baby on my knees,  
My leaping, dimpled treasure—  
At every word I write like these,  
Clasped close with stronger pressure!

Too well my own heart understands—  
At every word, beats fuller—  
My little feet, my little hands,  
And hair of LILY's color!

But God gives patience—Love learns strength:  
And Faith remembers promise—  
And Hope itself can smile at length  
On other hopes gone from us.

Love, strong as Death, can conquer Death,  
Through struggle made more glorious:  
This mother stills her sobbing breath,  
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms empty of her child she lifts—  
With spirit unbereaven:  
"God will not all take back his gifts,  
My LILY's mine in Heaven.

"Still mine—maternal rights serene  
Not given to another!"  
The crystal bars shine faint between  
The souls of child and mother.

"Meanwhile," the mother cries, "content!"  
Our love was well divided:  
Its sweetness following where she went,  
Its anguish stayed where I did.

"Well done of God, to halve the lot,  
And give her all the sweetness!  
To us—the empty room and cot;  
To her—the Heaven's completeness.

"To us—the grave; to her—the rows,  
The mystic palm-trees spring in;  
To us the silence in the house;  
To her—the choral singing!

"For her—to gladden in God's view;  
For us—to hope and bear on:  
Grow, LILY, in thy garden new,  
Beside the Rose of Sharon!

"Grow fast in Heaven, sweet LILY clipped,  
In love more calm than this is:  
And may the angels dewy lipped  
Remind thee of our kisses!

"While none shall tell thee of our tears—  
These human tears now falling;  
Till, after a few patient years,  
One Home shall take us all in:

"Child, father, mother—who, left out?  
Not mother, and not father!—  
And when, their dying couch about  
The natural mists shall gather,

"Some smiling angel close shall stand,  
In old Correggio's fashion,  
Bearing a LILY in his hand  
For Death's ANNUNCIATION."

From the North British Review.

## HUMBOLDT'S ASPECTS OF NATURE IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

*Aspects of Nature, in Different Lands and Different Climates, with Scientific Elucidations.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated by MRS. SABINE. In 2 vols. 12mo. Pp. 650.\*

WHEN we contemplate the natural world in our own fatherland, as seen from different stations on its surface, and at different seasons of the revolving year, it presents to us but a single aspect, however diversified by its forms, and however varied its phenomena. Like the race which occupies it, the scenery within each horizon has its family likeness, and the landscape from each spot its individual features, while the general picture of hill and dale, and heath and forest, have their similitude in the character and costume of the people. During the daily and annual revolutions of our globe, the sun sheds his varying lights and hues over the more permanent and solid forms of nature, and carries in his train those disturbing elements which give an interest to each passing hour, and invest the seasons with all the variety which characterizes them. The external world may thus lose for a while its normal aspect—what is fixed may for an instant be displaced, and what is stable subverted; but amid all the new and returning conditions of the year, whether the god of day gives or withdraws his light—whether the firmament smiles in azure or frowns in gloom—whether the lightning plays in its summer gleams, or rages in its fiery course—whether vegetation dazzles with its youthful green, or charms with its tint of age, or droops under the hoary covering of winter—under all these expressive phases of its life, nature presents to us but one aspect characteristic of the latitude under which we live, and the climate to which we belong.

The inhabitant of so limited a domain, even if he has surveyed it in all its relations, has no adequate idea of the new and striking aspects in which nature shows herself in other lands, and under other climates. Even

in the regions of civilization, where her forms have, to a certain extent, been modified by art, and her creations placed in contrast with those of man, she still wears a new aspect, often startling by its novelty, and overpowering by its grandeur. To the fur-clad dweller among ice and snow, the aspects of nature in the temperate and torrid zones must be signally pleasing. The rich and luxurious productions of a genial and fervid climate, and the gay coloring of its spring and its autumn, must form a striking contrast with the scanty supplies of a frozen soil, and the sober tints of a stunted vegetation; and the serf or the savage who has prostrated himself before a petty tyrant, in his hall of wood or of clay; or the worshiper who has knelt on the sea-shore, or offered incense in the cavern or in the bush, must stand appalled before the magnificent temples of Christian or of Pagan opulence, and amidst the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of civilization. Nor is the aspect of the arctic zone less curious and interesting to the southern eye. On her regions of eternal snow, which the summer sun is unable even to thaw, the tracts of commerce and the footprints of travel are unseen. The shadow of man and of beast alone variegates the winding-sheet of vegetable life; mountains of fire, and plains of sulphur, stand in curious juxtaposition to precipices of ice and accumulations of snow, and from the glacier margin of the ocean are detached the gigantic icebergs, which, drifting to the southern seas, and raising only their heads above the waves, often threaten the tempest-driven mariner with destruction. To these singular aspects of arctic nature we may add one still more singular—the one long day of light, and the one long night of darkness, which alternately cheer and depress its short-lived and apparently miserable population.

\* [The authorship of this erudite and instructive article may be safely assigned to Sir DAVID BREWSTER.—ED.]



The inhabitants, both of the old and new world, who occupy populous cultivated plains, are no less startled with nature's aspect, when they enter the lofty regions of the Himalaya and the Andes, or cast their eye over the trackless deserts of Africa, or the elevated plateaus of Central Asia and America, or the Patagonian desert of shingle, or the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, or the endless forests of the Amazons. The phases of the material world are there altogether new. Even the European, whose horizon is a circle, and the shepherd of the Landes, who is elevated on stilts in order to watch his flocks, would stand aghast in the boundless desert of Sahara, which no foliage colors, and no moisture bedews; and the crystal or the chamois hunter of the Alps, who has paced the flanks of Mont Blanc, or the peasant who slumbers at its base, would view with mute admiration the peaks of Dwalaghiri or Pinchincha; while the naturalist, who had been amused with the eruptions of Vesuvius and of *Ætna*, would stand unnerved beside the outbursts of Catopaxi or Hirouæa.

Nor are these striking aspects of nature confined to the structure of the inorganic world; they are displayed to us with no inferior interest in the diversified phenomena of animal and of vegetable existence. Although organic life is universally distributed throughout the earth, the ocean, and the air, yet under different latitudes it exhibits very opposite aspects. The vital functions are nearly suspended in the gelid regions of the poles, where man is almost driven into hybernation like the brutes; while in the zones of the tropics we recognize the high pulse and the florid plethora of a rank and luxuriant existence. Within the vessels that heat has expanded, the sap of life flows with a more genial current, and the noble forms of mammiferous life bound with a light and elastic step over the thick carpet of flowers which nature annually weaves under a tropical sun and a cloudless sky.

But it is not merely on the surface of the earth, and within the aqueous and aerial oceans which cover it, that nature displays her most interesting phases. Everything that we see around us—the soil and its productions—the jungle and its denizens—the ocean and its life, are all of modern origin. Man himself, as the representative of his race, is but an upstart in the chronicle of time. The primæval antiquities of our planet, and the records of its ancient life, lie buried in the crypts beneath us. Its history

is engraven on walls of stone, in characters which long baffled his ingenuity; but the geologist and the naturalist have at last deciphered them. He whose power is infinite could have called the earth into being in the very instant which preceded the creation of man; but that power has been exercised through other agencies, and in conformity with material laws; and long cycles of years have thus been required to prepare the earth for the reception of beings intellectual and immortal. To read that history, to study these antiquities, and to contemplate with wonder and awe the subterranean aspects of nature, is a privilege which none who understand it will renounce, and a duty which none who enter upon it will decline.

The aspects of nature around us, and above us, and beneath us, while they are a never-ending source of instruction and enjoyment, cannot fail to prepare the mind for nobler studies, and for higher destinies.

There is, doubtless, no living philosopher who could conduct us, with the same safety and interest as Baron Humboldt,\* over these wonderful fields of the material world. With his own eye he has seen the grand phenomena which he records. He has trodden the deserts and the Llanos of the far west; he has climbed its volcanic cones, and breathed the vapors which they exhale; he has swept over its cataracts, and threaded its forests; and with the profound knowledge of a naturalist and a philosopher, he has described what he saw with all the precision of truth, and with all the eloquence of poetry.

In the work which we have placed at the head of this article, its author "has sought to indicate the unfailing influence of external nature on the feelings, the moral dispositions, and the destinies of man," and viewing the "soothing influence of the contemplation of nature, as peculiarly precious to those who are oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life," he dedicates his work more especially to them, and invites them, while "escaping from the stormy waves of life," "to follow him in spirit to the recesses of the primæval forests, over the boundless surface of the steppe, and to the higher ridges of the Andes." Enjoying, "in his eightieth year, the satisfaction of completing a third edition of his work, and remoulding

\* See our reviews of his *Kosmos*, in No. vii., and of his *Researches in Central Asia*, in No. xi. of this work.

it entirely afresh, to meet the requirements of the present time," he "hopes that these volumes may tend to inspire and cherish a love for the study of nature, by bringing together, in a small space, the results of careful observation, on the most varied subjects, by showing the importance of exact numerical data, and the use to be made of them by well-considered arrangement and comparison, and by opposing the dogmatic half-knowledge and arrogant scepticism, which have long too much prevailed in what are called the higher circles of society."\*

In the *first* volume of his work, Baron Humboldt treats of the *steppes and deserts* of the earth—of the *cataracts of the Orinoco*, and of the *nocturnal life in animals in the primæval forests*; and in the *second*, he discusses the *physiognomy of plants*, describes the *structure and mode of action of volcanoes in different parts of the globe*, treats of the *vital force*, and concludes with a description of the *plateau of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and the first view of the Pacific Ocean from the crest of the Andes*. These different treatises, as we may call them, are concise and popular, for the perusal of the general reader, and are followed by copious annotations and additions, for the use of those who wish to investigate more profoundly and extensively the subjects to which they relate.

The widely extended, and apparently interminable plains, which have received the name of steppes, deserts, Llanos, pampas, prairies, and barrens, present themselves to the traveler under all the zones into which our globe has been divided; but in each they have a peculiar physiognomy, depending on diversity of soil, of climate, and of elevation above the sea. The heaths in the north of Europe, with their purple blossoms, rich in honey, extending from the point of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, are regarded by our author as true steppes, though their extent is small, when compared with the Llanos or pampas of South America, or the prairies of the Missouri, or the barrens of the Coppermine river, on which the shaggy buffalo and the musk ox range in countless herds.†

The desert plains in the interior of Africa are parts of a sea of sand, separating fertile regions, or enclosing them like islands. On

these desolate plains neither dew nor rain descends; and except in the Oases, to which malefactors were sent in the later times of the Cæsars, vegetable life is wholly extinct. Herds of antelopes, and swift-footed ostriches, roam through these vast regions; and though the verdant shores of the watered Oases are frequented by nomadic tribes, the African desert must be regarded as uninhabitable by man. Bordering nations cross it periodically, by routes which have been unchanged for thousands of years, and by the aid of the camel, *the ship of the desert*, the adventurous merchant is enabled to cross it from Tafilet to Timbuctoo, and from Moor-zouk to Bornou. The extent of these vast plains, lying partly within, and partly in the vicinity, of the tropics, is three times as great as that of the Mediterranean Sea.

The most extensive, if not the loftiest steppes, on the surface of the globe, occur in the temperate zone, on the plateau of Central Asia, which lies between the gold mountains of the Altai and the Kuenlun. They extend from the Chinese wall to beyond the celestial mountains, and toward the sea of Aral, through a length of many thousand miles. About thirty years after his journey to South America, our author visited an extent of 2800 miles of these Asiatic steppes. Sometimes hilly, and sometimes interrupted by dispersed groups of pine forests, they exhibit a far more varied vegetation than those of the new world. The finest parts of these plains, inhabited by pastoral tribes, are adorned with flowering herbaceous plants of great height; and while the traveler is driving in his Tartar carriage over their pathless surface, the thickly crowded plants bend before the wheels, and such is their height, that he is obliged to rise up and look around him, to see the direction in which to move. "Some of the Asiatic steppes are grassy plains; others are covered with succulent evergreen articulated soda plants; and many glisten from a distance with flakes of exuded salt, which cover the clayey soil, not unlike in appearance to fresh fallen snow."

Dividing the very ancient civilization of Thibet and Hindostan from the rude nations of Northern Asia, these Mongolian and Tartarian steppes have, in various ways, exercised an important influence on the changeful destinies of man. "Compressing the population toward the South, they have tended, more than the Himalaya, or the snowy mountains of Sirinagur and Ghorka, to impede the intercourse of nations, and to place permanent limits to the extension of milder manners, and

\* This observation is entirely inapplicable to the "higher circles of society" in England.

† The Indians sometimes kill from 600 to 700 buffaloes in a few days, by driving the wild herds into artificial enclosures.



of artistic and intellectual cultivation in Northern Asia."

"But in the history of the past," says our author, "it is not alone as an opposing barrier that we must regard the plains of Central Asia. More than once they have proved the source from which devastation has spread over distant lands. The pastoral nations of these steppes—Moguls, Getæ, Alani, and Usuni—have shaken the world. As in the course of past ages, early intellectual culture has come, like the cheering light of the sun, from the East, so at a later period, from the same direction, barbaric rudeness has threatened to overspread and involve Europe in darkness. A brown pastoral race, of Tukiush or Turkish descent—the Hiongnu, dwelling in tents of skins, inhabited the elevated steppes of Gobi. Long terrible to the Chinese power, a part of this tribe was driven back into Central Asia. The shock or impulse thus given passed from nation to nation, until it reached the ancient land of the Finns, near the Ural mountains. From thence Huns, Avari, Ghazares, and various admixtures of Asiatic races, broke forth. Armies of Huns appeared successively on the Volga, in Pannonia, on the Marne, and on the Po, desolating those fair and fertile fields, which, since the time of Antenor, civilized man had adorned with successive monuments. Thus went forth from Mongolian deserts a deadly blast, which withered, on Cisalpine ground, the tender, long-cherished flower of art!"—Vol. i. p. 6.

The great steppe of South America displays itself to the traveler's eye when he looks southward, on quitting the mountain valleys of Caraccas. It occupies a space of 256,000 English square miles, stretching from the coast chain of the Caraccas to the forests of Guiana, and from the snowy mountains of Merida to the great Delta at the mouth of the Orinoco. To the south-west a branch is prolonged to the unvisited sources of the Guaviare, and the lonely mountains to which the excited fancy of the Spanish soldiery gave the name of Paramo de la Suma Paz—the seat of perfect peace. The Pampas of Buenos Ayres are of such extent, "that while their northern margin is bordered by palm trees, their southern extremity is almost continually covered with ice. In these grassy plains, troops of dogs, descended from those introduced by the colonists, have become completely wild. They live socially, inhabiting subterranean hollows, in which they hide their young, and often attacking man with a blood-thirsty rage. When the society becomes too numerous, some families migrate and form new colonies."

The absence of human inhabitants from the South American steppes has given free scope for the development of the most varied forms

of animal life; "a development limited only by their mutual pressure, and similar to that of vegetable life in the forests of the Orinoco, where the Hymenæa and the gigantic laurel are never exposed to the destructive hand of man, but only to the pressure of the luxuriant climbers which twine around their massive trunks. Agoutis, small spotted antelopes, cuirassed armadilloes, which, like rats, startle the hare in its subterranean holes, herds of lazy chiguires, beautifully striped viverræ, which poison the air with their odor, the large maneless lion, spotted jaguars (often called tigers), strong enough to drag away a young bull after killing him;—these, and many other forms of animal life, wander through the treeless plains."

"Thus, almost exclusively inhabited by these wild animals, the steppe would offer little attraction or means of subsistence to those nomadic native hordes, who, like the Asiatics of Hindostan, prefer vegetable nutriment, if it were not for the occasional presence of single individuals of the fan palm, the mauritia. The benefits of this life-supporting tree are widely celebrated; it alone, from the mouth of the Orinoco to north of the Sierra de Imataca, feeds the unsubdued natives of the Guaranis. When this people were more numerous, and lived in closer contiguity, not only did they support their huts on the cut trunks of palm trees, as pillars, on which rested a scaffolding forming the floor, but they also, it is said, twined from the leaf-stalks of the mauritia cords and mats, which, skillfully interwoven and suspended from stem to stem, enabled them in the rainy season, when the Delta is overflowed, to live in the trees like the apes. The floor of these raised cottages is partly covered with a coating of damp clay, on which the women make fires for household purposes, the flames appearing at night to be suspended high in air. The Guaranis still owe the preservation of their physical, and perhaps also their moral independence, to the half-submerged marshy soil, over which they move with a light and rapid step, and to their elevated dwellings in the trees—a habitation never likely to be chosen from motives of religious enthusiasm by an American Stylites. But the mauritia affords to the Guaranis not merely a secure dwelling-place, but also various kinds of food. Before the flower of the rich palm tree breaks through its tender sheath, and only at that period of vegetable metamorphosis, the pith of the stem of the tree contains a meal resembling sago, which, like the farina of the jatropho root, is dried in thin bread-like slices. The fermented juice of the tree forms the sweet, intoxicating palm wine of the Guaranis. The scaly fruits, which resemble in their appearance reddish fir cones, afford, like the plaintain and almost all tropical fruits, a different kind of nutriment according as they are eaten, after their saccharine substance is fully developed, or in their earlier or more farinaceous state. Thus, in the lowest stage of man's intellectual

development, we find the existence of an entire people bound up with that of a single tree, like the insect which lives exclusively on a single part of a particular flower."—Vol. i. pp. 15–17.

Since the discovery of America, the Llanos have become habitable, and towns have been built here and there on the banks of the streams which water them. Huts formed of reeds bound by thongs, and covered with skins, have been placed at the distance of a day's journey from each other; and innumerable herds of oxen, horses, and mules, estimated at a million and a half thirty-five years ago, roam over the plains, exposed to numberless dangers. Under a vertical and never-clouded sun, the carbonized turf cracks and pulverizes; and when the dust and sand are raised by opposing winds in the electrically charged centre of the revolving current, they have the form of inverted cones, like the waterspouts of the ocean.

"The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-colored light on the desolate plain. The horizon draws suddenly nearer; the Steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot, dusty particles which fill the air, increase its suffocating heat; and the east wind blowing over the long-heated soil, brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow. The pools, which the yellow fading branches of the fan palm had protected from evaporation, now gradually disappear. As in the icy north, the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching droughts, the crocodile and the boa become motionless, and fall asleep deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails; and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveler is everywhere pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror. . . . Half concealed by the dark clouds of dust, restless with the pain of thirst and hunger, the horses and cattle roam around, the cattle lowing dismally, and the horses stretching out their long necks and snuffing the wind, if haply a moister current may betray the neighborhood of a not wholly dried-up pool. More sagacious and cunning, the mule seeks a different mode of alleviating his thirst. The ribbed and spherical melon-cactus conceals under its prickly envelope a watery pith. The mule first strikes the prickles aside with his fore feet, and then ventures warily to approach his lips to the plant, and drink the cool juice. But resort to this vegetable fountain is not always without danger, and one sees many animals that have been lamed by the prickles of the cactus. When the heat of the burning day is followed by the coolness of the night, even then the horses and cattle cannot enjoy repose. Enormous bats suck their blood like vampires during their sleep, or attach themselves to their backs, causing festering wounds, in which

mosquitoes, hippoboscuses, and a host of stinging insects, niche themselves."—Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

When the rainy season arrives, the aspect of the Llano is entirely changed. Sweet odors are exhaled from its previously barren surface. Grasses in great variety spring up around; the mimosas unfold their drooping leaves, and the water plants open their blossoms to the sun. Mud volcanoes burst out from the moistened clay, and a gigantic water-snake or crocodile often issues from the spot. In describing the phenomena of the rainy season, our author has introduced some very brief notices of the attacks made upon brood mares and their foals in the swollen streams, and of the battles which take place between the electrical eels and the wild horses; but as we have already given a full account of these and other interesting phenomena in a review of his *Kosmos*, we must refer our readers to that article. Cruel though they be, we read with pleasure the details of battles, when Nature has supplied the combatants with the weapons of destruction, and with the ferocious instinct to use them; but we turn with pain from those scenes of blood, in which man is the hero and the victim.

"As in the Steppes tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others apparently weaponless, and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margins of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow-men increased toil and danger. The traveler wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man. He, therefore, who amid the unreconciled discord of nations seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activity of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of Nature, or obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upward in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs which are ever pursuing in undisturbed harmony their ancient and unchanging course."—Pp. 25, 26.

In his section on the Cataracts of Orinoco, Baron Humboldt proposes to describe "in



particular two scenes of nature in the wilderness of Guiana,—the celebrated cataracts of the Orinoco, the Atures and Maypures," which few Europeans had seen previous to his visit. At the mouth of the Orinoco, where its milk-white waters bedim the bright blue of the Atlantic, its width is less than that of the River Plate or the Amazons. Its length is only 1120 geographical miles; but at the distance of 560 miles from its mouth, its breadth, when full, is 17,265 English feet, or nearly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles; and the height to which it here rises above its lowest level is from 30 to 36 feet. After pursuing a westerly and then a northerly course, it runs again to the east, so that its mouth is nearly in the same meridian as its source! Near the mouths of the Sodomoni and the Guapo stands the grand and picturesque mountain of Duida, and among the cocoa groves to the east of it are found trees of the *Bertholletia excelsa*, the most vigorous and gigantic of the productions of the tropical world. From this region the Indians obtain the materials for the long blow-pipes out of which they discharge their arrows. The plant, from which they obtain tubes above 18 feet long, from knot to knot, is a grass, a species of the *arundinaria*, which grows to the height of 30 or 40 feet, though its thickness is scarcely half an inch in diameter.

Between the third and fourth degrees of latitude Humboldt observed in the Atabapo, the Temi, the Tuamini, and the Guainia, the "enigmatical phenomenon of the so-called *black-water*." The color of these rivers is a coffee-brown, which, in the shade of the palm groves, passes into *ink-black*, though in transparent vessels the water has a golden yellow color. This black color of the water is ascribed by our author to its holding in solution carburetted hydrogen, "to the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and to the quantity of plants and herbs upon the ground over which the rivers flow." The *ink-blackness* mentioned by Humboldt, arises, as he states, from the groves of palm when reflected from the aqueous surface, a phenomenon which we have frequently seen even under a more remarkable aspect in the lakes which exist in the Grampian range near the banks of the Spey. When these lakes, seen from above, reflect from their unruffled surface only the purple flanks of the hills covered with heath or with pine, the light which reaches the eye is exceedingly faint, and almost inappreciable, not only from the darkness of its tint, but from the smallness of its angle of incidence upon the reflecting surface. Under these

circumstances, the lake literally is as black as *ink*; but if the slightest breeze forms a ripple on a portion of its surface, the inclined faces of the tiny waves reflect the light of the sky or of the clouds, and the portion of the lake thus disturbed has the appearance of *milk*, so that the sheet of water seems to be formed of ink and of milk in immiscible proximity. The slight coffee-brown color of some of our own streams is obviously occasioned by the peaty soil over which they flow.

The phenomenon exhibited on the banks of this remarkable river (the Orinoco) cannot fail to command the admiration of the traveler. Near the mouth of the Guaviare and Atabapo grows the noblest of the palms, "the Piriguao," whose smooth and polished trunk, about 65 feet high, is adorned with the most delicate flag-like foliage, and bears large and beautiful fruit like peaches, which, when prepared in a variety of ways, affords a nutritious and farinaceous food to the natives. At the junction of the Meta, there rises from the middle of a mighty whirlpool an isolated cliff, called the *Rock of Patience*, as voyagers sometimes require two days to pass it; and opposite the Indian mission of Carichano, the eye of the traveler is riveted on an abrupt rock, El Mogote de Cocuyza, a cube with vertically precipitous sides, above 200 feet high, and carrying on its surface forests of trees of rich and varied foliage. Like a Cyclopean monument in its simple grandeur, this central mass rises high above the tops of the surrounding palms, marking the deep azure of the sky, with its sharp and rugged outlines, and uplifting "its summit high in air, a forest above the forest." In the lower parts of the river near the sea, great natural rafts, consisting of trees torn from the banks by the swelling of the river, are encountered by the boatmen, whose canoes are often wrecked by striking against them in the dark. These rafts, which are covered like meadows with flowering water plants, remind the traveler of the floating gardens of the Mexican lakes.

As the Orinoco imparts a black color to the reddish white granite which it has washed for a thousand years, the existence of similar black hollows at heights of nearly 200 feet above the present bed of the river, indicates the fact, "that the streams whose magnitude now excites our astonishment, are only the feeble remains of the immense masses of water that belonged to an earlier age of the world." The very natives of Guiana called the attention of our author to the traces

of the former height of the waters. On a grassy plain, near Uruana, stands an isolated granite rock, upon which are engraven, at a height of more than 80 feet, figures of the Sun and Moon, and of many animals, particularly crocodiles and boas, arranged almost in rows or lines. The natives believe that these figures were carved when their fathers' boats were only a little lower than the drawings.

The cataracts, or Raudal of Maypures, are not, like the falls of Niagara, formed by the descent of a mass of water through a great height, nor are they narrow gorges through which the river rushes with accelerated velocity. They consist of a countless number of little cascades, succeeding each other like steps, sometimes extending across the entire bed of the river, and sometimes, in a river 8500 feet wide, leaving only an open channel of twenty feet. When the steps are but two or three feet high, the natives can descend the falls remaining in the canoe. When the steps are high, and stretch across the stream, the boat is landed and dragged along the bank by branches of trees placed under it as rollers.

In descending from the village of Maypures to the Rock of Manimi in the bed of the river, a wonderful prospect opens to the traveler's view :—

"A foaming surface, four miles in length, presents itself at once to the eye. Iron-black masses of rocks, resembling ruins and battlemented towers, rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summit of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapor. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations, a magic optical effect begins. Colored bows shine, vanish, and reappear; and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sportive breeze. During the long rainy season the streaming waters bring down islands of vegetable mould, and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower-beds, adorned with melastomas and droseras, and with small silver-leaved mimosas and ferns. These spots recall to the recollection of the European those blocks of granite decked with flowers which rise solitary amid the glaciers of Savoy, and are called by the dwellers in the Alps 'jardins' or 'coursils.' In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain chain of Cunavami, a long extended ridge, which terminates abruptly in a truncated cone. We saw the latter glowing at sunset as if in roseate flames. This appearance returns daily. No one has ever been near the mountain to detect the precise cause of this brightness, which may perhaps proceed from a reflecting surface produced by the decomposition of talc or mica slate."—Vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

The Raudal of Atures is, like that of Maypures, a cluster of islands, between which the river forces its way for ten or twelve thousand yards, a forest of palms rising from the middle of its foaming waters. Near the southern entrance of this cataract, and on the right bank of the river, stands the celebrated *Cave of Atarupe*. It consists of a cavity or vaulted roof, formed by "a far overhanging cliff," and is the vault or cemetery of an extinct nation :—

"We counted," says our author, "about 600 well-preserved skeletons, placed in as many baskets, woven from the stalks of palm leaves. These baskets, which the Indians call *mapires*, are shaped like square sacks, differing in size according to the age of the deceased. Even new-born children had each its own *mapire*. The skeletons are so perfect, that not a bone or a joint is wanting. The bones had been prepared in three different ways; some bleached, some colored red with onoto, the pigment of the *bixa orellana*, and some like mummies, closely enveloped in sweet-smelling resin and plantain leaves. The Indians assured us that the custom had been to bury the fresh corpses for some months in damp earth, which gradually consumed the flesh; they were then dug up, and any remaining flesh scraped away with sharp stones. This the Indians said was still the practice of several tribes in Guiana. Besides the *mapires* or baskets we found urns of half-burnt clay, which appeared to contain the bones of entire families. The larger of these urns were about three feet high, and nearly six feet long, of a pleasing oval form, and greenish color, having handles shaped like snakes and crocodiles, and meandering or labyrinthine ornaments round the upper margin. These ornaments are quite similar to those which cover the walls of the Mexican palace at Mitla. They are found in all countries and climates, and in the most different stages of human cultivation—among the Greeks and Romans, as well as on the shields of some of the natives at Tahiti and other islands of the South Sea—wherever the eye is gratified by the rhythmical recurrence of regular forms. . . . Our interpreters could give us no certain information as to the age of these vessels; that of the skeletons appeared for the most part not to exceed a century. It is reported among the Guareca Indians, that the brave Atures being pressed upon by the cannibal Caribs, withdrew to the rocks of the cataracts—a melancholy refuge and dwelling-place, in which the distressed tribe finally perished, and with them their language. In the most inaccessible parts of the Raudal there are cavities and recesses which have served, like the Cave of Atarupe, as burying-places. It is even probable that the last family of the Atures may not have been long deceased; for (a singular fact) there is still in Maypures an old parrot, of whom the natives affirm that he is not understood because he speaks the Ature language."—Vol. i. pp. 229, 230.



Leaving this interesting cave at nightfall, and carrying along with him several skulls, and an entire skeleton, our author could not avoid tracing a melancholy contrast between the extinct race, whose mouldering relics he bore, with the ever new life which springs from the bosom of the earth:—

"Countless insects poured their red phosphoric light on the herb-covered ground, which glowed with living fire, as if the starry canopy of heaven had sunk down upon the turf. Climbing bignonia, fragrant vanillas, and yellow flowering banisterias adorned the entrance of the cave, and the summits of the palms rustled above the graves. Thus perish the generations of men! Thus do the name and the traces of nations fade and disappear! Yet when one blossom of man's intellect withers—when in the storms of time the memorials of his art moulder and decay—an ever new life springs forth from the bosom of the earth; maternal nature unfolds unceasingly her germs, her flowers, and her fruits; regardless though man, with his passions and his crimes, treads under foot her ripening harvests."—Vol. i. p. 231.

The third aspect of nature to which Baron Humboldt directs our attention is the *Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primæval Forest*. The wooded region which lies between 8° of north and 19° of south latitude is one connected forest, having an area twelve times greater than that of Germany. This vast surface is watered by systems of rivers, whose tributaries sometimes exceed in the abundance of their waters the Rhine or the Danube; and it is to the combination of great moisture with a tropical heat that these forests owe the luxuriant growth of their trees. So rank, indeed, is their vegetation, that particular parts of the forest are impenetrable; and the large American tigers, or panther-like jaguars, often lose themselves in their dense and impenetrable recesses. Being thus unable to hunt on the ground, they actually live on the trees, and become the terror of the families of monkeys, and of the prehensile-tailed viverræ.

On the sandy bank of the Rio Apure, closely bordering upon the impenetrable forest, our author and his party bivouacked, as usual, under the open sky, surrounded by fires to keep off prowling jaguars. Their hammocks were suspended on the oars of their boat, driven vertically into the ground, and the deep stillness which prevailed was broken only from time to time by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins. Soon af-

ter eleven o'clock, however, such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest that sleep became impossible during the rest of the night.

"The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognize those which, after short pauses in the general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling of the alouates, (the howling monkeys,) the plaintive, soft, and almost flute-like tones of the small sapajous, the snarling grumbings of the striped nocturnal monkey, (the *nictipithicus trivirgatus*, which I was the first to describe,) the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the *cuguar*, or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, parraquas, and other pheasant-like birds. When the tigers came near the edge of the forest, our dog, which had before barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was then always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit. If we ask the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance takes place on particular nights, they answer with a smile, that 'the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon.' To me it appeared that the scene had originated in some accidental combat, that the disturbance had spread to other animals, and that the noise was thus more and more increased. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these pressing against each other in their flight, break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of the trees, frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; the tribes of birds who build their nests in communities are aroused, and thus the whole animal world is thrown into a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is not always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which breaks the repose of the woods. We witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when the flashing lightning, accompanied with loud peals of thunder, illuminated the deep recesses of the forest."—Vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

Scenes like these form a striking contrast with the death-like stillness which prevails within the tropics "during the noontide hours of a day of more than usual heat." At the remarkable "Narrows" of Baraguan, where the Orinoco forces itself through a pass 5690 feet wide, our author had occasion to spend a day, when the thermometer in the shade was so high as 122° of

Fahrenheit. There was not a breath of air to stir the fine dust-like sand, and under the influence of the mirage the outlines of every distant object had wave-like undulations.

"The sun was in the zenith, and the flood of light which he poured down upon the river, and which flashed sparkling back, owing to a slight rippling movement of the waters, rendered still more sensible the red haze which veiled the distance. All the naked rocks and boulders around were covered with a countless number of large thick-scaled iguanas, gecko-lizards, and variously spotted salamanders. Motionless, with uplifted heads and open mouths, they appeared to inhale the burning air with ecstasy. At such times the larger animals seek shelter in the recesses of the forest, and the birds hide themselves under the thick foliage of the trees, or in the clefts of the rocks; but if under this apparent entire stillness of nature we listen for the faintest tones which an attentive ear can seize, we shall perceive an all-pervading rustling sound, a humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground and in the lower strata of the atmosphere. Everything announces a world of organic activity and life. In every bush—in the cracked bark of the trees—in the earth, undermined by hymenopterous insects, life stirs audibly. It is, as it were, one of the many voices of nature, heard only by the sensitive and reverent ear of her true votaries."—Vol. i. p. 272.

The second volume of the "Aspects of Nature" commences with an instructive section "On the Physiognomy of Plants," which our author prefaces with some highly interesting observations on the universal profusion with which life is everywhere distributed. The information which is here conveyed to us has a high value at all times, but a very peculiar one at present, when a great degree of probability attaches to the opinion that organic atoms floating in our atmosphere are the cause of that dreadful pestilence which is now ravaging our land. In the dense and lower strata of our atmosphere we are accustomed to observe the general prevalence of life, and travelers inform us that even on the Polar ice the air is resonant with the cries and songs of birds and with the hum of insect life. In the upper and more ethereal regions, 18,000 feet above the sea, Humboldt and Bonpland found butterflies and other winged insects, which were involuntarily carried upward by ascending currents of air; and the same creatures are carried by storms from the land to great distances at sea. M. Boussingault, when ascending the Silla of Caraccas, saw whitish shining bodies rise from the val-

ley to the summit of the Silla, 5755 feet high, and then sink down to the neighboring sea-coast. This phenomenon continued for an hour, and the white bodies, though considered at first to have been small birds, turned out to be agglomerations of straws or blades of grass, belonging to the genus *vilfa tenacissima*, which abounds in the Caraccas and Cumana. Creatures still more wonderful are detected in the atmosphere by the aid of the microscope—minute animalculæ, (the *rotifera* and *Brachionæ*.) motionless and apparently dead, lifted up by the winds in multitudes from the surface of evaporating waters, and carried about by atmospheric currents till the descending dews restore them to the earth, "dissolving the film or envelope which incloses their transparent rotating bodies, and probably by means of the oxygen which all water contains, breathing new irritability into their dormant organs."\*

The celebrated Prussian naturalist, M. Ehrenberg, has discovered, by microscopic observations, that the dust or yellow sand which falls like rain on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, and is sometimes transported to Italy, and even the middle of Europe, consists of a multitude of silicious shelled microscopic animals. "Perhaps," says Humboldt, "many of them float for years in the upper strata of the atmosphere, until they are brought down by vertical currents, or in accompaniment with the superior current of the trade-winds, still susceptible of revivification, and multiplying their species by spontaneous division, in conformity with the particular laws of their organization."

"But besides creatures fully formed," continues Humboldt, "the atmosphere contains innumerable germs of future life, such as the eggs of insects and the seeds of plants; the latter provided with light hairy and feathery appendages, by means of which they are wafted through the air during long autumnal wanderings. Even the fertilizing dust or pollen from the anthers of the

\* By means of a drop of water Fontana revived a rotifera which had been two years dried and motionless. Baker resuscitated paste eels which Needham had given him in 1744. Doyere has recently shown by experiment that rotifera come to life, or pass from a motionless state to a state of motion, after having been exposed to temperatures of from 11° to 113° of Fahr. Payen has shown that the sporules of a minute fungus, (*oidium aurantiacum*.) which deposits a ruddy feathery coating on a crumb of bread, are not deprived of their power of germination by an exposure of half an hour to a temperature of from 183° to 207° of Fahr., before being strewed on fresh and perfectly unspoiled dough.



male flowers, in spaces in which the sexes are separated, is carried over land and sea by winds and by the agency of winged insects to the solitary female plant on other shores. Thus, wherever the glance of the inquirer into nature penetrates, he sees the continual dissemination of life either fully formed or in the germ. . . . We do not yet know where life is most abundant,—whether on continents or in the unfathomed depths of the ocean. Through the excellent work of Ehrenberg, we have seen the sphere of organic life extend, and its horizon widen before our eyes, both in the tropical parts of the ocean, and in the fixed or floating masses of ice of the Antarctic seas. Silicious shelled polygastrica, and even *coscinodiscæ* with their green ovaries, have been found alive enveloped in masses of ice only twelve degrees from the Pole; the small black glacier flea and *Podurellæ* inhabit the narrow tubular holes examined by Agassiz, in the Swiss glaciers. Ehrenberg has shown that on several microscopic infusoria others live as parasites; and that in the *Gallionellæ*, such is their prodigious power of development, or capability of division, that in the space of four days an animalcule invisible to the naked eye, can form two cubic feet of the *Bilin* polishing slate! In the sea, gelatinous worms, living or dead, shine like stars, and by their phosphoric light change the surface of the wide ocean into a sea of fire. Ineffaceable is the impression made on my mind by the calm nights of the torrid zone on the waters of the Pacific. I still see the dark azure of the firmament, the constellation of the ship near the zenith, and that of the cross declining toward the horizon, shedding through the perfumed air their soft and planetary lustre; while bright furrows of flashing light marked the track of the dolphins through the midst of the foaming waves. Not only the ocean, but also the waters of our marshes, hide from us an innumerable multitude of strange forms. The naked eye can with difficulty distinguish the *Cyclidias*, the *Euglenes*, and the host of *Naiads*, divisible by branches like the *Lemna* or Duckweed, of which they seek the shade. Other creatures inhabit receptacles where the light cannot penetrate, and an atmosphere variously composed, but differing from that which we breathe: such are the spotted *ascaris* which lives beneath the skin of the earth-worm, the *Leucoptera*, of a bright silvery color, in the interior of the shore *Naiad*, and a *Pentastoma* which inhabits the large pulmonary cells of the rattlesnake of the tropics. There are animalculæ in the blood of frogs and of salmon; and even, according to Nordmann, in the fluids of the eyes of fishes, and in the gills of the bleak.”—Vol. ii. pp. 5-7.

It is impossible to peruse this interesting extract without noticing its connection with the remarkable discovery recently made by Dr. Brittan, that, in the discharges from cholera patients, there are found minute cellular bodies, having the aspect and character of fungi; that the same bodies exist in the air and water of infected districts; and that

they are never found in persons or places where the pestilence does not prevail. These bodies vary from the five-hundredth to the ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter; the smallest occurring in the air, the larger in the vomit, and the largest in the dejections of the patient. Admitting what yet requires a more extensive induction to prove it, that these bodies are always found in cholera localities and never elsewhere, it still remains to be proved that they are the cause of cholera. Various facts, however, have been long known, which render such an opinion highly probable. The *Ergot*, the *Spermoedia Clavus*,\* for example, a fungus which is found abundantly in rye, is a poison which exercises a peculiar action in contracting the uterus. When it composes a considerable portion of rye bread, it produces one of the most terrific diseases to which man is subject. The ergot is produced within the seeds of various grasses, such as *Secale Agrostis*, *Dactylis*, *Festuca*, *Elymus*, &c.; and is rather supposed to be a diseased condition of the grasses than a distinct fungus. But, however this may be, its effects upon the human frame are terrible. Nausea and vomiting are followed by numbness in the extremities, which, after being wasted with excruciating pains, eventually fall off at the joints, withering and becoming black and hard, as if they were charred. This disease, called the Dry Gangrene, has been at different periods epidemic in Sologne, a tract of wet clayey land lying between the Loire and Cher. The fingers, or toes, or legs, or even the thighs, drop off at the joints. According to Duhamel, it destroyed nineteen out of twenty of the persons infected; and, strange to say, the sufferer in one case survived, though his thighs fell off at the hips! But it is not merely in rye that this poison is generated. When wheat, rice, or any other grain is prematurely cut down, or has become mouldy or musty from age, or from the place where it has been stored,—or when it has been mixed with the seeds of poisonous plants, such as the *Raphanus Raphanistrum*, and the *Lolium temulentum*, the most excruciating diseases have been occasioned by its use.

But the most remarkable case on record of the frightful effects of damaged grain, poisoned no doubt by some deleterious fungus, is recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, for 1762,† by Dr. Charlton Wollaston,

\* The *Sphacelia segetum* of Klotzsch, and the *Farinaria Poæ* of Sowerby. It is called Ergot, from its resemblance to a cock's spur.

† Vol. lii. Part ii. pp. 523, 524.

and by the Reverend Mr. Bones, minister of the parish. John Downing, a poor laboring man, who lived at Wattisham, near Stowmarket, in Suffolk, had fed his family, a wife and six children, on what is called clog wheat, or *laid* wheat, which had been gathered and thrashed separately. The pickle was *discolored*, and smaller than that of the sound wheat. On Sunday morning, the 10th of January, the eldest girl complained of a violent pain in the calf of her left leg. In the evening, another girl felt the same pain. On Monday, the mother and another child; and on Tuesday, all the rest, except the father, were similarly affected. The sufferers shrieked with pain. In a few days, the legs turned black and mortified. The mortified parts separated from the sound part, in most of them, two inches below the knee; in some lower, and in one child, at the ankle. Three lost both legs; and one child both feet. The following was the state of their legs on the 13th April:—

"Mary, the mother, aged 40, the right foot off at the ankle; the left leg mortified; a mere bone, but not off.

"Mary, aged 15, one leg off below the knee; the other perfectly sphacelated, but not yet off.

"Elizabeth, aged 13, both legs off below the knees.

"Sarah, aged 10, one foot off at the ankle.

"Robert, aged 8, both legs off below the knees.

"Edward, aged 4, both feet off at the ankle.

"An infant, 4 months old, dead.

"The father was attacked about a fortnight after the rest of the family, and in a slighter degree, the pain being confined to the two fingers of his right hand, which turned blackish, and were withered for some time, but are now better; and he has, in some degree, recovered the use of them."

During this calamity, the family were in other respects in good health. They ate heartily, and slept well, and were free from fever. "One poor boy, in particular, looked as healthy and florid as possible, and was sitting on the bed quite jolly, drumming with his stumps!"

"I have always been used," says Dr. Wollaston, in concluding his extraordinary narrative, "to read Lucan's description of the effects of the bite of the little serpent *Seps* as fabulous, or at least greatly exaggerated. But I have now been an eye-witness to almost the whole scene of horror, so finely painted in the following lines:—

'Plagæ proxima circum  
Fugit rapta cutis, pallentiaque ossa retextit:  
Membra notant sanie: Suræ fluxere: sine ullo  
Tegmine poples erat; femorum quoque musculus  
omnis  
Liquitur, et nigra distillant inguina tabe.'  
*Phars.*, Lib. ix. v. 767."

An effect equally strange has been observed in America, on men and animals, when fed on maize that has been overrun with parasitic fungi. Deer, dogs, apes, and parrots were intoxicated by it. Fowls laid eggs without shells. Swine cast their bristles, while in man it occasioned only baldness and loosening of the teeth.

In the passage which we have quoted from Humboldt, we see the process by which deleterious elements of a microscopic kind, and even those of a large size, are raised in the atmosphere and distributed over the globe, by currents in the lower and upper regions of the air;—but these and other elements equally deleterious may be lifted up, or even torn from the surface of the earth, by processes not generally referred to. When electricity passes from one body to another, it carries off the matter of the first body in an extreme state of subdivision, and deposits it upon the other; and when, in the ascending stroke, lightning passes from the earth into the atmosphere, it carries up into the air the imponderable elements of the metalliferous rocks and ground from which it issued. Iron, sulphur, and carbon, have been actually transported by lightning, and deposited on the surfaces which were struck by it; and when we consider the prevalence of electricity at every season and in every clime and its constant transmission from the surface of the earth into the superincumbent atmosphere, we can see no difficulty in understanding how the elements of all metallic bodies may be diffused through the air, and distributed, according to laws of which we know nothing, by the magnetic or other currents which surround the earth. Inorganic matter, too, in a minute state of subdivision, is thrown off from the hardest bodies by friction, by changes of temperature, and by ordinary combustion, as well as in volcanic action, so that there are powerful causes constantly at work, the tendency of which is to pollute the air we breathe, and the water we drink, with ingredients, that, when accumulated and combined by particular causes, may prove injurious to health, and be destructive of animal and vegetable life.

Although the characteristic physiognomy of different parts of the earth's surface de-



pende on a great variety of external phenomena, yet our author is justly of opinion that the principal impression made upon the traveler is by the magnitude and constant presence of vegetable forms. Animals, from their smaller size, and their repeated absence from the eye, form but a small part of a landscape; while trees, from their greater size, and their occurrence in extended groups, fill the eye with a living mass of vegetation. Their great age, too, combined with their magnitude, influences the imagination, and gives them a monumental character, equally interesting to the antiquarian and the naturalist. The colossal Dragon tree at Oratava, in Teneriffe, is 79 feet round at its root, and 48 as measured by Humboldt farther up. Mass is reported to have been said at a small altar erected in its hollow trunk, in the 15th century. Trees, 32 feet in diameter, have been observed at the mouth of the Senegal River; and Golberry found, in the valley of the two Gaguacks, trunks which were 32 English feet in diameter near the roots, with a height of only 64 feet. Adanson and Perottet assign an age from 5150 to 6000 years to the *Adansonia* which they measured, but calculations made from the number of annual rings, give shorter periods. According to Decandolle, the yew (*Taxus baccata*) of Braborné, in Kent, is 3000 years old; the Scotch yew of Fortingal, from 2500 to 2600 years; those of Crowhurst, in Surrey, 1450 years old; and those of Ripon, in Yorkshire, 1200. Endlicken observes, that a yew tree in the churchyard of Grasford, in North Wales, which is 52 feet in circuit below the branches, is 1400 years old, and that another in Derbyshire has the age of 2096 years. In Lithuania, lime trees have been cut down with 815 annual rings, and 87 feet in circuit; and Humboldt states, that in the southern temperate zone, some species of *Eucalyptus* attain the enormous height of 245 feet. The largest oak tree in Europe is near Saintes, in Lower Charente. It is 64 feet high, 29½ in circuit near the ground, and 23 feet five feet higher up. "In the dead part of the trunk, a little chamber has been arranged from 10 feet 8 inches to 12 feet 9 inches wide, and 9 feet 8 inches high, with a semicircular bench cut out of the fresh wood. A window gives light to the interior, so that the sides of the chamber, which is closed with a door, are clothed with ferns and lichens, giving it a pleasing appearance. Judging by the size of a small piece of wood which has been cut out above the door, and in which the marks of 200 annual rings have been counted, the oak of

Saintes would be between 1800 and 2000 years old."

It has been found from ancient and trustworthy documents of the 11th century, that the root of the wild rose tree at the crypt of the Cathedral of Hildesheim, is 1000 years old, and its stem 800. After the cathedral had been burnt down, Bishop Hezilo inclosed the roots of this rose tree in a vault which still exists, and he trained the branches of it upon the walls of the crypt built above the vault, and reconsecrated in 1061. The stem, which is now living, is 26½ feet high, and 2 inches thick. The most remarkable example of vegetable development is exhibited in the *Fucus gigantea*, a submarine plant, which attains a length of from 400 to 430 feet, surpassing the loftiest coniferæ, such as the *Sequoia gigantea*, and the *Taxodium sempervirens*.

The aspect or physiognomy of Nature is, according to Humboldt, determined by about sixteen or nineteen different forms of vegetation, of which he proceeds to give very interesting descriptions from observations made during his travels both in the New and Old continents, in regions between the 60th degree of north, and the 10th degree of south latitude. These forms, which decrease and increase from the Equator to the Poles, according to fixed laws, he thus enumerates:—

Palms.	Lianes or Twining Rope
Plantains or Bananas.	Plants.
Malvaceæ and Bombacæ.	Aloe form.
Mimosæ.	Gramineæ.
Ericæ or Heath form.	Ferns.
Cactus form.	Liliacæ.
Orchideæ.	Willow Form.
Casuarinæ.	Myrtacæ.
Needle Trees.	Melastomacæ.
Pothos and Aroidiæ.	Laurel Form.

The *Palms* have been universally regarded as the loftiest, noblest, and most beautiful of all vegetable forms. Their gigantic, slender, ringed, and occasionally prickly stems, sometimes 192 feet high, terminate in an aspiring and shining foliage, either fan-like or pinnated, with leaves frequently curled like some of the grasses. In receding from the Equator they diminish in height and beauty. The true climate of palms is under a mean annual temperature of from 78° to 81½°. The date variety lives, but does not thrive, in a mean temperature of from 59° to 62½°. In some species of the flower, sheath opens suddenly with an audible sound.

The *Palms* are everywhere accompanied

by *Plantains* or *Bananas*, groves of which form the ornaments of moist localities in the regions of the Equator. Their stems are low, succulent, and almost herbaceous, and are surmounted by long and bright green silky leaves, of a texture thin and loose. Noble and beautiful in shape, they adorn the habitation of man, while they form the principal article of his subsistence under the torrid zone.

The *Malvaceæ* and *Bombaceæ* have trunks enormously thick;—leaves large, soft, and woolly, and superb flowers often of a purple or crimson color. The Buobab, or monkey bread tree, belongs to this group. It is 32 feet in diameter, but moderately high, and it is probably the largest and most ancient organic monument on our planet. The Mexican hand tree (*cheirostemus platanoides*), with its long curved anthers projecting beyond the fine purple blossom, causing it to resemble a hand or claw, belongs to this group. Throughout the Mexican States, this one highly ancient tree is the only existing individual of this extraordinary race, and is supposed to be a stranger planted about five centuries ago by the kings of Toluca.

The *Mimosa*, including the acacia, *desmanthus*, *gleditschia*, *porleria*, *tamarindus*, &c., are never found in the temperate zone of the Old World, though they occur in the United States. They frequently exhibit that umbrella-like arrangement of the branches which is seen in the Italian stone-pine. The deep blue of the tropic sky seen through their finely-divided foliage, has an extremely picturesque effect. The irritability of the African sensitive plant is mentioned by Theophrastus and Pliny. The most excitable is the *Mimosa pudica*, and next to it the *Doriniens*, the *somniens* and the *somniculosa*.

The *Ericææ* or *Heaths* appear to be limited to only one side of our planet, covering large tracts from the plains of Germany, France, and Britain, to the extremity of Norway. They adorn Italy, and are luxuriant on the declivity of the Peak of Teneriffe; but the most varied assemblage of species occurs in the south of Africa. They are entirely wanting in Australia, and of the 300 known species, only one has been discovered across the whole of America, from Pennsylvania and Labrador to Nootka and Alashka.

The *Cactus* form is almost wholly American, and Humboldt observes, that "there is hardly anything in vegetable physiognomy which makes so singular and ineffaceable an impression on a newly arrived person as the sight of an arid plain thickly covered like

those of Cremonia, New Barcelona, with columnar and candelabra-like elevated cactus stems." The forms of the cactus are sometimes spherical, sometimes pointed, and sometimes they are shaped like tall polygonal columns, resembling the pipes of an organ. In the arid plains of South America, the melon cactus supplies a refreshing juice to the animal tribes, though the plant is half-buried in the sand, and encased with prickles. The columnar cactus carries its stems to the height of 30 or 32 feet, dividing into candelabra-like branches like the African *Euphorbias*. The cactus wood is incorruptible, and well fitted for oars.

The *Orchideæ* are remarkable for their bright green succulent leaves, and for the colors and shape of their flowers, sometimes resembling insects, and sometimes birds. The taste for this superbly flowering group of plants became so general, that the brothers Loddiges had in 1848 cultivated 2360 species, and at the end of 1848, Klotzsch reckoned the number of species to be 3545.

The *Casuarineæ* form, leafless and gloomy, with their string-like branches, embrace trees with branches, like the stalks of an equisetaceous plant. It occurs only in India and in the Pacific.

The *Needle Trees*, or *Conifera*, including pines, thuias, and cypresses, are rare in the tropics, and inhabit chiefly the regions of the north. There are 312 species of coniferae now living, and 178 fossil species found in the coal measures, the bunter sandstone, the Keupfer, and the Jurassic formations. Of the 114 species of the genus *Pinus* which are at present known, not one belongs to the southern hemisphere. The following are the heights of some of the plants of this tree:—

	Feet.
<i>Pinus Grandis</i> , in New California, . . .	224
<i>Pinus Fremontiana</i> , do. do., . . .	224
<i>Dacrydium cupressinum</i> , N. Zealand, . . .	213
<i>Araucaria excelsa</i> , Norfolk Island, . . .	224
— <i>imbricata</i> , Chili, . . .	234-260
<i>Pinus Lambertiana</i> , . . .	224-239
<i>Pinus Douglassii</i> ,* . . .	245
<i>Pinus Trigona</i> , . . .	300
<i>Pinus Strobus</i> , New Hampshire, . . .	250-266
<i>Sequoia Gigantea</i> , New California, . . .	300

As a contrast to these lofty trees, Humboldt mentions the small willow tree (*Salix arctica*), as being only two inches high. The *Tristicha hypnoides* is only  $\frac{27}{100}$ , or less than  $\frac{3}{10}$  of an inch, and yet provided with sexual

\* At three feet above the ground a stem of this tree was 57½ feet in girth.



organs, like our oaks and most gigantic trees. The needles of some of the pine trees vary from five inches to a foot in length. The roots of the *Taxodium distichum*, which is sometimes 128 feet in height and 39 in girth, presents the curious phenomenon of woody excrescences, conical and rounded, and sometimes tabular, which project from 3 to 4½ feet from the ground, and when they are very numerous they have been likened by travelers to the grave-tablets in a Jewish burying-ground. The stumps of white pines exhibit a very singular degree of vitality in their roots. After they have been cut down, they continue for several years to produce fresh layers of wood, and to increase in thickness, without putting forth new shoots, leaves, or branches.

The *Pothos* forms, or *Aroidiæ*, belong to the tropics. These plants clothe parasitically the trunks of aged and decaying forest trees. Their stalks are succulent and herbaceous, and support large leaves. The flowers of the aroidiæ are cased in hooded sheaths, and some of them during the development of the flower exhibit a very considerable increase of vital heat, about 40° above that of the atmosphere, the increase being, in some, greater in the male than in the female plant. The vital heat which Dutrochet observed to a small extent in other plants, and even among funguses, disappeared at night. Leaves of great size, suspended on long fleshy leaf-stalks, are found in the *Nymphæaceæ* and *Nelumboneæ*. The round leaves of the magnificent water plant, the *Victoria Regina*, discovered in 1837, by Sir Robert Schomburgh, in the river Berbice, are six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by turned-up margins from three to five inches high, their inside being light green, and their outside a bright crimson. The flowers, which have an agreeable perfume, are white and rose-colored, and fifteen inches in diameter, with many hundred petals. About 20 or 30 blossoms may be seen at the same time, within a very small space. According to Poppig, the *Euryale Amazonica*, which he found near Tefe, had leaves six feet in diameter. The largest known flowers, however, belong to a parasitical plant, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, discovered in 1818, by Dr. Arnold, in Sumatra. It has a stemless flower, three English feet in diameter, surrounded by large leaf-like scales. "The flower weighs above 14 pounds, and, what is very remarkable, has the smell of beef, like some of the fungi." The largest flowers in the world, says our author, apart from compositæ, (in

the Mexican *Helianthus Annuus*), belong to *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, *Aristolochia*, *Datura*, *Barringtonia*, *Gustavia*, *Carolinea*, *Lecythis*, *Nymphæa*, *Nelumbium*, *Victoria Regina*, *Magnolia*, *Cactus*, and the Orchideous and Liliaceous plants.

The *Lianes*, or tropical twining rope plant, correspond with the twining hops and grapevines in the temperate latitudes. In the tropical regions of the south these climbers render the forests so impenetrable to man, accessible to and habitable by the monkey tribe, and by the cercopithecæ and small tiger-cats, who mount them and descend by them with wonderful agility, and pass by their help from tree to tree. In this manner whole herds of gregarious monkeys often cross streams which would otherwise be impassable. On the Orinoco, the leafless branches of the *Bauhinias*, often 40 or 50 feet long, hang down perpendicularly from the lofty top of the *Swietenia*, and they sometimes stretch themselves in oblique directions, like the cordage of a ship. Among the twining plants we may mention the *Passifloras*, with their beautiful and many colored blossoms, and the *aristolochia cordata*, which has a crimson-colored flower seventeen inches in diameter. In South America, on the banks of the river Magdalena, there is found a climbing *aristolochia*, with flowers four feet in circumference, which the young Indians draw over their heads in sport, and wear as hats or helmets. Many of the twining plants have a very peculiar aspect, occasioned by the square shape of their stems, by flattenings not produced by external pressure, and by ribband-like wavings. Adrian Jussieu has exhibited, in very beautiful drawings, the cruciform and Mosaic figures seen in cross sections of the *Bignonias* and *Banisterias*, arising from the mutual pressure and penetration of the circumtwining stems.

Regarding the form of *Gramineæ* as "an expression of cheerfulness and of airy grace, and tremulous lightness, combined with lofty stature," our author considers the *Aloe* form "as characterized by an almost mournful repose and immobility." The groves of bamboo, both in the East and West Indies, form avenues and walks, shaded and overarching. "The smooth, polished, and often lightly waving and bending stems of these singular grasses, are frequently taller than our alders and oaks. Their glassy polish is owing to the quantity of silex in their bark, which, by a species of extravasation, as in the gouty secretions of the human frame, form that singular substance called *tabasheer*, which

may be heard rattling within the joints of the bamboo, when the plant has been cut down. We have ourselves frequently opened these joints, and taken out this beautiful opalescent and dichroitic mineral, which is blue by reflected, and yellow by transmitted light. We have been informed, on high authority, that in severe storms, forests of bamboo in India have been set on fire, by the mutual friction or collision of their flinty stems.\* The genus *Bambusa* is entirely wanting in the new continent, where it is replaced, as it were, by the *guadua*, about 60 feet high, discovered by Humboldt and Bonpland. The *Bambusa* flowers so abundantly, that in Mysore and Orissa the seeds are mixed with honey, and eaten like rice. Dr. Joseph Hooker mentions it as a rare property of one of the *gramineæ*—the *trisetum subspicatum*—that it is the only arctic species he knows which is equally an inhabitant of the opposite Polar regions.

The form of *Ferns*, like that of grasses, is "ennobled in the northern parts of the globe." The number of species amounts to 3250.

"Arborescent ferns, when they reach a height of above forty feet, have something of a palm-like appearance, but their stems are less slender, shorter, and more rough and scaly, than those of palms. Their foliage is more delicate, of a thinner and more translucent texture, and the minutely indented margins of the fronds are finely and sharply cut. Tree ferns belong almost entirely to the tropical zone, but in that zone they seek by preference the more tempered heat of a moderate elevation above the level of the sea, and mountains two or three thousand feet high, may be regarded as their principal seat. In South America the arborescent ferns are usually found associated with the tree which has conferred such benefits on mankind by its fever-healing bark. Both indicate by their presence the happy regions where reigns a soft perpetual spring."—Vol. ii. p. 28.

The *Liliaceous* plants, which have their principal seat in Africa, are distinguished by their flag-like leaves, and superb blossoms. They are represented by the genera *Amaryllis*, *Ixia*, *Gladiolus*, and *Pancratium*. In Africa they are assembled into masses, and determine the aspect and character of the country; whereas in the new world, the superb *alstromeriæ* and species of *pancratium*,

*Hæmanthus* and *crinum* are dispersed, and are less social than the *Irideæ* of Europe.

The plants of the *Willow* form, represented generally by the willow itself, and on the elevated plains of Quito, and in so far only as the shape of the leaves and the ramifications are concerned, by the *Schinus molle*. There are 150 different species spread over the northern hemisphere, from the Equator to Lapland. There is a greater similarity in the physiognomy of this tribe in different climates than even in the *Coniferæ*. From the catkins of the male flower of some Egyptian species, a medicine called willow water (*aqua salicis*) is distilled, and much used. On the banks of the Orange river in Africa, the leaves and young shoots of the *S. hirsuta* and *mucronata* form the food of the hippopotamus.

The *Myrtaceæ*, with their elegant forms, and their stiff, shining, small leaves, studded with transparent spots, give a peculiar character to the Mediterranean islands, the continent of New Holland, and the inter-tropical region of the Andes, partly low, and partly about 10,000 feet high. Trees belonging to the group of *Myrtaceæ*, "produce partially, either where the leaves are replaced by leaf-stalk leaves, or by the peculiar disposition or direction of the leaves relatively to the unswollen leaf-stalk, a distribution of stripes of light and shade, unknown in our forests of round-leaved trees." This optical effect surprised the earlier botanical travelers, but our distinguished countryman, Mr. Robert Brown, showed that it was owing to the leaf-stalks of the *Acacia longifolia*, and *A. suaveolens*, being expanded in a vertical direction, and from the circumstance that the light, instead of falling on horizontal surfaces, falls on, and passes between vertical ones.

The other forms to which our author attaches importance, in reference to the physiognomic study of plants, are the *Melastomaceæ*, comprising "the genera *melastoma* (*Fothergilla* and *Tococco* Aubl.) and *Rhexia*, (*Meriana* and *osbeckia*)," which have been superbly illustrated by Bonpland; and the *Laurel* form group, embracing "the genera of *Laurus* and *Persea*, the *ocotexæ*, so numerous in South America, and (on account of physiognomic resemblance) *Calophyllum*, and the superb aspiring *Mammea* from among the *Guttiferæ*."

This interesting chapter of the "Aspects of Nature" is closed with some of those general views which our author never fails to clothe with the richest drapery of language and sentiment. After suggesting as an en-

\* Our author has forgotten, for he is well acquainted with the subject, to notice these singular facts concerning *Tabasheer*, and the silicious character of the bamboo. Our readers will find ample details respecting the optical and physical properties of *Tabasheer*, in a paper, by the author of this article, in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1819, p. 238.



terprise, worthy of a great artist, to study the aspect and character of all these vegetable forms, not only in hot-houses,\* and in botanical descriptions, but in their native grandeur in the tropics, and pointing out the value to the landscape painter, of "a work which should present to the eye, first separately, and then in combination and contrast, the leading forms which have been here enumerated," he concludes the subject in the following manner:—

"It is the artist's privilege, having studied these groups, to analyze them, and thus in his hands, the grand and beautiful form of nature which he would portray, resolves itself, (if I may venture on the expression), like the other works of men, into a few simple elements.

"It is under the burning rays of a tropical sun that vegetation displays its most majestic forms. In the cold north the bark of trees is covered with lichens and mosses, whilst between the tropics the *Cymbidium* and fragrant vanilla enliven the trunks of the *Anacardias*, and of the gigantic fig-trees. The fresh verdure of the *Pothos* leaves, and of the *Dracontias*, contrasts with the many colored flowers of the *Orchidæ*. Climbing *Bauhinias*, *Passifloras*, and yellow flowering *Banisterias*, twine round the trunks of the forest trees. Delicate blossoms spring from the roots of the *Theobroma*, and form the thick and rough bark of the *Crescentias* and the *Gustavia*. . . . .

"In the tropics vegetation is generally of a fresher verdure, more luxuriant and succulent, and adorned with larger and more shining leaves than in our northern climates. The 'social' plants, which often impart so uniform and monotonous a character to European countries, are almost entirely absent in the equatorial regions. Trees almost as lofty as our oaks, are

\* Would it not be an enterprise worthy of the wealth and liberality of our public-spirited nobility and country gentlemen, to fill their hot-houses and green-houses, not with the rare plants, which all their neighbors have, but with groups of plants from particular zones, or regions of the globe, or belonging to different natural families or classes? Forest trees, and arborescent plants, which have been acclimated in our island, might in like manner be gathered into local groups, and in the private collections of a single county, botanists, landscape painters, artists, gardeners, and amateurs, might study the whole flora of the globe. A subdivision of labor has now become necessary in every department of intellectual culture. Omniscience in philosophy or science is knowledge in a state of extreme dilution, useless to the world, and gratifying only to the vanity of its possessor. The piles upon which rest the temple of science, could never have been driven had they been endowed with many heads: he that has driven one to the rock beneath, may rest from his labor, and be sure that his works will follow him. A subdivision of toil in the collection of objects of natural history, of antiquities, and of art, would do much to promote the advancement of these important branches of secular knowledge.

adorned with flowers as large and as beautiful as our lilies.

"The great elevation attained in several tropical countries, not only by single mountains, but even by extensive districts, enables the inhabitants of the torrid zone—surrounded by palms, bananas, and the other beautiful forms proper to these latitudes—to behold also those vegetable forms which, demanding a cooler temperature, would seem to belong to other zones. Elevation above the level of the sea gives this cooler temperature, even in the hottest parts of the earth; and *Cypresses*, *Pines*, *Oaks*, *Berberries* and *Alders*, (nearly allied to our own), cover the mountainous districts, and elevated plains of Southern Mexico, and the chain of the Andes at the Equator. Thus it is given to man in those regions to behold, without quitting his native land, all the forms of vegetation dispersed over the globe, and all the shining worlds which stud the heavenly vault from pole to pole.

"These, and many other of the enjoyments which nature affords, are wanting to the nations of the North. Many constellations, and many vegetable forms—and of the latter those which are most beautiful, (palm-tree ferns, plantains, arborescent grasses and the finely divided feathery foliage of the *mimosas*), remain for ever unknown to them. Individual plants, languishing in our hot-houses, can give but a very faint idea of the majestic vegetation of the tropical zone. But the high cultivation of our languages, the glowing fancy of the poet, and the imitative art of the painter, open to us sources whence flow abundant compensations, and from whence our imagination can derive the living images of that more vigorous nature which other climes display. In the frigid north, in the midst of the barren heath, the solitary student can appreciate mentally, all that has been discovered in the most distant regions, and can create within himself a world, free and imperishable, as the spirit by which it is conceived." —Pp. 29-31.

The chapter which closes with the preceding passage is followed by a dissertation of much interest, "on the structure and mode of action of Volcanoes in different parts of the globe." Although the multiplication of voyages and travels has exercised a greater influence on the study of organic nature, viz., of botany and zoology, than upon the study of the inorganic bodies which compose the crust of the earth, yet each zone of the earth derives a peculiar physiognomy from the living forms, which are either fixed or movable upon its surface: But we find on either hemisphere, from the Equator to the Poles, the same kind of rocks associated in groups, and the traveler "often recognizes with joy the argillaceous schists of his birthplace, and the rocks which were familiar to his eye in his native land." Geological science, however, has derived great advantages from its study under different climates. Although

in any single and extensive system of mountains we find, more or less distinctly represented, all the inorganic materials which form the solid carpentry of the globe, yet observations in distant regions are necessary in studying the composition the relative age, and the origin of rocks. Our knowledge of the structure and form of volcanoes was, till the end of the last century, drawn principally from Vesuvius and *Ætna*, though the basin of the Mediterranean afforded better means of studying the nature and action of these fiery cones. Among the Sporades trachytic rocks have been upraised, at three different times, in three centuries. Near Methone, in the Peloponnesus, "a monte nuovo," seen by Strabo and by Dodwell, is higher than the new volcano of Jorullo in Mexico, and Humboldt found it "surrounded with several thousand small basaltic cones, protruded from the earth, and still smoking." Volcanic fires also break out at Ischia, on the Monte Epomeo; and according to ancient relations, lavas have flowed from fissures, suddenly opened, in the Lelantine plain, near Chalcis. On the shores of the Mediterranean, too, on several parts of the mainland of Greece, in Asia Minor, and in Auvergne, and round the plain of Lombardy, there are numerous examples of volcanic action. From these facts our author has drawn the conclusion, "that the basin of the Mediterranean, with its series of islands, might have offered to an attentive observer much that has been recently discovered, under various forms, in South America, Teneriffe, and the Aleutian Islands, near the polar circle." "The objects to be observed," he continues, "were assembled within a moderate distance; yet distant voyages, and the comparison of extensive regions, in and out of Europe, have been required for the clear perception and recognition of the resemblance between volcanic phenomena and their dependence on each other."

In different parts of the globe we find assemblages of volcanoes in various rounded groups, or in double lines, and we have thus the most conclusive evidence that their cause is deeply seated in the earth. All the American volcanoes are on the western coast opposite to Asia, nearly in a meridional direction, and extending 7200 geographical miles. Humboldt regards the whole plateau of Quito, whose summits are the volcanoes of Pinchincha, Cotapaxi, and Tunguragua, as *a single volcanic furnace*. The internal fire rushes out sometimes by one and sometimes

by another vent; and in proof of the fact that there are subterranean communications between "fire emitting openings," at great distances from each other, he mentions the circumstance, that in 1797, the volcano of Pasto emitted a lofty column of smoke for three months continuously, and that it disappeared at the very instant, when, at the distance of 240 miles, "the great earthquake of Riobamba, and the immense eruption of mud called 'Moya' took place, causing the death of between thirty and forty thousand persons." In proof of the same fact, he adduces the sudden emergence from the sea near the Azores of the island of Sabrina, on the 30th of January, 1811, which was followed by those terrible internal commotions which, from May, 1811, to June, 1813, shook almost incessantly the West India islands, the plains of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the opposite coast of Venezuela or Caraccas. In the course of a month after this, the principal city of that province was destroyed. On the 30th April, 1811, the slumbering volcano of the island of St. Vincent broke forth, and at the very moment the explosion took place, a loud subterranean noise, like that of great pieces of ordnance, which spread terror over an area of 35,000 square miles, was heard at the distance of 628 miles from St. Vincent. The phenomena which accompanied the celebrated earthquake at Lisbon, on the 1st November, 1755, lead to the same conclusion. At the very time it took place, the Lakes of Switzerland, and the sea upon the Swedish coast, were violently agitated; and at Martinique, Antigua, and Barbadoes, where the tide never exceeds thirty inches, the sea suddenly rose upward of *twenty feet*.

In the remaining portion of this interesting chapter, our author directs our attention chiefly to the phenomena which accompanied the last great eruption of Vesuvius, on the night of the 22nd October, 1822. It had been supposed by several writers that the crater of Vesuvius had undergone an entire change from preceding eruptions; but our author has shown that this is not the case, and that the error had arisen from the observers having confounded "the outlines of the margin of the crater with those of the cones of eruption, accidentally formed in the middle of the crater, on its floor or bottom, which has been upheaved by vapors." During the period from 1816-1818, such a cone had gradually risen above the south-eastern margin of the crater, and the eruption of February, 1822, had raised it about 112 feet



above the north-west margin. This singular cone, which from Naples appeared to be the true summit of the mountain, fell in with a dreadful noise on the eruption of the 22d October, 1822, "so that the floor of the crater, which had been constantly accessible since 1811, is now almost 800 feet lower than the northern, and 218 lower than the southern edge of the volcano."

"In the last eruption, on the night of the 23d to the 24th October, 1822, twenty-four hours after the falling in of the great cone of scoriæ, which has been mentioned, and when the small but numerous currents of lava had already flowed off, the fiery eruption of ashes and rapilli commenced; it continued without intermission for twelve days, but was greatest in the first four days. During this period the detonations in the interior of the volcano were so violent, that the mere concussion of the air (for no earthquake movement was perceived) rent the ceilings of the rooms in the palace of Portici. In the neighboring villages of Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and Bosche tre Case, a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed. Throughout the whole of that part of the country the air was so filled with ashes as to cause in the middle of the day profound darkness, lasting for several hours: lanterns were carried in the streets, as had often been done in Quito during the eruptions of Pinchincha. The flight of the inhabitants had never been more general. Lava currents are regarded by those who dwell near Vesuvius with less dread than an eruption of ashes, a phenomenon which had never been known to such a degree in modern times; and the obscure tradition of the manner in which the destruction of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, took place, filled the imaginations of men with appalling images.\* The hot aqueous vapors which rose from the crater during the eruption, and spread themselves in the atmosphere, formed, in cooling, a dense cloud, surrounding the column of fire and ashes which rose to a height of between nine and ten thousand feet. . . . . Flashes of forked lightning issuing from the columns of ashes darted in every direction, and the rolling thunders were distinctly heard, and distinguished from the sounds which proceeded from the interior of the volcano. In no other eruption had the play of the electric forces formed so striking a feature.

"On the morning of the 26th October, a surprising rumor prevailed that a torrent of boiling water was gushing from the crater, and pouring down the slope of the cone of ashes. Monticelli soon discovered that this was an optical illusion. It was in reality a flow of dry ashes, which, being

\* The thickness of the bed of ashes which fell during the twelve days was little above three feet on the slope of the cones, and only about eighteen inches on the planes. This is the greatest fall of ashes since the eruption of Vesuvius, which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny.

loose and movable as shifting sand, issued in large quantities from a crevice in the upper margin of the crater."—Pp. 229, 230.

Owing to the thunderstorm noticed in this extract, an abundant and violent fall of rain took place, and as the rain is heaviest above the cone of ashes, torrents of mud descend from it in every direction; and when the summit of the volcano is in the region of perpetual snow, the melting of the snow produces very disastrous inundations. At the foot of volcanoes, too, and on their flanks, there are frequently vast cavities, which, having a communication by many channels with mountain torrents, become subterranean lakes or reservoirs of water. When earthquakes, as happens in the Andes, shake the entire mass of the volcano, these reservoirs are opened, discharging water, fishes, and mud. On the 19th feet high, fell in, an area of nearly thirty June, 1698, when the Carguairazo, to the north of Chimborazo, and upward of 19,000 square miles was covered with mud and fishes!

Vesuvius, and other similar volcanoes, have permanent communications by means of their craters with the interior of the earth. They alternately break forth and slumber, and often "end by becoming solfataras, emitting aqueous vapors, gases, and acids." There is, however, another and a rarer class, which are closely connected with the earliest revolutions of our planet. Trachytic mountains open suddenly, emit lava and ashes, and close again perhaps for ever. The gigantic mountain of Antisana on the Andes, and Monte Epomeo in Ischia, in 1302, are examples of that phenomenon. Eruptions of this kind sometimes takes place in the plains, as happened in Quito, in Iceland, at a distance from Hecla, and in Eubœa in the Lelantine fields. Many of the islands upheaved from the sea belong to the same class. The communication of the external opening with the interior of the earth is not permanent, and as soon as the cleft or opening closes, the volcanic action wholly ceases. Humboldt is of opinion that "veins or dykes of basalt, dolerite, and porphyry, which traverse almost all formations, and that masses of syenite, augitic porphyry, and amygdaloid, which characterize the recent transition and oldest sedimentary rocks,—have probably been formed in a similar manner."

That the earth is a melted mass at no very great depth below its surface, is placed beyond a doubt, not only by the preceding facts, but by a great mass of observations

collected by Humboldt and Arago, on the increase of temperature as we descend into the bowels of the earth. "The primitive cause of this subterranean heat is, as in all planets, the process of formation itself, the separation of the spherically condensing mass from a cosmical gaseous fluid, and the cooling of the terrestrial strata at different depths by the loss of heat parted with by radiation. . . . Elastic vapors press the molten oxydizing substances upward through deep fissures. Volcanoes might thus be termed intermitting springs or fountains of earthy substances; that is, of the fluid mixture of metals, alkalis, and earths, which solidify into lava currents, and flow softly and tranquilly, when being upheaved they find a passage by which to escape."

Our author concludes this instructive section with a speculation which he himself characterizes as bold; the object of which is to explain, by means of the internal heat of our globe, the existence, in a fossil state, of the tropical forms of animals and plants in the cold regions of the globe. This hitherto unexplained fact has been ascribed to various causes,—to a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic by the approach of a comet, and to a change in the intensity of the sun's light and heat. We have been led to suppose that, as the two poles of maximum cold are nearly coincident with the magnetic poles, they may partake in their revolution, and thus make the warm and the cold meridians which are now proved to exist, occupy in succession every position on the earth's surface; and that variations in the forces or causes by which that cold is produced, may produce a still farther variation of temperature.\*

"Everywhere," says our author, "the ancient world shows a distribution of organic forms at variance with our present climate. . . . It may be that, in the ancient world, exhalations of heat issuing forth from the many openings of the deeply-fissured crust of the globe, may have favored, perhaps, for centuries, the growth of palms and tree-ferns, and the existence of animals requiring a high temperature, over entire countries where now a very different climate prevails. According to this view of things, the temperature of volcanoes would be that of the interior of the Earth; and the same cause, which, operating through volcanic eruptions, now produces devastating effects, might, in primeval ages, have clothed the deeply-fissured rocks of the newly oxydized Earth, in every zone, with the most luxuriant vegetation.

"If, in order to explain the distribution of tropical forms, whose remains are now buried in north-

ern regions, it should be assumed that the long-haired species of elephant now found enclosed in ice, was originally indigenous in cold climates, and that forms resembling the same leading type may, as in the case of lions and lynxes, have been able to live in wholly different climates; still this solution of the difficulty presented by fossil remains cannot be extended so as to apply to vegetable productions. From reasons with which the study of physiology makes us acquainted, palms, musaceæ, and arborescent monocotyledones, are incapable of supporting the deprivation of their appendicular organs, which would be caused by the present temperature of our northern regions; and in the geological problem which we have to examine, it appears to me difficult to separate vegetable and animal remains from each other. The same mode of explanation ought to comprehend both."—Vol. ii. pp. 239, 241.

The next chapter of the "Aspects of Nature" is one of seven pages, entitled, "The Vital Force, or the Rhodian Genius." It was first printed in Schiller's *Hore* for 1795, and contains "the development of a physiological idea in a semi-mythical garb." In an earlier work, our author had defined the vital force as "the unknown cause which prevents the elements from following their original affinities;" and he endeavors to illustrate this position by the following story:—A picture, called the Rhodian Genius, was brought to Syracuse from Greece, and was supposed to be the work of the same artist who cast the Colossus of Rhodes. It was placed in the Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture, and excited much difference of opinion, both respecting its author and its object. On the foreground were youths and maidens, handsome and graceful, but unclothed, and expressing in their features and movements, only the desires and sorrows of an earthly habitation. Their arms outstretched to each other, indicated "their desire of union;" but they turned their troubled looks toward a halo-encircled Genius who stood in the midst of them. On his shoulder was a butterfly, and in his hand a lighted torch. Though childlike in his form and aspect, a celestial fire animated his glance, and he gazed as with the eye of a master upon the gay throng at his feet. The object of the picture became a problem, which philosophers and connoisseurs strove to solve. "Some regarded the Genius as the personification of Spiritual Love forbidding the enjoyment of sensual pleasure: others said, that it was the assertion of the Empire of Reason over Desire." A collection of pictures having arrived from Rhodes, there was found among them the companion or pendant of the Rhodian Genius.

\* Edinburgh Transactions, vol. ix. pp. 211, 212.



The Genius was still the central figure; but his head was now drooping. The butterfly was no longer on his shoulder; and his torch was inverted and extinguished. "The youths and maidens pressing around him had met and embraced. Their glance, no longer sad and subdued, announced, on the contrary, emancipation from restraint, and the fulfillment of long-cherished desires."

The companion picture afforded no clue to the solution of the problem; and in this crisis of baffled ingenuity and disappointed curiosity, Dionysius ordered the picture, along with a faithful copy of the Rhodian Genius, to be carried to the house of Epicharmus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who fixed his eyes upon the picture, and thus addressed his disciples:—

"As living beings are compelled by natural desires to salutary and fruitful union, so the raw materials of inorganic matter are moved by similar impulses. . . . Thus the fire of Heaven follows metal,—iron obeys the attraction of the loadstone,—amber rubbed takes up light substances,—earth mixes with earth,—salt collects together from the water of the sea,—and the acid moisture of the Stypteria, as well as the flocculent salt of Trichitis, love the clay of Melos. In inanimate nature, all things hasten to unite with each other, according to their particular laws. Hence no terrestrial element is to be found anywhere in its pure and primitive state. Each as soon as formed tends to enter into new combinations, and the art of man is needed to disjoin and present in a separated state substances which you would seek in vain in the interior of the Earth, and in the fluid ocean of air and water. In dead inorganic matter, entire inactivity and repose reign, so long as the bands of affinity continue undissolved, so long as no third substance comes to join itself to the others; but even then the action and disturbance produced are soon again succeeded by unfruitful repose.

"It is otherwise, however, when the same substances are brought together in the bodies of plants and animals. In these the vital force of power reigns supreme, and regardless of the mutual amity or enmity of the atoms recognized by Democritus, commands the union of substances which, in inanimate nature, shun each other, and separates those which are ever seeking to enter into combination.

"Now come nearer to me, my friends; look with me on the first of the pictures before us, and recognize in the Rhodian Genius, in the expression of youthful energy, in the butterfly on his shoulder, and in the commanding glance of his eye, the symbol of vital force animating each individual germ of the organic creation. At the feet are the earthy elements desiring to mix and unite conformably to their particular tendencies. The Genius, holding aloft his lighted torch with commanding gesture, controls and constrains

them, without regard to their ancient rights, to obey his laws.

"Now view with me the new picture which the Tyrant has sent to me for explanation; turn your eyes from the image of life to that of death. The butterfly has left its former place and soars upward, the extinguished torch is reversed, the head of the youth has sunk, the spirit has fled to other spheres, and the vital force is dead. Now the youths and maidens joyfully join hands, the earthy substances resume their ancient rights; they are free from the chains that bound them, and follow impetuously after long restraint, the impulse to union. Thus inert matter, animated awhile by vital force, passes through an innumerable diversity of forms, and perhaps in the same substance which once enshrined the spirit of Pythagoras, a poor worm may have enjoyed a momentary existence."—Vol. ii. pp. 255–257.

The closing chapter of Baron Humboldt's work contains an account of the Plateau of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and describes the first view of the Pacific Ocean as seen from the crest of the Andes. After mentioning the Quina (or fever-bark)\* producing forests in the valleys of Loxa, and the alpine vegetation and mountain wildernesses of the Paramos, our author describes the gigantic remains of the ancient artificial roads of the Incas of Peru, which formed a line of communication through all the provinces of the empire, extending more than a thousand English miles. The road itself is 21 feet wide, and above a deep understructure was paved with well cut blocks of blackish trap porphyry. Station-houses, of hewn stone, are built at nearly equal distances, forming a kind of caravansera. In the pass called the Paramo del Assuay, the road rises to the height of 15,526 feet, almost equal to that of Mon Blanc. Across the wide and arid plains between the Pacific and the Andes, and also over the ridges of the Cordilleras, these two great Peruvian roads, or systems of roads, are covered with flat stones, or "sometimes even with cemented gravel, (Macadamized.)" The roads crossed the rivers and ravines by three kinds of bridges, "viz., those of stone, wood, and rope, and there were also aqueducts for bringing water to the caravanserais and to the fortresses." As wheel-carriages were not then used upon roads, they were occasionally interrupted by long flights of steps, provided with resting-places at suitable

\* *The Cinchona Condaminia (officinalis)*. This beautiful tree, though only six inches in diameter, often attains a height of sixty feet. The bark was introduced into Europe in 1632 or 1640.

intervals. Along with their grand artificial paths, the Peruvians possessed a highly improved postal system. These splendid remains of the Incas, however, have been wantonly destroyed, and Humboldt mentions that in one day's journey they were obliged to wade through the Rio de Guancabamba *twenty-seven* times, while they continually saw near them the remains of the high built roads, with their caravanserais. In the lower part of the same river, which, with its many falls and rapids, runs into the Amazons, our author was amused with the singular contrivance of a "Swimming Post," for the conveyance of correspondence with the coast of the Pacific. A young Indian, who usually discharges this important duty, swims in two days from Pomahuaco to Tomependa, carrying the few letters from Truxillo, which are intended for the province of Jaen de Bracamora. The letters are carefully placed in a large cotton handkerchief, which he winds round his head in the manner of a turban. He then descends the Rio de Chamaya (the lower part of the Guancabamba), and then the Amazons. When he reaches waterfalls, he quits the river and makes a circuit through the woods. In this fatiguing voyage, the Indian sometimes throws one arm round a piece of a very light kind of wood, and he has sometimes the advantage of a swimming companion. They carry no provision, as they are always sure of a hospitable reception in any of the scattered huts surrounded with fruit trees, which abound in the beautiful Huertas de Pucara and Cavico. Letters thus carried are seldom either wetted or lost; and Humboldt mentions, that soon after his return from Mexico to Europe, he received letters from Tomependa, which had been bound on the brow of the swimming post. The "Correo que nada," as he is called, returns by land by the difficult route of the Paramo del Paredon. Several tribes of wild Indians, who reside on the banks of the Upper Amazons, are accustomed to travel "by swimming down the stream sociably in parties." Humboldt had an "opportunity of seeing in this manner in the bed of the river the heads of 30 or 40 persons (men, women, and children), of the tribe of the Xibaros, on their arrival at Tomependa."

When the travelers approached the hot climate of the basin of the Amazons, they were delighted with the splendid orange trees, sweet and bitter, of the Huertas de Pucara. "Laden with many thousands of their golden fruit, they attain a height of from 60 to 64 feet, and instead of rounded

tops or crowns, they have aspiring branches like a laurel or bay tree."

"Not far from hence," says Humboldt, "near the Ford of Cavico, we were surprised by a very unexpected sight. We saw a grove of small trees, only about 18 or 19 feet high, which, instead of green, had apparently perfectly red or rose-colored leaves. It was a new species of *Bougainvillæa*, a genus first established by the elder Jussieu from a Brazilian specimen in Commerson's herbarium. The trees were almost entirely without true leaves, as what we took for leaves at a distance proved to be thickly crowded bractæ. The appearance was altogether different in the purity and freshness of the color from the autumnal tints which, in many of our forest trees, adorn the woods of the temperate zone at the season of the fall of the leaf. . . . We often found here the *Porlieria hygrometrica*, which, by the closing of the leaflets of its finely pinnated foliage, foretells an impending change of weather, and especially the approach of rain, much better than any of the *Mimosaceæ*. It very rarely deceived us."—Vol. ii. pp. 279, 280.

As night was closing upon our travelers, when they were ascending the eastern declivity of the Cordilleras, they arrived at an elevated plain where the argentiferous mountains of Gualgayoc, the chief locality of the celebrated Silver Mines of Chota, afforded them a remarkable spectacle. The cerro of Gualgayoc, an isolated mass of silicious rock, stands like an enchanted castle, separated by a deep ravine from the limestone mountains of Cormolatsche. It is traversed by innumerable veins of silver, and terminated on the N. W. by a nearly perpendicular precipice. "Besides being perforated to its summit by many hundred galleries driven in every direction, this mountain presents also natural openings in the mass of the silicious rock, through which the intensely dark blue sky of those elevated regions is visible to a spectator standing at the foot of the mountain. These openings are popularly called windows," and "similar ones were pointed out to us in the trachytic walls of the volcano of Pinchincha."

On their way to the ancient city of Caxamarca, Humboldt and his companions had to cross a succession of Paramos at the height of about 10,000 feet above the sea, before they reached the Paramo de Yanaguanga, from which they looked down upon the fertile valley of Caxamarca, containing in its oval area about 112 English square miles. The town stands almost as high as the city of Quito, but being encircled by mountains, it enjoys a far milder climate. The fort and palace of Atahualpa exist only in a few ru-



ins. The warm baths of Pultamarca, at which the Inca spent a part of the year, have a temperature of  $156^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, and are seen in the distance. The town is adorned with a few churches, a state prison, and a municipal building, erected upon part of the ruins of the palace. On the porphyritic rock upon which the palace stood, a shaft has been sunk which formerly led into subterranean chambers, and to a gallery said to extend to the other porphyritic dome of Santa Polonia. The room is yet shown where Atahualpa was imprisoned for nine months from November, 1532, and the mark on the wall is still pointed out to show the height to which he offered to fill the room with gold in bars, plates, and vessels, if set free. In order to avoid being burnt alive, the Inca consented to be baptized by his fanatical persecutor, the Dominican monk, Vincente de Valverde. He was strangled publicly in the open air, and at the mass for the dead the brothers Pizarro were present in mourning habits.\* The population of Caxamarca did not, at the time of our author's visit, exceed seven or eight thousand inhabitants.

After leaving the sea, the travelers ascended a height about 10,000 feet high, and were "struck with the sight of two grotesquely shaped porphyritic summits, Aroma and Cunturcaga, which consisted of five, six, or seven solid columns, some of them jointed and from thirty-seven to forty-two feet high." Owing to the distribution of the often converging series of columns of the Cerro Aroma placed one above another, "it resembles a two-storied building, which, moreover, is surmounted by a dome or cupola of non-columnar rock."

It had been the earliest wish of our author to obtain a view of the Pacific from the crest of the Andes. He had listened as a boy to the adventurous expedition of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the first European who beheld the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, and he was now about to gratify this longing

\* It is with some reluctance that, in imitation of Humboldt, we throw into the obscurity of a note, a specimen of court etiquette at the palace of the Incas. "In conformity," says our author, "with a highly ancient court ceremonial, Atahualpa spat, not on the ground, but into the hand of one of the principal ladies present;"—"all," says Garcilaso, "on account of his majesty."—Vol. ii. p. 314. When the possessors of a little brief authority thus degrade their office and their race, we feel that they have withdrawn themselves from the sphere of human sympathies, and we almost forget the cruelties of the Spaniards when we find them perpetrated against bipeds like Atahualpa.

desire of his youth. When they had reached the highest part of the mountain by the Alto de Guangamarca, the heavens suddenly became clear, and the western declivity of the Cordilleras, covered with quartz blocks fourteen feet high, and the plains as far as the sea-shore near Truxillo, "lay beneath their eyes in astonishing apparent proximity. We saw for the first time the Pacific Ocean itself, and we saw it clearly. . . . The joy it inspired was vividly shared by my companions, Bonpland and Carlos Montufar," . . . and the sight "was peculiarly impressive to one who, like myself, owed a part of the formation of his mind and character, and many of the directions which his wishes had assumed, to intercourse with (George Forster) one of the companions of Cook."

In the preceding analysis of the "Aspects of Nature," we have found it very difficult to do justice either to the author or to ourselves as Reviewers. Owing to the great length of the "annotations and additions," which extend to more than twice the length of the original chapters which form the text, we have been under the necessity of incorporating the information contained in both, partly in our own language and partly in that of the author, and have therefore found it impossible to give such copious and continuous extracts as the reader might have desired. This difficulty, too, has been greatly increased by the admixture of scientific with popular details, and by the use of technical terms which the general reader will sometimes find it difficult to interpret. Regarding the work, however, as one of great value from its science, and great interest from its subject, and as possessing that peculiar charm of language and of sentiment which we look for in vain in similar productions, we cannot withhold the expression of our anxiety that the popular matter in the "annotations and additions" should be incorporated with the original text, and the technical and parenthetical references in the text, either converted into foot-notes, or transferred to the "annotations." We should thus have a work truly popular, without losing any of its scientific accuracy.

The translation by Mrs. Sabine is, like her translation of *Kosmos*, admirably executed. We are never offended with the harshness of a foreign idiom, and we never discover that the author and the translator are different persons.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers some account of a work full of wis-

dom and knowledge, written by one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the present day, and well fitted to draw our attention to a subject with which every person ought to be familiar. To live upon a world so wonderfully made, without desiring to know its form, its structure, and its purpose—to eat the ambrosia of its gardens, and drink the nectar of its vineyards, without inquiring where, or how, or why they grow—to toil for its gold and its silver, and to appropriate its coal and its iron, without studying their nature and their origin—to tremble under its earthquakes, and stand aghast before its volcanoes, in ignorance of their locality, of their powers, and of their origin—to see and handle the gigantic remains of vegetable and animal life, without understanding when and why they perished—to tread the mountain range, unconscious that it is sometimes composed wholly of the indestructible flinty relics of living creatures, which it requires the most powerful microscope to perceive,—to neglect such pursuits as these, would indicate a mind destitute of the intellectual faculty, and unworthy of the

life and reason with which we have been endowed. It is only the irreligious man that can blindly gaze upon the loveliness of material nature, without seeking to understand its phenomena and its laws. It is only the ignorant man that can depreciate the value of that true knowledge which is within the grasp of his divine reason; and it is only the presumptuous man who can prefer those speculative studies, before which the strongest intellect quails, and the weakest triumphs. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all," can be the language only of the wise; and it is to the wise only that the heavens can declare the glory of God, and that the firmament can show forth his handiwork. It is the geologist alone who has explored them, that can call upon the "depths of the earth to praise the Lord;" and he "who breaketh the cedars of Lebanon," who "shaketh the wilderness," who "divideth the flames of fire," who "causeth the hinds to calve," and "maketh bare the forest," has imperatively required it from his worshipers, "that in his temple every one should speak of his glory."

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SUN-DIAL AND THE FLOWER:—BORROWED IMPORTANCE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

A DIAL stood of model chaste,  
With every proper sign,  
To point to all the time of day  
A moral in each line;  
Indeed, for strict propriety,  
'Twas famous in its way,  
And told much better than the clocks  
The proper time of day.

Vain of its pow'r, its face of brass  
Look'd boldly at the sun,  
Not thinking that the better part  
Was by its brightness done.  
Its head was full of other's lore,  
Which it believed its own,  
And thought the world's full gratitude  
Was due to it alone.

A flower of tendril fairy fine  
Had climb'd around its base,  
Then creeping on by slow degrees,  
Reclined upon its face.  
"Begone, vile weed!" the dial cried,  
"Base child of earth, away!  
Your puny shadow puts me out,  
I lose the time of day."

"Oh, oh! my friend," the flower cried,  
"I now perceive the truth,  
That all your boasted mightiness  
Is not your own, forsooth;  
That you are but a bit of brass,  
With wisdom in your face,  
Not worth a thought, when yonder sun  
Deserts your resting-place."



From the Patriot.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE year upon which we have now entered, will complete the first half of the Nineteenth Century, the most eventful since the Apostolic age; and the present seems a fitting moment for casting back a hasty glance at the corresponding point in the preceding century, in order to gain some notion of the magnitude of the changes that have taken place in the intervening years, and of the accelerated rate of the social movement. How did we stand as a country, a nation, in relation to Christendom and the world, a hundred years ago?

In the year 1750, the British Throne was filled by the second Monarch of the House of Hanover. Four years before, the battle of Culloden had given the death-blow to the cause and hopes of the PRETENDER. The other reigning European Sovereigns were, LOUIS XV., the Emperor FRANCIS I., and MARIA THERESA, Pope BENEDICT XIV., PHILIP V., of Spain, ELIZABETH, Empress of Russia, and FREDERICK THE GREAT. These names will, however, scarcely recall the relative positions of the several Powers of Europe. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) had introduced a hollow and precarious peace and temporary settlement, which soon gave way before the ambitious projects and military successes of FREDERICK THE GREAT. England was then but a second-rate power, too feeble to cope with the great potentates of the Continent. A hundred years ago, the King of Great Britain could not number above twelve or thirteen millions of subjects, including the population of all the colonies and settlements in the Western Hemisphere. The American Colonies contained not more than three million; and the French, then masters of Canada and Louisiana, laid claim to the valley of the Mississippi, and projected the expulsion of the British Colonists from the Continent. In India, too, they appeared virtual masters of the Decan, and threatened the destruction of the British settlements in Bengal. When, in 1757, the great Earl of CHATHAM was called to the helm of an almost foundering State, the critical position of our national affairs had thrown a deep gloom over the public mind. At one time, England and Prussia had to withstand the powerful con-

federacy of France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony on the Continent, while the maritime powers of Holland and Portugal were our formidable commercial rivals; Spain still enjoyed the rich monopoly of her nine vice-royalties in the new world of Columbus, and Portugal held Brazil. But France was the ascendant power. Paris was the literary metropolis of Europe, and Rome the recognized centre of Christendom. The English language was scarcely spoken or understood by any but natives of the British isles and their American descendants. Nothing would at that time have appeared more improbable, than that the power of this insulated nation should, within a century, become politically and morally paramount; that its chain of colonies should girdle the globe, that its merchants should be inheritors of the Mogul empire, lords of the Indies and of Guinea; and that the Anglo-Saxon race and language, naturalized in the Western Hemisphere, should spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and displace alike the French on the North, and the Spanish in the basin of the Gulf of Mexico! In territorial extent, the British Empire, inferior only to that of Russia, is almost three times as vast as that of Imperial Rome; while, adding that giant Republic which has grown up out of its American Colonists within the last seventy years, we have an area of more than seven millions of square miles, with an aggregate population of at least a hundred and eighty millions of souls, under the dominant influence, not indeed of one Government, but of one nation, originally confined to a small island in the German Ocean, and which was scarcely able to maintain a footing in India, in America, in Africa, or on the European Continent itself, a hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago, the state of our geographical knowledge was as limited as our political influence. Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia were names unknown to geography; no HUMBOLDT had then climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveler had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in mystery; and the Brah-

mapootra was unknown, even by name, among the rivers of India. The languages and dialects of the Eastern world were as little known as the physical aspect and phenomena of the countries. No Sir WILLIAM JONES had arisen to set the example of Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no CAREY or MORRISON, no MARTYN or JUDSON, had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages which had hitherto defied, like an impenetrable rampart, all attempts to gain access to the mind of India and China. A hundred years ago, there were neither Protestant Missionary Societies nor Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies, the Danish missions in Southern India, and the Moravian missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact, the obstacles to success in almost every part of the world, arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of the Papal, Mohammedan, and Pagan powers, added to the deficiency of our knowledge and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable.

A hundred years ago, the moral aspect of society was as dark and discouraging, both at home and abroad, as the political prospect was gloomy. The state of courtly and clerical morals is betrayed in the too accurate portraiture of manners in the contemporary writings of FIELDING, SMOLLETT, and RICHARDSON. The prevalence of popular ignorance and irreligion of the grossest kind, is shown by the reception given to the early labors of WESLEY and WHITFIELD. In the eloquent language of ROBERT HALL, "the creed established by law had no sort of influence in forming the sentiments of the people; the pulpit had completely vanquished the desk; piety and puritanism were confounded in one common reproach; an almost pagan darkness in the concerns of salvation prevailed; and the English people became the most irreligious upon earth. Such was the state of things when WHITFIELD and WESLEY made their appearance." The first Methodist society was formed in 1739. Twenty-eight years afterward, the number of preachers in England, (according to the Minutes of Conference) was only 76; and of Members, 22,642. In 1750, therefore, the Methodists must have formed a very inconsiderable body. The state of the Noncon-

formist Churches at that time, presented little to relieve the dreariness of the picture. At the beginning of the century, according to NEAL, there were 1,354 Churches of the Three Denominations in England: of these, the majority were Presbyterian. Sixty years afterward, they were computed at 1,509. Meantime, the Arianism of WHISTON and EMLYN had begun to infect the pulpits and academies of the Presbyterian body, and a death-like formalism had spread over the community. Dr. DODDRIDGE died in 1750; and in the following year, Dr. JOHN TAYLOR openly broached the Socinian tenets in his "Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement." The want of an earnest, Evangelical ministry among the orthodox Dissenters, is the subject of lamentation and complaint in the publications of the day. It would not be easy to fix upon a period since the Reformation, when the religious life of the country was reduced to a lower ebb than about the middle of the last century. Deism—the Deism of HUME—was extending itself among the learned and professional classes, and practical infidelity was everywhere prevalent among the lower orders. Yet, we sometimes hear the present age spoken of as peculiarly an age of abounding infidelity! "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

But we must hasten to conclude this retrospect with a few miscellaneous references. In February and March, 1750, two slight shocks of an earthquake were felt in London; and the apprehensions which they excited, were further increased by the prediction of a fanatic, a soldier, that another shock would speedily ensue, which would lay all London and Westminster in ruins. Great numbers fled to the fields in consternation, and could hardly be persuaded to return, when the time fixed for the accomplishment of the prediction was past. At that time, the total population of the metropolitan parishes within the Bills of Mortality was but 674,356. The population of England and Wales was under six millions and a half. That of all Lancashire was under 300,000. In 1750, the National debt was but seventy millions. Yet, it may be questioned, whether the burden of taxation did not press as heavily then as now, and whether the vast increase of the Debt has not been compensated by the prodigious augmentation of the wealth and resources of the country. What would have been thought, a hundred years ago, of sinking a capital of hundreds of millions in the construction of Railways?



In 1750, Westminster Bridge, commenced in 1738, was first opened; prior to which, old London Bridge retained its undisputed honors. Years later, barges ascended the Fleet river with the tide to Holborn Bridge: Blackfriars Bridge was not begun till 1760, and was finished in 1770. At that time, Cheapside itself was not paved with flagstones, and the foot-way was defended by posts, while almost every shop had its projecting sign. It would be easy to multiply similar curious indications of the very different aspect which the Metropolis itself presented a hundred years ago.

Since then, what prodigious events have rapidly succeeded each other! The American Revolution followed at no distant interval, by the French of 1789; thirty years of European wars; the rise and fall of the French Empire; the European Revolution of 1830; the conquest of India; the colonization of Australia and New Zealand; the

formation of the Bible Society and the several Missionary Societies; the extraordinary progress in geographical discovery; the development of the wonderful powers of steam; the discoveries in chemistry which have rendered it almost a new science;—but, above all, the prodigious expansion of the wealth and monetary power, the commercial enterprise and manufacturing industry, the territorial empire, and moral supremacy; the religious institutions and voluntary munificence and zeal, of Protestant England;—in a word, the glorious phenomenon of the British Empire. It is not in the spirit of vain-glorious boasting that we use this language, but with a devout sense of the high national responsibility attaching to both rulers and people. God “hath not so dealt with any other nation” that now exists; and it must be for the accomplishment of mightier purposes than come within the purview and calculation of secular politicians.

## CATALANI.

AMONG the admirers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly he commanded her attendance at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *fioriture*; she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. “Where are you going, Madame?” inquired the master, with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. “To London, sire.”—“You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months’ vacation: that is settled. Adieu, madame!” And the cantatrice retired more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English Ambassador at Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani

was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid £150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life. A few days before her death, while she was sitting in her saloon, without any presentiment of her approaching end, she received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, “I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women; bless me, madame, I am Jenny Lind!” Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path,—the one to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears,—the other to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

From Tait's Magazine.

## LIFE OF THE LATE DR. CHALMERS.

MANY years must have passed since the death of any man in Scotland excited that sad sensation caused by the demise of Dr. Chalmers, and many years must pass again before death can produce a similar result by a single stroke; for we have no man with a character yet earned or formed, so high in general estimation as that his removal would be felt in the same extent to be a national calamity. The circumstances attendant on the death of Dr. Chalmers were well calculated to increase its effect. The body with whom he was immediately associated had passed toward the close of its annual assembly, when death came to him noiselessly, and without a warning. He literally fell asleep; for, left at night in health, he was found at morn in death. No premonitory symptoms of bodily or mental weakness had prepared his friends for the loss that they were to sustain. His pallid features bore no vestige of a struggle with the last enemy; and death, in this instance, was very like "translation." All men were saddened by this change; for even those who were uninfluenced by religious considerations, felt still that a man great in science, wielding an immense influence by the weight of personal character alone, of undoubted benevolence and pure motives, had passed away, and left a place that would not be soon occupied. It was curious and instructive to mark the haste with which death smoothed down feuds, and healed animosities, amongst various religious bodies. Few men had ever mingled more than Dr. Chalmers in polemical and semi-political discussions. His opposition to any cause had been long deemed a serious hindrance to its success. No party felt themselves safe before his marked disapproval, and many whom he opposed were irritated under his arguments. At some period of his long and active career, he had been led into opposition, nearly to all the various denominations, except that with which he was at his death connected. Yet the general benevolence of his character had always soon effaced these breaches; and even his rebukes breathed a spirit of love and truth. The posthu-

mous publication of several works, and especially of his short commentaries, has increased the esteem in which he was long regarded in religious circles. We mention these circumstances as calculated to increase the responsibility of his biographer.

It was some time since announced that his life would be written by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, and he has several qualifications of a special kind for this work. He was in terms of the most perfect intimacy with Dr. Chalmers, and he has the most complete access, not merely to all his papers, but to those of his opinions on public questions, that, though unwritten, must live in the recollection of the members of his family. Dr. Hanna is a native of Belfast; and although he was, previous to the disruption, a parochial minister in the Scotch Established Church, yet his freedom from early prejudices and feelings may, on many topics connected with Scotland, which will necessarily come under his notice in the second and subsequent volumes, enable him to adhere closely to the part of a fair and candid historian. Dr. Chalmers' life is intimately woven into the history of all national movements, from the day when he aided to form a small Bible Society at Kilmany, to his last evidence on the site question, before a committee of the House of Commons. His biographer must have been, from his earliest years, acquainted with Scotch ecclesiastical movements; the son of a minister who was long justly considered the leader of the evangelical party amongst the Irish Presbyterians, and who retains, in extreme old age, no small influence amongst that body; Dr. Hanna must have grown up familiar with ecclesiastical proceedings and questions of interest in Scotch affairs, yet in a manner not so likely to warp the judgment as might be fairly expected, and must be cautiously watched; in one who has lived amongst the actors in party movements from infancy, and gradually imbibed strong opinions regarding them, even before his reason can have made an intelligent decision on their merits. Dr. Hanna is a particularly unobtrusive man, but his literary abilities will



enable him to use fully and well the rich materials in his power. As editor of the *North British Review*, to which Dr. Chalmers regularly contributed, he had the best means of ascertaining his relative's impressions regarding the current of events toward the close of his life; and the last volume of the work is likely to be the most interesting.

It may be considered a curious chain of events that has given the narration of this life—that of Scotland's greatest son, in the first part of our century—to an Irish gentleman. It seems to accord completely with one of those objects that we know to have been very near to Dr. Chalmers' heart in his lifetime, the strengthening of the link that once, more obviously even than now, bound Ulster to Scotland, and Scotland to her earliest and greatest colony. Historians allege that the Scots were originally a colony from Ireland, who settled in the western division of Scotland; and that before their name was given to this country, it had belonged to Ireland. No doubt exists respecting the original connection, although its nature may not now be altogether intelligible. The intercourse between countries separated at one point by a channel of twenty, and at another point of ten miles, must have always been considerable, and we meet its consequences in many pages of Scotch and Irish history. Still is shown, on the borders of Ulster, the spot where the rash but chivalric Edward Bruce fell, in his attempt to drive the English out of Ireland. When, at a long posterior period, James the First of England determined to colonize part of Ulster, from England and Scotland, a large body of the undertakers, and their tenants and retainers, came from Scotland; and their descendants now occupy a great part of the north-eastern counties, forming the majority of the population. At subsequent periods, when persecution reddened its sword and erected its gallows in the West of Scotland, men fled in great numbers, with the love of truth and freedom as their heritage, from the western counties to Ulster. To these circumstances, and the probability that the tenets of the Culdees were never entirely forgotten and obliterated in the North of Ireland, may be ascribed the formation of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which has its centre in Antrim, Down, and Derry; and the general prevalence of Protestantism in Ulster. Dr. Chalmers was intimately conversant with the history of that body, and sincerely desirous for their prosperity. He found them closely associated with the doctrinal history of the

Church of Scotland; and was, probably, gratified by their adherence to the Free Church at the period of the disruption. Six years ago, Dr. Chalmers visited Ireland, we believe, for the last time, and resided for a considerable period at the beautiful village of Rostrevor. He had previously experienced weakness, arising, not improbably, from the excitement of the period. His residence at Rostrevor, and the air of the Mourne Mountains, had contributed to restore his strength. We met him one day, when on his way homeward, in a curious position for an invalid: the top of one of the range of high mountains that environ Belfast on the north-west, and seem to have been cast up between it and Lough Neagh. The summit of the Cave hill commands a sweep of great extent on every side; and, on a summer afternoon, when the sun's rays sparkle on the distant waters of Lough Neagh, Lough Strangford, and the Channel, yields one of the most superb views in our islands. The busy town beneath, with its fine river, covered with ships of many flags, and every form, gradually widening into Belfast Lough, and the latter losing itself between the Copeland and the Maiden Islands in the Channel, with the Scottish hills in Galloway, for a background to the east; or the same river, winding its course up the fertile valley to Lisburn, now lost for a long distance, to be again revealed between corn-fields or through trees in a narrow line of silvery brightness, and its densely peopled banks, away from the ocean to its source, studded with little towns and numerous villas, catching the eye amid its many cottages, sometimes clustered round a tall chimney, or gathered together at the corner of bleaching fields, that seem, even in July, to have a covering of snow; or over the Castlereagh hills, on the south-east to Lough Strangford, with its many islands chequering its wide expanse of water, surrounded by many pleasant villages, so hidden and out of the way of the world as scarcely to be known; or the sharp and distant summits of the Mourne Mountains, raised by their Maker like a barrier between the dark South and the black North; or the corner of the wide Lough Neagh and the Ban River, carrying away its waters to the north, and the Derry Mountains closing up the scene to the west; or the vast expanse of bleak country, broken apparently here and there by streaks of green and yellow, seeming like crevices, only because we cannot look into the wide, and sometimes fertile, but always densely peopled vales of Antrim, and

Slieve Doough to the north-east, rising cone-shaped like a sugar-loaf, lonely and alone in its pride: any one of all the prospects from the Cave Hill, when the sky is blue, and the summer day nearly done, is worth the stiff journey upward twice repeated; and all of them together form a scene that, as a whole, cannot often be excelled, and in which there are points that scarcely can be rivaled. Dr. Chalmers loved eminently the works of God. Few men have ever enjoyed them more. A scene like that was to him a rich festival. His mind acquired more than its wonted exuberance amidst the beautiful or the sublime in the works of Creation.

Very few disciples of Christianity ever grasped more completely the idea, "My Father hath made them all." But looking over this wide scene in the best part of Ireland, he could not fail to remember the misery and sufferings that occupied a large part in the history, and the moral aspect, of a land singularly rich in natural resources, and lamentably poor in their application. No shadow of the coming famine, fever, and sorrows of 1845, and the subsequent years, then darkened the island; yet in many districts, plenty and want, heartlessness and suffering, dwelt together. He was no sectarian in the narrow and objectionable meaning of the title, but he held warmly his own tenets, because he could not yield a cold and frigid assent to any principle of faith; and, remembering his own country, and the changes accomplished there in a single century, ascribing them in a great degree to the religious principles that prevail in Scotland, he believed that the same creed might form similar minds to work out the same results in Ireland. No Irishman, of whatever creed, could love the man less than the warm wishes of his heart were concentrated in one of those expressive and fervent ejaculatory prayers, containing in ten words the force and strength of a hundred, with which his journals and Sabbath readings have rendered the public familiar.

Dr. Chalmers, it may be remembered, suffered reproach in advocating the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill. He prized the friendships he had formed in society, but while valuing them warmly, they were never permitted to sway his mind from the path that seemed to him the way of duty. The Disruption of the Scottish Church was not the only or the first example where he set aside the claims of friendship for the paramount demands of principle. In advocating

the claims of the Roman Catholics, he undoubtedly alienated for a time the affection and esteem of many of his former admirers. He could not, therefore, be charged with entertaining an unjust preference for the Presbyterian Church, in believing it likely to become a powerful instrumentality for the emancipation of Ireland from many evils not less injurious than political restrictions. He had supported Roman Catholic emancipation; he had assisted the Episcopal Church in various difficulties; he had attended in St. Andrew's at an Independent Church, while an ordained minister of the Establishment; he lived in terms of intimacy with the leaders of the English Wesleyan Methodists, and acting on just principles to those with whom he could not maintain religious communion, he was also a man of the most catholic spirit; yet he loved not less on that account the broad features of Protestant faith, or the distinctive lines of his own communion. Many rugged points in Irish history catch the eye, but to those who read it well, there is a soft and sombre sadness over the story, that deeply interests the feelings, and leaves the reader anxious that peace at last and prosperity would not be only visitors and wayfarers in the land. Dr. Chalmers possessed this kind of interest in Ireland, and one rising still higher, from other and nobler sources; and seeking its permanent improvement next, probably, to that of Scotland; he expressed his conviction that Scotland and England would not long be prosperous while Ireland was depressed.

These remarks have, however, diverged from the general subject, and arose merely from the preparation of Dr. Chalmers' life being committed to a gentleman so closely connected with Ireland as Dr. Hanna—who has accomplished that part of his great task, now before the public, in a manner calculated to afford the best idea that can be obtained of the subject. We want not merely a naked narrative of events, chained together in chronological order; but the history of a great mind. If that want is supplied from the man's thoughts, written as time passed away, with its changes; and illustrated with the light which a skillful biographer can throw over them—we have obtained the most desirable result. This first volume is prepared with that object steadily in view. Dr. Chalmers still speaks in a great number of its pages. The biographer keeps himself entirely unseen. We know that he moves the panorama which is to pass before us; that he searches out, puts in order, and joins the



various material, but we see nothing of him—he is hidden in his subject, who is kept continually before the reader. We meet frequently with beautiful passages, belonging, evidently, to the historian; but it has been remarked, and we think correctly, that there exists a similarity between Dr. Chalmers' style and Dr. Hanna's mode of writing, that permits the reader to glide out of the one into the other, without perceiving a marked change, or being startled by an abrupt alteration in the complexion and construction of sentences. Perhaps it might be more accurate to say that there exists a similarity of sentiment, and a devotedness of the historian to his subject, that, more than any mere similarity of style, accounts for the circumstance we have noticed. A similarity of spirit goes far to accomplish the end mentioned; and Dr. Hanna, holding the same principles as Dr. Chalmers, living with him long on terms of the closest intimacy and relationship, and almost daily employed, since his death, amongst his journals, in preparing them for the press, would probably imbibe some part of his spirit, and even gradually fall into his style.

Dr. Hanna has sincerely devoted himself to the preparation of Dr. Chalmers' posthumous works, and his life. We know that, two years since, a desire was expressed for his presence and professional assistance in a quarter that he must have felt difficulty to resist, under circumstances that almost rendered it a matter of duty to accept; that would have conferred on him great personal influence, and insured a status in temporal matters equivalent to the highest hopes that can be formed in his connection. The latter inducement may have possessed comparatively little weight; but a strong current of moral and religious interests, and even of personal associations, must have inclined him strongly toward the acceptance of the cordial invitations warmly pressed on him. A deep feeling of duty alone toward the great work that had fallen into his hands, and which he could best discharge, must have weighed much in dictating a refusal that in scarcely any other circumstances could have been given with a consistent and strict regard to duty, and to those high and immortal interests that he had promised always to promote. We may, appropriately, at this stage, notice the energetic manner in which the publisher of this important series of works has supported the literary efforts to render them what the public would desire, and have some right to expect. They are substantial books.

The typography is excellent, the paper good, and the style adopted, renders the volumes remarkably easy to read. The outlay on publications of this description is immense. The sale requires to be correspondingly extensive, but that, we believe, has been obtained; and the volumes are standard works that will be current for centuries in the market of literature. With the greater part of that time the publisher and printer, who has hazarded a fortune in this work, or the author's family, have no interest. Dr. Chalmers might have devoted his powerful mental faculties to the collection of money. He would have made an excellent banker or merchant. He might have formed a large fortune, and bought and entailed an estate in his family while his descendants continued. He followed another course, and one still more useful to mankind. Therefore, the property reared by him only belongs to his family for a limited period. He did not belong to party, it is said, but to mankind; and, therefore, mankind agree to appropriate the pecuniary proceeds of his labors, after a given period. So runs the law.

Dr. Chalmers was born in Anstruther, a little burgh on the shores of the Frith of Forth, near by the East Neuk of Fife. Passing over the introduction, the first chapter opens with a brief description of the past, and now almost forgotten, greatness of Anstruther. The family of Dr. Chalmers appear to have been connected with Fife for a considerable period:—

“With the county of Fife Dr. Chalmers' family had for some generations been connected. His great-grandfather, Mr. James Chalmers, son of John Chalmers, laird of Pitmedden, was ordained as minister of the parish of Elie, in the year 1710. In the following year he married Agnes Merchiston, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of Kirkpatrick, who had been ejected from his living at the period of the Revolution. Undistinguished by any superiority of talent, the simple kindness of Mr. Chalmers' disposition endeared him to his parishioners, and there still lingers in the neighborhood a remembrance of the familiar and affectionate intercourse which was carried on between minister and people. What the minister himself wanted in energy was amply made up by the vigorous activity of his wife. Brought up in the school of adversity, she had learned the lesson of a most thrifty economy. The estate of Radernie, purchased by her savings, out of a slender income, which had to bear the burden of twelve children's education, still remains in the possession of one of her descendants; while, in the after history of more than one member of her family, the care with which she had watched over their infancy and education brought

forth its pleasant fruits. Her eldest daughter married Mr. Thomas Kay, minister of Kilrenny, a parish immediately adjoining to Anstruther. With the family at Kilrenny manse, the family of Dr. Chalmers' father continued to maintain the closest intimacy. It was to Mrs. Kay's son-in-law, Dr. Adamson, of St. Andrews, that Dr. Chalmers was himself indebted for his presentation to the living of Kilmany.

"Mr. Chalmers' eldest son, the Rev. John Chalmers, D.D., succeeded his father as minister at Elie, but was afterward translated to the parish of Kilconquhar. He inherited his mother's talent, and in his day was distinguished both as an eloquent preacher, and an able and zealous advocate of that policy which then predominated within the Church of Scotland. Mr. Chalmers' second son, Mr. James Chalmers, having married Barbara Anderson, of Easter Anstruther, settled in that town as a dyer, shipowner, and general merchant. He was succeeded in a prosperous business by his second son, Mr. John Chalmers, who, in 1771, married Elizabeth Hall, the daughter of a wine merchant at Crail. They had a very numerous family—nine sons and five daughters—of whom only one died in childhood. The following table is extracted from Mr. Chalmers' family record:—

"John Chalmers and Elizabeth Hall were married on the 20th August, 1771.

CHILDREN BY SAID MARRIAGE.

	BORN.	BAPTIZED.
1. James, . .	June 11, 1772	June 14
2. Lucy, . .	Nov. 9, 1773	Nov. 14
3. Barbara, . .	June 21, 1775	June 25
4. George, . .	April 1, 1777	April 6
5. William, . .	Aug. 31, 1778	Sept. 6
6. Thomas, . .	Mar. 17, 1780	Mar. 19
7. Isabel, . .	Dec. 13, 1781	Dec. 16
8. David, . .	May 31, 1783	June 1
9. John, . .	May 19, 1785	May 22
10. Helen, . .	Aug. 31, 1786	Sept. 8
11. Jean, . .	June 29, 1788	June 29
12. Patrick, . .	June 16, 1790	June 20
13. Charles, . .	Jan. 16, 1792	Jan. 22
14. Alexander, .	April 9, 1794	April 13

"Dr. Chalmers, the sixth child and fourth son in this crowded household, was born at Anstruther, on Friday, the 17th March, 1780."

Unlike many other crowded families, this one was not early thinned; and one of the disadvantages attending a numerous flock of rivals to a mother's care was, that the nurse had the management of Thomas at an early age; and a bad nurse she appears to have been, since the victim of her anger never entirely forgot the treatment he received. Many young persons derive their first impressions in life from a bad nurse, like the girl who fixed her character indelibly on the mind of Thomas Chalmers. It is a great mistake to place the most inexperienced servant in the nursery, if she be to rule there

in the "vice-maternal" chair, although it is a common error, from which the world has derived many of the crooked and perverse minds by whom it has been vexed, and made worse than it might have been, if that practice had been avoided. The boy in this instance ran away from the nursery to the school, in the hope of escaping from calamities which daily annoyed him at home. He was not sent, but he fled to the school, when three years of age. Infant schools were then unknown, and so he must have been regarded as a remarkably young scholar; but the teacher, Mr. Bryce, was old, and so nearly blind, that when he attempted to strike offending scholars with his "rod," the blows meant for them generally fell on his own table. He had an assistant, who abandoned his principal's system of discipline; but was unfortunate in his career, although a man of considerable parts:—

"Though he continued for many years afterward to preside, Mr. Bryce had furnished himself with an assistant, Mr. Daniel Ramsay, afterward parochial schoolmaster at Corstorphine, to whose care all the younger children were in the first instance consigned. The assistant was as easy as his superior was harsh. As teachers, they were about equally inefficient. Mr. Ramsay sought distinction in his profession by becoming the author of a treatise on "Mixed Schools." His work won for him but little reputation; and an unfortunate act, in which, perhaps, there was more imprudence than guilt, lost him his situation, and plunged him in poverty. For many years Dr. Chalmers contributed regularly for his support. His latter days were spent in Gillespie's Hospital, where he died about five years ago. The Rev. Dr. Steven, who visited him frequently while upon his death-bed, in a letter with which I have been favored, says:—'On one occasion he spoke to me, in a very feeling manner indeed, of Dr. Chalmers, and the impression made upon my mind was such that I have not yet forgotten the words he employed: "No man," exclaimed he, "knows the amount of kindness which I have received from my old pupil. He has often done me good, both as respects my soul and my body; many a pithy sentence he uttered when he threw himself in my way—many a pound note has the Doctor given me, and he always did the thing as if he were afraid that somebody should see him. May God reward him!" The feeble old man was quite overpowered, and wept like a child when he gave utterance to these words.'

"There had been a dash of eccentricity about Ramsay. Some years ago, when the whole powers of the empire lodged for a short time in the single hand of the Duke of Wellington, he wrote to his Grace, in the true dominie spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit—that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland. He



should just take, he told him, 'the taws in tae hand, and the Testament in the tither.' Engrossed as he was, the Duke sent an acknowledgment signed by himself; and for some time it was difficult to say which of the two Daniel Ramsay was proudest of—having taught Dr. Chalmers, and so laid, as he was always accustomed to boast, the foundation of his fame—or having instructed the Duke of Wellington as to the best way of governing Ireland, and having got an answer from the Duke himself."

The letter to the Duke does not bear out Ramsay's character for dealing easily with his scholars. Teachers most probably become inured to "the taws" as they increase in years; but Ramsay's distribution of the governing powers is bad. The Testament should always be tried before "the taws," in managing Ireland and governing schools; and if the precepts of the Testament had been more consistently applied to Ireland than has been done, we might have found less use for "the taws" in conducting its affairs. Dr. Chalmers' good nature was more apparent than his genius at Anster parish school. The exercises there failed to inspire in him any love of learning. He went there not to find instruction, but a refuge; and he appears to have been often unsuccessful in his object. Few of our greatest men have been precocious students. We have grave doubts respecting the propriety of taxing the intellect greatly at an early age. Parents who expect children to be little men and women seldom get much good out of them. It will hardly do, we fear, to try and blot out infancy, boyhood, and girlhood from life. Art is strong, and training powerful; but nature will keep its own against both, or avenge the theft at a subsequent period. Still the boy contains the germs of the man. Great changes may be produced by the agency of many circumstances, by the force of experience, or, finally, as Scott has it, by the force of truth; but through them all the influences of infancy and youth retain their places, sometimes scarcely perceptible, but always real, and not seldom powerful. The schoolboy character of Dr. Chalmers is clearly marked in the following passages:—

"By those of his schoolfellows, few now in number, who survive, Dr. Chalmers is remembered as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school. Little time or attention would have been required for him to prepare his daily lessons, so as to meet the ordinary demands of the school-room; for when he did set himself to learn, not one of all his schoolfellows could do it at once so quickly and so well. When the time came, however, for

saying them, the lessons were often found scarcely half-learned—sometimes not learned at all. The punishment inflicted in such cases was to send the culprit into the coalhole, to remain there in solitude till the neglected duty was discharged. If many of the boys could boast over Thomas Chalmers that they were seldomer in the place of punishment, none could say that they got more quickly out of it. Joyous, vigorous, and humorous, he took his part in all the games of the playground, ever ready to lead or to follow, when schoolboy expeditions were planned and executed; and, wherever for fun or for frolic any little group of the merry-hearted was gathered, his full, rich laugh, might be heard rising amid their shouts of glee. But he was altogether unmischievous in his mirth. He could not bear that either falsehood or blasphemy should mingle with it. His own greater strength he always used to defend the weak or the injured, who looked to him as their natural protector; and whenever, in its heated overflow, play passed into passion, he hastened from the ungenial region, rushing once into a neighboring house, when a whole storm of mussel shells was flying to and fro, which the angry little hands that flung them meant to do all the mischief that they could; and exclaiming, as he sheltered himself in his retreat, 'I'm no' for powder and ball,' a saying which the good old woman, beside whose ingle he found a refuge, was wont in these later years to quote in his favor, when less friendly neighbors were charging him with being a man of strife, too fond of war."

During his school days, Thomas Chalmers was caught preaching to a single auditor, from the appropriate text, "Let brotherly love continue." The circumstance is not of much importance, because, as we remember once to have previously noticed, most boys preach at some period of their career; for the same reason that they teach schools and play at "soldiery," without much more probability of becoming "dominies," or following a warlike career, than that of "the Queen of May" to change her crown of roses for one of diamonds and gold.

Thomas Chalmers left school early, and entered St. Andrews College:—

"In November, 1791, whilst not yet twelve years of age, accompanied by his eldest brother, William, he enrolled himself as a student in the United College of St. Andrews. He had but one contemporary there, who had entered college at an earlier age, John, Lord Campbell; and the two youngest students became each, in future life, the most distinguished in his separate sphere. However it may have been in Lord Campbell's case, in Dr. Chalmers', extreme youth was not compensated by any prematurity, or superiority of preparation. A letter written to his eldest brother, James, during the summer which succeeded his first session at college, is still preserved—the earliest extant specimen of his writing. It abounds

in errors, both in orthography and grammar, and abundantly proves that the work of learning to write his own tongue with ordinary correctness had still to be begun. His knowledge of the Latin language was equally defective, unfitting him, during his first two sessions, to profit as he might otherwise have done from the prelections of that distinguished philosophical grammarian, Dr. James Hunter, who was then the chief ornament of St. Andrews University."

At St. Andrews College, a number of the professors were "Ultra-Whigs," keen Reformers, and what would now be called "Radicals." They were also men of exceptional opinions and views in religious matters, which is not a necessary, not often in Scotland—a usual accompaniment of keen reforming opinions. Radicals, as they are called, get no authority for their politics so good as they may find in the Bible, if they carefully read its injunctions. Their opinions influenced the young student. His father was, like many laymen in his day, of more evangelical sentiments than the majority of the ministers; but he was also a Town Councillor of Anstruther, and the official influence he possessed in the burgh, for a councillor stood in no dread then of November, made him a Tory. His son deviated from his father's ecclesiastical and political opinions; and while the latter were recovered in a short period, many years passed before he was restored to the former. Mathematics was his favorite study; but he read the popular political works of the day, and felt a warm interest in political discussions:—

"Other subjects, however, besides those of his favorite science, were pressed upon his notice, not so much by the pretensions of the class-room, as by the conversation of Dr. Brown and his accomplished friends. Ethics and politics engaged much of their attention. Yielding to the impulses thus imparted, Dr. Chalmers, at the close of his philosophical studies, became deeply engaged with the study of 'Godwin's Political Justice,' a work for which he entertained at that time a profound, and, as he afterward felt and acknowledged, a misplaced admiration. His father was a strict, unbending Tory, as well as a strict, and, as he in his childhood fancied, a severe religionist. By the men among whom he was now thrown, and to whom he owed the first kindlings of his intellectual sympathies, Calvinism and Toryism were not only repudiated, but despised. 'St. Andrews' (we have his own testimony for it) 'was at this time overrun with Moderatism, under the chilling influences of which we inhaled, not a distaste only, but a positive contempt for all that is properly and peculiarly Gospel, insomuch that our confidence was nearly as entire in the sufficiency of natural theology as in the sufficiency of na'u-

ral science.' It was not unnatural that, recoiling from the uncompromising and unelastic political principle with which he had been familiar at Anstruther, and unfortified by a strong individual faith in the Christian salvation, he should have felt the power of that charm which the high talent of Leslie, and Brown, and Milne, threw around the religious and political principles which they so sincerely and enthusiastically espoused; that his youthful spirit should have kindled into generous emotion at the glowing prospects which they cherished as to the future progress of our species, springing out of political emancipation; and that he should have admitted the idea that the religion of his early home was a religion of confinement and intolerance, unworthy of entertainment by a mind enlightened and enlarged by liberal studies. From the political deviation into which he was thus temporarily seduced, he soon retreated; from the religious, it needed many years, and other than human influences, to recall him.

"In November, 1795, he was enrolled as a student of Divinity. Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts. During the preceding autumn he had learned enough of the French language to enable him to read fluently and intelligently the authorship in that tongue upon the higher branches of Mathematics. His favorite study he prosecuted with undiminished ardor."

St. Andrews, we suspect, has never changed nominally in some respects. Moderatism has always prevailed there, although occasionally a chair has been filled by men like Dr. Chalmers or Sir David Brewster. The politics of Moderatism have changed, and even the religious peculiarity in some respects. The Professors of St. Andrews for many past years must be acquitted of holding "Ultra-Whig or keen reforming views." We deem it more probable that they generally incline to the *jus divinum*, and oppose reform as unnecessary until it be accomplished; and then adopt some measure that they have resisted with the power given to them, as a final measure to be conserved with care. The religious element of Moderatism has also changed. It professes now to be evangelical in religious doctrine; then it professed to be very near Socinianism or Arianism.

Although Dr. Chalmers, when a student, kept journals, corresponded largely, and had abundant practice in English composition, yet he seems to have been long defective in that department. Dr. Hanna insists that his earliest compositions were deficient in the imaginative and sentimental qualities. The sermons composed when he was still very young, and recently published, warrant one half of the opinion. They contain no flights of the imagination; but they exhibit a mixture of what might be called sentimentalism



—occasionally in undue proportions. We subjoin part of Dr. Hanna's criticism on this subject:—

"His third session at the university, which had witnessed his first well-sustained intellectual efforts, had witnessed also his earliest attempts in English composition. Here he had to begin at the very beginning. Letters written by him, even after his second year at college, exhibit a glaring deficiency in the first and simplest elements of correct writing. And he had to become very much his own instructor, guiding himself by such models as the prelections of Dr. Hunter and Dr. Brown, and the writings of Godwin or other favorite authors, presented. A few of his first efforts in this way have been preserved. They exhibit little that is remarkable in style. The earliest compositions of those who have afterward become distinguished as poets, or orators, or eloquent writers, have generally displayed a profuse excess of the rhetorical or the imaginative, which it took time and labor to reduce to becoming proportions. In the college exercises of Dr. Chalmers this order is reversed. The earliest of them are the simplest and plainest, with scarcely a gleam of fancy or sentiment ever rising to play over the page. They give token of a very vigorous youthful intellect disciplining itself at once in exact thinking and correct perspicuous expression; never allowing itself to travel beyond the bounds of the analysis or argument which it is engaged in prosecuting; never wandering away to pluck a single flower out of the garden of the imagination, by which illustration or adornment might be supplied. Those who, as the result of their analysis, have concluded that in Dr. Chalmers' mental constitution the purely intellectual largely predominated—that fancy was comparatively feeble, and that imagination, potent as she was, was but a minister of other and higher powers, might find historic verification of their analyses in the earliest of his college compositions."

His college life commenced in 1793; and in 1807, while Dr. Chalmers was on a visit to London, we find some memoranda of this same John Campbell, who has lived to be one of the first English lawyers—the representative first of Dudley, and next of Edinburgh, in the House of Commons—the Attorney-General of England—the Chancellor of Ireland—the great legal historian of the day—a member of the House of Peers—and now promises to succeed Lord Denman in the Court of Queen's Bench:—

"Tuesday, May 12.—Breakfasted with the Miss Hunters, and took three of them to the Royal Academy, and had great satisfaction in observing the increasing celebrity of Mr. Wilkie's picture. In going along to Somerset House I met John Campbell. [Now Lord Campbell.]

"Wednesday, May 13.—Breakfasted with John

Campbell. Much franker and more manly than in the first years of my acquaintance with him."

His collegiate career was diversified by a tutorship, which, from his correspondence, was evidently distasteful to him, and he retired from the family early in 1799, to be licensed as a preacher:—

"Soon after his return, he applied to the Presbytery of St. Andrews to be admitted to his examination, preparatory to his obtaining a license as a preacher of the Gospel. Some difficulties were raised against its being received. He had not completed his nineteenth year, whereas Presbyteries were not wont to take students upon probationary trials until they had attained the age of twenty-one. It happily occurred that one of his friends in the Presbytery fell upon the old statute of the Church, which ordains, 'that none be admitted to the Ministry before they be twenty-five years of age, except such as for rare and singular qualities shall be judged by the General and Provincial Assembly to be meet and worthy thereof.'

"Under cover of the last clause of the statute, and translating its more dignified phraseology into terms of common use, his friend pleaded for Mr. Chalmers' reception as 'a lad o' pregnant parts.' The plea was admitted; and, after the usual formalities, he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel on the 31st July, 1799. It was one of the tales of his earlier life which he was in the habit in later years of playfully repeating, that such a title had been so early given to him, and such a dispensation as to age had been granted."

Some time elapsed before Mr. Chalmers made any use of his license. He proceeded to visit a brother at Liverpool, and first conducted public worship in the Scotch Church, in Chapel Lane, Wigan, on Sabbath, the 25th August, 1799. He preached on the following Sabbath in Mr. Kirkpatrick's church, Liverpool. His brother, writing from Liverpool, said—"It is impossible for me to form an opinion of Thomas as yet; but the sermon he gave us in Liverpool, which was the same as we had in Wigan, was in general well liked." . . . His brother thought the discourse rather more practical than doctrinal, and he complained of the preacher's awkward appearance and dress; adding, that "his mathematical studies seem to occupy more of his time than the religious." Mr. Chalmers returned to Scotland, and in 1800 he was studying in Edinburgh, while we hear very little more of his preaching until the middle of 1801, when the circumstance occurred that first introduced him into a course of regular professional service:—

"While Dr. Chalmers was imbibing wholesome

lessons from Dr. Robison, his friend, Mr. Shaw, was acting as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Elliot, minister of Cavers—a parish in Roxburghshire, lying along the southern banks of the Teviot, a few miles below Hawick. Having the prospect of removal, by the promise of a presentation to the neighboring parish of Roberton, Mr. Shaw thought of his college friend as his successor, and endeavored to interest in his favor Mr. Douglas, the chief resident landholder in, and patron of, the parish of Cavers. 'It seems,' says Mr. Chalmers, in a letter to Mr. Shaw, dated at Edinburgh, June 1st, 1801; 'it seems that you had mentioned me to Mr. Douglas. He asked Leyden about me, who carried me to his house on Thursday last, where I dined. Not a single word, however, passed upon the subject, and I am quite uncertain as to his intentions. You must now see, my dear sir, the impropriety of my taking any step without the knowledge of Mr. Douglas; and that my business at present is to remain passive till something more transpire upon the subject. I have left my direction with Mr. Leyden, and wait for any proposals from Mr. Douglas that may occur.'

"This letter was grounded as a misapprehension. It had not been to Mr. Douglas, as patron of the parish, that Mr. Shaw had applied: the assistantship in this case did not involve the succession; it was by the minister that the appointment was to be made, and it was from him only that any proposal could emanate. Mr. Shaw suggested that Mr. Chalmers should come without delay and preach at Cavers, that by his becoming favorably known to the parishioners, Mr. Elliot might be induced to appoint him as his assistant."

Mr. Chalmers had apparently mistaken the nature of the appointment, and taken a mere assistantship for the better appointment of assistant and successor. The worst position of the two was not, at the time, unacceptable to a young man who desired to be independent, and was, to some extent, burdensome on his family. After several negotiations, he arrived at the determination to regard this southern parish as an intermediate place, having first secured something better in Fife-shire. The parish of Kilmany had become vacant while the negotiations regarding Cavers were in progress. This vacancy was caused by the death of Dr. Wilson, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrews. The presentation was in the gift of the Professors; and they, to spare themselves from discussion, had agreed to exercise the right of presentation to parishes in the gift of the body, alternately. The fortunate Professor at the time was Dr. Adamson, who had the Civil History Chair, and was a distant relative of Mr. Chalmers, for whose benefit he determined to exercise his privilege. Some time elapses often between a vacancy and a new presentation in

Scotch parishes; and Mr. Chalmers believed that he might occupy this time advantageously at Cavers, but he was unwilling to incur the expense of taking up house, and therefore accepted Mr. Shaw's proposal to reside with him at the manse of Roberton; thus commencing his career as a non-resident. Some objections were made to the arrangement, but it was ultimately completed; and at pages 54, 55, we meet the following piece of worldly wisdom:—

"Having secured a majority of votes among the Professors at St. Andrews in favor of his presentation to Kilmany, Mr. Chalmers joined Mr. Shaw at Roberton.

"Roberton, January 13, 1802.

"Dear Father,—The people in this country are kind and hospitable in the extreme. You cannot conceive the kindness both Mr. Shaw and myself have experienced from the farmers around, in sending us peats, hay, straw, &c. Parochial examinations are quite common in this country. I begin that duty on Monday fortnight, and, as the parish is extensive, it will take me upward of a fortnight to accomplish it. The mode is to divide the parish into a number of small districts, in each of which you are accommodated with lodgings, &c., in one or other of the farmer's houses. I am now quite free from sore throat, and the people in Cavers have not lost a Sunday since my arrival. They are quite satisfied with my non-residence—I am yours affectionately."

It should be mentioned that Kilmany became vacant in consequence of Dr. Wilson's death, only by the translation of Mr. Cook to the Chair of Church History; and thus the interval to be filled up was longer than usual.

In the autumn of 1802, Mr. Chalmers left Cavers, and spent the winter as a mathematical teacher in St. Andrews. The session did not pass without some bickerings between him and the Professors, and it closed in a storm. Their opinions and practice did not correspond exactly with those of the indefatigable teacher, who, whatever might have been his views regarding religion, was at least a most industrious and zealous—even a highflying—mathematician. After the close of the session his ordination to Kilmany was fixed, and his father urged him to devote some time for reflection on the serious nature of the responsibilities that he was to assume; but Mr. Chalmers objected to this course, arguing that if he had not his mind in a right condition before that time, it was "vain to think that the extraordinary effort of a few days will very essentially contribute to pre-



paration or to improvement." Dr. Hanna says correctly, "The truth was, that in the greatest and most affecting of all subjects, the ground of a common understanding did not as yet exist between father and son;" but of the former, he adds, "it but remained for him, in faith and with prayer, to await the time (and he lived to see it, and was glad) when he should not only become intelligible, but secure the completest and profoundest sympathy." The ordination at Kilmany occurred on the 12th of May, 1803. The parish is small; the population were few, and occupied in agricultural affairs; the situation was retired, and the manse was in bad order. The minister had calculated on retaining his "mathematical assistantship;" and when disappointed in that respect, he established private classes next winter in St. Andrews, and had another season's bickering with the Professors, from causes in which he seems to have been wrong and they were right, even if they were right from a bad motive. In course of the college season he became much absorbed in the business of his class; and, not satisfied with mathematics, he added chemistry also to the information which the young parish minister of Kilmany was prepared to give to the students of St. Andrews. A rebellious spirit at the time—rebellious at least to the Professors—actuated the minister of Kilmany; and it is remarkable that his Presbytery determined to bring his conduct under their review, with an intention of censuring his proceedings, "although for years his predecessor had been permitted unchecked and uncensured to do the very thing for which he was to be condemned." The members of Presbytery who brought forward the case were right in this instance, however long they may have been wrong before; but the affair was quashed after a discussion, long and exciting for those times, and in which Mr. Chalmers appeared as the strenuous defender of pluralities. When, subsequently, he renewed his chemical lectures at St. Andrews, the Presbytery agreed to insert on their minutes an opinion of Dr. Martin's, that the practice is improper, and ought to be discontinued. He became a candidate for the Chair of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrews, and was unsuccessful. Subsequently, he was a candidate for the Professorship of Mathematics in Edinburgh, and was defeated. This contest, however, drew from him his first publication, written for the purpose of proving that a Scotch parochial minister had, "after the satisfactory discharge of his par-

ish duties, five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." It was well for himself, for his church, and his country, that Mr. Chalmers was defeated both in chemistry and mathematics. In 1805 he became a volunteer in the Fifeshire corps, and succeeded in acquiring an intense distaste for the French revolution, and the aggrandizing schemes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Toward the end of December, 1806, his brother George, who had been an officer in a British privateer, died. The sailor's faith and principles were more in accordance with his father's than the minister's; but the death of the naval brother had some influence on the clerical, and other bereavements that followed rapidly, passed not without effecting a change in his character. Of this first death for many years in the Anstruther family, Dr. Hanna says—"It was the first death of a near relation which Thomas had witnessed, and the deep impression which it made was the first step toward his own true and thorough conversion unto God."

Dr. Chalmers made his first visit to London in the spring of 1807. He desired to form a connection with the publishing circles of the metropolis, in which his name was destined to be better known than he could then have even anticipated. He traveled by Liverpool, and kept an interesting journal by the way. In Liverpool, where he had many friends and relatives, and with which he was previously acquainted, he stopped for some time, and performed some official duty. The allusion, at the close of the following extract to his lady critic, is amusing:—

"April 19th.—Left Lancaster at seven in the morning, and arrived in Liverpool at six in the evening.

"April 20th.—Went with a party from Mr. MacCorquodale's to the Botanic Garden. . . . I christened his daughter at three o'clock, and we sat down to dinner at four. Mr. Yates, and a son of Dr. Currie's, were of the party. The former assailed me with an application to preach for him, which I have had the simplicity to consent to, a circumstance which I dislike exceedingly, from the extreme awkwardness of my provincial dialect. Mr. Currie is a merchant of this place, combines liberalism and fashion, is an admirer of the Edinburgh school, and carries in his manner a great deal of the chastened amenity of a cultivated temper. They are both warm admirers of Mr. Stewart, a circumstance in which I took the liberty of differing from them. I lament the provincialisms of my tone and conversation, but must study to get over it by a proper union of confidence and humility.

"Tuesday, April 21st.—Accompanied a party to a pottery about a mile and half up the river. Was delighted with the elegance and simplicity of the process [which is most minutely and graphically described]. . . . Went to the School for the Blind, a truly admirable institution. . . . They have an hour for music—the effect was in the highest degree interesting, and the allusion to their own situation most pathetic. Dined in Mr. MacCorquodale's. The only gentleman was a Mr. Duncan MacCorquodale, a military gentleman, of an appearance rather unfashionable, but accompanied with a most interesting modesty. To such as these I feel attached by an impulse the most kindly and benevolent, and cannot but spurn at the heartless formality of those who could triumph in the timidity of the inexperienced. Oh, how I like the untrained originality of nature! Oh, how I dislike the trammels of a cold, lifeless, and insipid formality!

"Friday, April 24th.—I spent the forenoon with Dr. Traill, a chemical lecturer and practitioner, with a great deal of ardor and philosophic simplicity. He showed me his chemical apparatus. The most interesting was—1. An apparatus for decomposing water [minutely described and diagrammed]; 2. A glass apparatus for decomposing water by galvanism [the form of two vessels drawn, and the manner of using them detailed].

"Saturday, April 25th.—Walked to the Botanic Garden, and spent two hours in it. Found it of this form and dimension. [Here follow plan and measurements, with notices of its rarest plants.]

"Sunday, April 26th.—Preached in the forenoon for Mr. Kirkpatrick, on the comforts of religion, and in the afternoon on drunkenness, the former with far more effect and impression than the latter. In the afternoon we met at three o'clock, after dinner, which has the effect of making both a drowsy preacher and a drowsy audience. Mrs. H. evidently reluctant in her testimony of approbation—disposed to overrate the deficiencies of manner and pronunciation; and asleep in the afternoon."

He visited all the lions of Liverpool, and the last was the "Union Guineaman," a vessel going out of dock to the African trade, as the name would imply. In his journal he says:—

"We had the music of benevolence to drown all the relentings of nature, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the shore to sanctify what was infamous, and deck the splendid villany of the trade."

The period is not long since the people of this country bought and carried slaves on their own account, and they should not now be very uncharitable toward their neighbors whose conversion has been doomed to occur some half century after their own change. Mr. Chalmers' "notes by the way," through the heart of England, at any time of his life,

would have been instructive. Some of them are inserted in this volume, and we confess that if more of them exist we should like them all. Blenheim is a thoroughly public place. It is almost public property, so connected is it with some of the brightest of military achievements in our history. Mr. Chalmers being then a clerical soldier—a volunteer of Fife—was drawn by a kindred spirit to Blenheim; and the house built by the nation, like the estate bought for the great Marlborough, delighted him much:—

"Thursday, April 30.—Left Birmingham for Woodstock, at seven in the morning, where I arrived at four in the afternoon. There was only another passenger in the coach, and he was inside—a sensible, discreet, cultivated man, whom I afterward learned to be a Fellow of Oxford, and who had evidently a little of the rust and embarrassment of a learned profession. I parted with him at Woodstock. I was immediately conducted by a person from the inn to the gate of Blenheim. For a particular account see *Guide*, which seems to be written with great taste and power of description. The pleasure I felt was heightened by a variety of circumstances which supplied associations of grandeur. In addition to the stateliness of actual display, I had the recollection of its origin, the immortality of its first owner, the proud monument of national glory, the prospect not of a house or scene, or a neighborhood, but the memorial of those events which had figured on the high theatre of war and of politics, and given a turn to the history of the world. The statue of Louis XIV., placed upon the south front, and taken from the walls of Tournay, gives an air of magnificence far beyond the mere power of form or of magnitude. It is great not as a visible object, but great as a trophy, great as it serves to illustrate the glory of England, and the prowess of the first of warriors. I spent two hours in the garden. Never spot more lovely—never scene so fair and captivating. I lost myself in an Elysium of delight, and wept with perfect rapture. My favorite view was down the river, from the ground above the fountain. The setting sun gleamed on the gilded orbs of Blenheim; through the dark verdure of trees were seen peeps of water, and spots of grassy sunshine; the murmurs of the waterfall beneath soothed every anxiety within me; the bell of the village clock sent its music across the lake on my left. I sat motionless, and my mind slumbered in a rev-  
ery of enchantment."

From Woodstock Mr. Chalmers walked to Oxford, on May Day of 1807; and an old journal belonging to an old gentleman of the present day, places the chances of forty years most palpably before the men of the current year. Ministers do not walk long journeys now; but some time previously Mr. Chalmers had walked from Edinburgh to Liverpool.



The idea of Dr. Chalmers walking up to Liverpool would have amused, if it had not startled, the younger class of his admirers in recent times. Men do not now walk, and they do not, therefore, know the country so well as their traveling ancestors; but the advantage is now, that more people travel than in 1807.

Another extract shows the contrast in traveling:—

"May 3.—Left Oxford at seven in the morning, . . . and landed in Ludgate Hill about seven in the evening."

Some parts of Mr. Chalmers' life in London present singular contrasts with his subsequent principles. His great purpose is served by their disclosure. His life illustrated two different modes of thought and action, and he wished the illustrations to be known and read. We take, in the first place, the work of two or three Sabbaths from his journal. They mark the progress of society in opinion and thought on the observance question:—

"Sunday, Nov. 3.—Walked on London Bridge, round the Tower, along Cornhill and Cheapside to St. Paul's, where I heard service. After dinner, we sallied out to Westminster Bridge, St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and returned by Oxford Street and Blackfriars Bridge. Astonished at the display; the dress, the carriages, and company, gave a high idea of the wealth and extravagance of London."

We need not say that London has now a finer display of wealth than in 1807; but we doubt whether the Sunday exhibitions of that period were not greater than at the present day.

From the next extract, we do not learn that the Scotch parish minister considered attendance on public worship necessary, unless in an incidental way, while in London:—

"Sunday, May 10th.—The badness of the day prevented us from prosecuting any of our schemes. Walked out before dinner to Dulwich village, where we had the full view of the country, enriched and adorned by the neighborhood of the metropolis. After dinner, a round by Oxford-street. We returned by Blackfriars, when, *en passant*, we had an opportunity of hearing the delightful music in Rowland Hill's, and the roaring enthusiasm of another preacher, whose sect was founded by a female mystic—Joanna Southcote."

On the following Sunday he did, indeed, attend chapel, probably with some desire to see the king:—

"Sunday, May 17.—Went to the King's pri-

vate chapel, where, at half-past eight, I was gratified with the entrance of their Majesties and the Princess Elizabeth. His manner is devotional and unaffected. I heard them all repeat the service most distinctly; and was much pleased with their frank, easy, and benevolent appearance. The view of Twickenham was most charming. Pope's house was among the delightful residences that we gazed on with rapture from the opposite side. The river was enshrined with pleasure-boats, and the gay London parties walking and drinking tea on both sides gave cheerfulness and animation to the prospect. The idea, however, of vicinity to the metropolis, pollutes all our rural impressions of this fascinating scene—takes off all the pure interest which the idea of simplicity confers, and mingles with original nature the vices, profligacy, and corruptions of civilized life. We ascended Richmond Hill; eyed with rapture the country before us; saw in the rich scene that presented itself the wealth of the first city in the world, spreading its embellishments over the neighborhood. Took a boat to Kew, when we passed Hlesworth, and had a charming sail down the river. From Kew, we coached it to town, and reached Walworth by eleven in the evening."

These pictures of London in the olden time, as forty years are long ago, have a strange interest now to those who remember that London has, in the direction indicated, trebled or quadrupled all the signs of wealth and magnificence since 1807.

On his return to Scotland, the minister of Kilmany walked a part of the way, and we subjoin his account of another Sabbath-day's journey:—

"May 31.—Started at seven, and walked to Bishopwearmouth. The country possesses no great decisive features. The bridge over the Wear is an astonishing piece of workmanship. I got under it in a boat, and made my observations [a minute description of the bridge is given]. Falling in with a man who drove a post-office gig, rode to South Shields. Crossed over to North Shields for twopence, in a sculler. From North Shields I proceeded to Tynemouth, with which I was delighted; the east fragment of the Abbey is particularly beautiful. Sailed up the river to Newcastle."

We have allowed our remarks to extend too far on the early portion of this volume; but it is that part of Dr. Chalmers' life with which the public are least acquainted. At Kilmany, his theological opinions underwent a complete change. He entered the parish as a moderate minister of the old school, and was, we may charitably hope, an unfavorable specimen of his class. At his ordination, although described by an old minister as "a lad o' pregnant pairts," he did not consider any special preparation for his charge neces-

sary. After he had been for some time minister of the parish, he was ashamed to engage in the duty of family prayer when any of his parishioners spent an evening at the manse. His first winter as parochial minister was passed in teaching chemistry and mathematics, at a distance of eight to ten miles from his church. His first speech in an ecclesiastical court was in defence of his own pluralities and non-residence. His first publication was written to prove that a parish minister has five days of leisure weekly after the satisfactory discharge of his official duties. His first visit to London was attended by a course of what he afterward regarded as apparent Sabbath-breaking. His first efforts to get into the universities were directed to the secular Chairs of Chemistry and Mathematics. His first address to the General Assembly was a clever pleading for augmented stipends. His first struggle with the law courts was for one chauldron more.

We cannot wonder that Kilmany, its quiet manse, and humble population, were endeared to this great man. There a revolution most complete was accomplished in the purposes for which he lived. There he adopted new principles, learned to weigh all things as he had never done before, and, in the emphatic language that he would have used, "was born again." The domestic bereavements that contributed to this great change occurred at Kilmany. He formed there other domestic relations that endured until his death. He came to the parish a clever, worldly, scheming scholar; and he left it with a nobler mind, better stored with knowledge, matured by experience, rich in spiritual wisdom, and with all its powers devoted to the work which he did not comprehend when he undertook its performance. The first volume closes with the negotiations for his removal to Glasgow, and his election by the Town Council as minister of the Tron parish. The transfer to Glasgow was not particularly advantageous, in a pecuniary view, and he had long ceased to consider emolument a matter of chief moment in such transactions. His election, by the Glasgow Town Council in 1814, was effected only after a severe struggle. The Evangelical party were beginning to acquire influence in the Church at the time; but they were very generally spoken against. Society had not pronounced in their favor, and the brands of extravagance and fanaticism rested upon them. Mr. Chalmers had preached a funeral sermon in his own neighborhood, and some gentlemen belonging to Glasgow attended the service.

They were anxious that he should be brought to occupy the Tron Church, then vacant. His character and his talents were then partially known; and the election created much excitement in Glasgow, and considerable interest in all parts of the country. The surviving member of the family, through whose agency chiefly Mr. Chalmers was proposed for this vacancy, informed us that, subsequent to his appointment, and when the genius of the great orator was acknowledged and appreciated, some of his Glasgow friends, anxious that he might not be drawn to Edinburgh, proposed to erect a suitable house, and convey it to him as his personal property. He thanked them for the kindness of the intention, and requested a few days to consider their proposal. At the end of the specified time, he informed them that he could not accept the house they proposed to build, because none of his co-presbyters had glebe houses, and he feared that the distinction might impair his usefulness amongst them. Even at that time he contemplated the acceptance of a professional chair, and urged that he would be more useful at the fountain-head than working in the stream. He was translated from the Tron to St. John's parish in Glasgow, but he never accepted a parochial appointment out of that city. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews, and ultimately attained his great sphere of usefulness as Theological Professor in Edinburgh.

The first volume closes with 1814—the presentation to the Tron parish, and the commencement of Dr. Chalmers' busy life. All his great literary and theological works date subsequent to that year. At Kilmany, he had been prepared and armed for the conflict he was doomed to sustain, and the work he was purposed to do; he left it to enter on a life of anxiety, excitement, and labor, destined never to close on earth—he left it to commence a career of great and almost unrivaled moral influence and power. The revolution accomplished in his mind at Kilmany was designed to extend over Scotland. The small Fifeshire parish is therefore classic ground in Scotch literature and theology. In it the leader in that 30 years' war of moral and religious principles was schooled and trained to his task. His biographer skillfully lays out before us, from journals and letters, the gradual process of change accomplished there. No violent emotions marked that period. The convictions regarding faith and practice that grew up in his mind formed a gradual, and not a rapid, conversion. Dr. Hanna has



exercised great care in bringing all these points prominently forward in his narrative. The first volume is thus one of the most interesting that can occur in the series; but the subsequent volumes will necessarily be composed of more exciting material; and, judging from the present, and from other circumstances, we infer that the completed work will form a biographical narrative of great utility and extreme interest.

We experience great difficulty in persuading people that the world is not becoming worse; and we are confident that it is getting better. Mr. Chalmers, when first in London, would not have opposed the free and full delivery of letters and Newspapers on "Sunday." While traveling to Newcastle, as he took the post-office gig, the sculler and the boat, he would not have refused the railway. A great change has occurred in society on these matters.

In London, he attended some political meetings, and was displeased with the cookery:—

"Saturday, May 23d.— . . . Repaired to the Albany, and dined with Mr. Sheridan and 150 of his admirers. The dinner was wretched—too little of it—and the worst conducted I ever saw. Great tumult and confusion among the company. I was disappointed in all the speeches, and much shocked with the extreme incorrectness of feeling discovered by several of the company."

In addition to John Campbell, he met another Fife man, equally famous in his own department:—

"Thursday, May 21st.—Called on Wilkie; took Russell square in my road, and think it the finest in London. Mr. Wilkie is a man of genius and excellent sense, with all the simplicity which accompanies talent, and firmness to resist corruptions and flattery. After leaving him, I took a

round among the streets and squares to the north of Oxford-street."

The opera had few charms for the mathematician and the minister:—

"Friday, May 15.—The India House—Deptford—the Docks—We proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre, where we heard the comic opera of 'The Duenna,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' and the pantomimic ballet 'Don Juan.' I am not fond of operas, because I have no taste for that music the merit of which appears to me to lie entirely in the execution. The squalling exertion of the performers is painful to me, and not a word of the song can be collected. Indeed, such is the extent of Drury Lane Theatre, that in many parts of the house the most audible and distinct enunciation must be lost upon the hearers. The house was quite full, more decorous than the circus, and exceeds anything I have seen in the splendor of its boxes, and rich, expensive scenery. None of the performers appeared to me first-rate. The pantomime I did not enter into. We returned to Walworth in the morning."

And if the public had generally the honesty of this critic, we are not sure that the opera would meet the encouragement it receives; for nine-tenths of the audience know nothing of foreign languages when sung, and are not naturally fond of foreign music. The central pages of this volume, and by far the greater part of it, are occupied with correspondence and extracts of a most instructive and useful character. Better reading scarcely could be conceived. Anything more striking than the gradual uprising and purification of this great mind has not recently been published, and we remember no other work that is so obviously the history of a mind in its passage from listlessness to anxiety, and from earnest seeking for, to the practical enjoyment of, cheerful and confident piety.

JENNY LIND.—Since this lady left England, she has enjoyed the repose she has so much needed, amid the beautiful scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol, her health having been previously re-established by the baths at Ems. Her voice is more powerful and flexible than ever. Russia and England are both wooing her return to the exercise of her profession, and the King of Sweden has sent a special messenger to entreat her presence in her native city, when she was able to undertake the journey. It will be a matter of deep regret if she does not visit England next season; she is well known to cherish

the warmest affection for this country, where she has a nation's admiration, and many devoted friends. The death of the lamented Bishop of Norwich was almost as great a trial to the fair songstress as the death of her friend Mendelssohn had been; in one of her latest letters, she entreated the friend to whom she wrote to place a chaplet of ivy, which she enclosed, upon the grave of Dr. Stanley, "as her tears!" This simple offering is in accordance with one of the customs of her country. Miss Lind is now at Lubeck, but will soon proceed thence to Berlin.—*Art Journal.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE ARCTIC VOYAGES:

WITHOUT doubt the most wondrous of all voyages made for geographical purposes since the discovery of the New World, have been the expeditions in search of a north-west passage. They are wondrous for the zeal, the endurance, and the perseverance with which they have been carried out. They are still more wondrous for the misplaced and perverted direction in which such qualities, and the material necessary to give them effect, have been brought to bear. It is like a boy who first climbs a hillock, and then a tree, and then a cliff. His ardent spirit is never satisfied but with new triumphs. The youth climbs the same tree for a nest, or a cliff for some cave, or other object in view. Maturer age is supposed to weigh still more astutely the *quid pro quo*, and the probable return for sacrifice of time, money, material, and life. It is easy to understand the spirit of adventure and love of enterprise that carries one or more individuals across pathless forests, or over arid deserts, into mountain fastnesses or savage lands; but it is difficult to imagine a government or a nation seized with the same impulse, or communicating it to the crews of so many doomed ships. It is impossible not to feel a service ennobled by first opening to navigation and commerce the great rivers and olden thoroughfares of the earth; penetrating into unknown lands by the fevered delta of unexplored streams, surveying and mapping coasts torn and rift into islands like those of Southern America, so dangerous to seamen; or circumnavigating the globe; discovering new lands; bringing civilization into contact with remote populations; and bearing "glad tidings" on wings of canvas—for all these things there is a feeling and sympathy; but who has ever entertained a serious hope of working a passage through the ices of the Arctic region, or of opening even a summer way to China by the Polar Seas?

The efforts made, not to grapple with the difficulties of the case, but to beat Nature in her sternest aspect,—to sweep away the ice-floe, and to shoulder out the berg from their own realms,—will, indeed, ever be narrated

as a miracle of misdirected energy and enterprise. It seems as if the most adventurous nation in the world had grown tired of all commonplace explorations, or had deemed that nothing remained to be done on this small planet of ours—that large populations did not remain to be detected on the Nile—that an interior highland country, with the resources of a territory so favored, did not actually lie within the grasp almost of an outstretched hand upon the tropical coasts of Africa—that the interior of the great continent of Australasia was not still a blank—that the Isthmus of Panama did not still remain to be cut through—and that, in disgust at nothing more remaining to be done, it betook itself to the hopeless task of battling with the perpetual frost of the Arctic regions, and opening a passage through its ice-locked seas.

From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the idea of a north-west passage first found favor in this country, to the present day, there have been upward of thirty attempts made by British ships to effect this difficult object. This alone ought to satisfy all reasonable minds—such as have faith in the skill and courage of English navigators—of the inutility of renewed struggles. One of the very first attempts made was of most ominous import. The gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby took his departure from Radcliffe, on his fatal voyage to discover a north-east passage, on the 20th of May, 1553. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the court then resided. Mutual honors were paid on both sides. The council and courtiers appeared at the windows, and the people covered the shores. The young king, Edward VI., alone lost the noble and novel sight; for he then lay on his death-bed: so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed.

Sir Hugh led the expedition, in the *Bona Esperanza*, of 120 tons. There was also a second ship, called the *Edward Bonaventura*; and a third smaller vessel, called the *Bona Confidentia*, of ninety tons, commanded by Captain Durfoorth. The *Bonaventura* parted company, during a storm, on their



way out; the two other vessels with their unfortunate crews were found frozen to death in the harbor of Arzina Reka, in Lapland. As no one survived to tell the history of their sufferings, it is impossible to say whether they wanted fuel or whether scurvy was the cause of their melancholy end. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance that they had an abundance of provisions. The tradition of their fate informs us that they were frozen to death, and that in this state they were found the following year by some Russians. It is impossible to conceive a more melancholy doom. They were well provided with everything which the science of the time could suggest to guard them against the accidents of the sea; and their ships were entire, and in harbor. Under all these circumstances, the deplorable end of Sir Hugh Willoughby has been handed down to posterity among the most lamentable and melancholy which the nautical annals of the world record.

Gaspard Cortesius, or Cortereal, and his brother Michael, had before perished in the same research. So the Venetian, Sebastian Cabot, employed by Henry VII., had been cast back, by an impenetrable barrier of ice, in 1506. John Varascenus sailed in 1524, under the auspices of Francis I., King of France, and he and his crew are reported to have been devoured by the savages. Sebastian Gomesius, a Spaniard, took the same route in 1525, and all the honor he acquired was to bring away some Esquimaux. In 1576, the bold navigator, Sir Martin Frobisher, discovered, as has been only lately shown, Hudson's Strait; and between Warwick Island and that great land, which, strange to say, has not yet received a name, a strait which still bears his name. In 1585, John Davis made the equally important discovery of the opening into Baffin's Bay, which likewise bears his name. Davis sailed again in 1586, and again reached what he graphically calls "The Land of Desolation," but was driven back by stress of weather. Notwithstanding that the west country and London merchants grew tired of the expense of these frequent expeditions, Davis was so sanguine of success that he got up a third, in which, as in the preceding, he discovered more coasts and islands, but failed in the main object. The veteran navigator appears to have been somewhat of a controversialist in political theology, as well as a bold explorer, for in a letter addressed to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, on his return from his third voyage, he tells him that he found that

many ignorant and malicious people had a very mean opinion of what he had done, because his voyages had not answered the expense; but he persuaded himself that so wise and honorable a statesman would think in a manner different from the vulgar, and esteem his services capable of producing great advantages to the nation, even supposing that no such passage as he expected should be found, in support of which he laid down five points, the first of which was to the following effect:—

"That it would redound very much to the honor of the queen and her subjects if the people in these northern regions were converted to the Christian faith, in which pious work many of those busy and fiery spirits might be profitably employed, that by their factious stirrings at home served only to create confusion in church and state." It is impossible not to admit that this is a very wise suggestion; nothing could be more appropriate for "fiery spirits" than regions of icy coldness, or for those employed in "factious stirrings" than a "land of desolation."

Notwithstanding the failure of all who had attempted to reach 77 deg. 45 min. north latitude, or to push through the icy barrier which obstructed a further progress, the Dutch, who in the sixteenth century were the most enterprising maritime people in Europe, sent out several expeditions in the vain hope of trading by the north-east with China. They, however, like their predecessors, found the ice too pertinacious even for Dutch perseverance. Although these expeditions took a direction opposite to the one generally attempted by the English, that of 1596, which was piloted by Wm. Barentz, derives great interest at the present moment, from the trials and sufferings of the crew when frozen in at Nova Zembla, and the possible similar position of our brave countrymen. The supply of bears and foxes appeared to be sufficient to support a crew that had even little else to depend upon. The bears, it is true, disappeared when the sun went below the horizon, but the foxes fortunately remained in plenty. A single bear furnished a hundred weight of grease for their lamp. It is needless, however, to say that their sufferings were great. On the sixth of December they found the cold so intense, they had no expectation of surviving it. They could scarcely keep up the circulation by any resources at their command. It pleased the Almighty, however, to relieve them from this forlorn state, and the greater number returned in safety to their country.

A first expedition, fitted out in 1606, by what was then called the "Muscovy Company," was brought to an abrupt termination by the murder of Captain Knight, his brother, and one of the crew, by the natives of Labrador. A second expedition was fitted out by the same company the ensuing year, and the command was given to the distinguished navigator Hudson, who subsequently discovered that immense bay which will carry his name and unfortunate end to the latest times. Hudson succeeded in his first expedition in pushing north as far as latitude  $81\frac{1}{2}$  deg., and he returned home, after coasting Spitzbergen, with the conviction, which modern experience has not impugned, that a further navigation was completely barred out by the ice in that direction. In 1608 the same bold navigator sailed in search of a north-east passage, at that time as favorite a chimera with the maritime countries of Europe as the north-west passage has since been. Hudson pushed on in the parallels of 74 deg. and 75 deg., till he made the coast of Nova Zembla, which he did in a more southerly latitude (72 deg 25 min.); but finding a farther course impracticable, he returned with the conviction that there was no hope of a north-east passage—a decision which has not as yet been proved to be incorrect. Yet that which appertains to a north-east obtains equally with regard to a north-west passage. There is no passage to the westward, that is, south of North Cape, except the straits of the Fury and Hecla, and that only leads into an inlet trending further to the north. The perpetuation of ice is not, however, it may be observed here, a mere question of latitude. Nova Zembla, for example, which lies between the parallels of  $68^{\circ}$  and  $77^{\circ}$  N., is far more desert and inclement than Spitzbergen, which is so much farther to the N. It is a land of frost and ice, a howling waste, a region of utter desolation, where intense cold holds the sceptre over a lifeless domain.

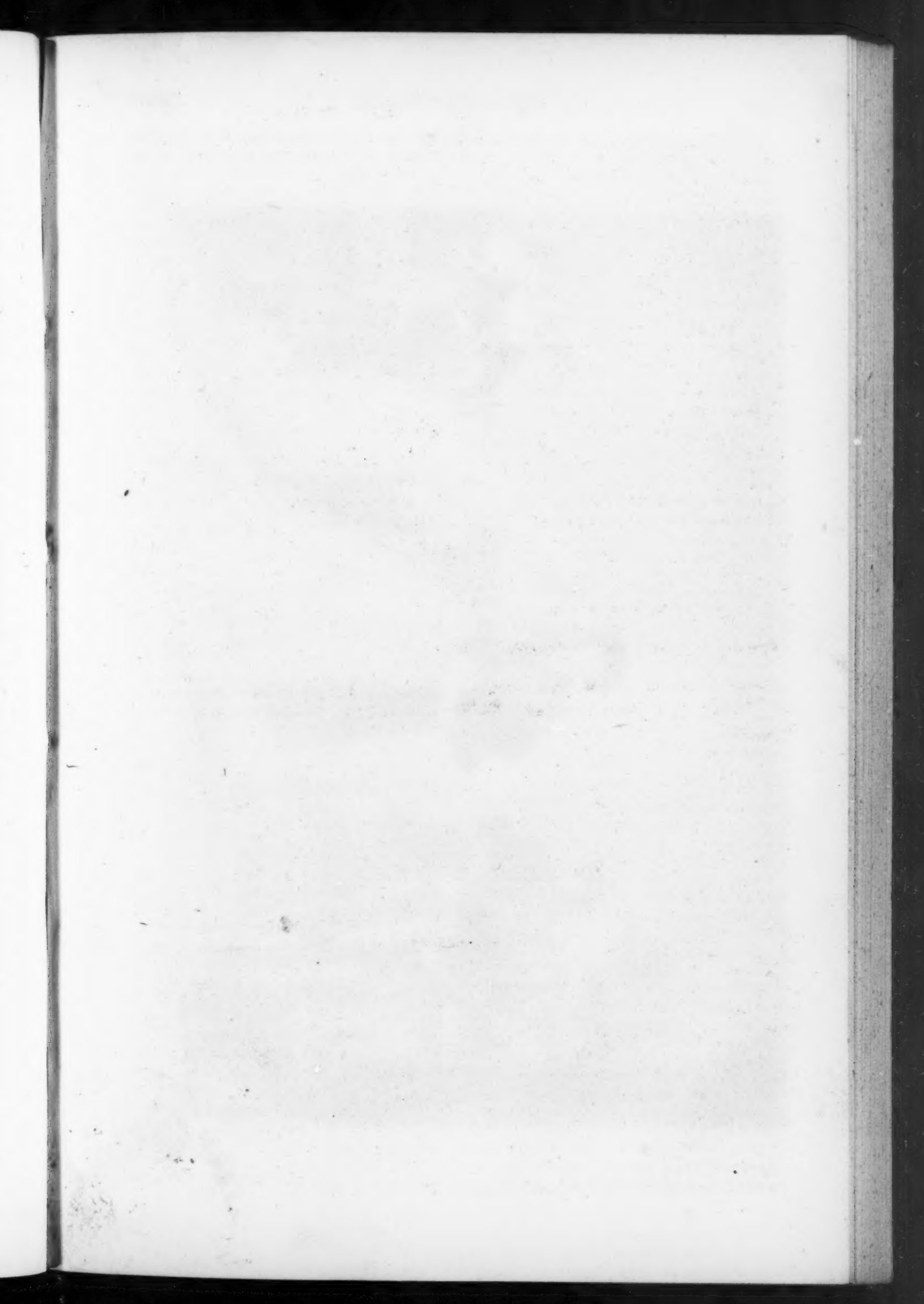
In 1610, Hudson set sail in the *Discovery* on his last voyage. He perished in the very heart of his noblest discovery, neither by storm nor by iceberg, but the victim of treachery; and the mystery of his fate causes his name to be pronounced, even now, with pity, while his skill and courage make the man an object of our admiration, even in these times, when a northern navigation and wintering are not considered such extraordinary perils by the navigator.

Notwithstanding the calamitous issue of this voyage, the discovery thereby made of a great sea in the west excited new hopes of a

passage being accomplished. To determine this fact, Captain, afterward Sir, Thomas Button, was dispatched the ensuing year (1612); and this officer, who seems to have been active as well as resolute, soon made his way through the straits, and, pushing directly across the sea that opened to the westward, came in view of the southern point of Southampton Island, and nothing else breaking the apparent continuity of the ocean, he was cherishing the most sanguine hopes of success when land was announced, and there appeared before him an immense range of coast stretching north and south, and barring all further progress. After wintering in Hudson's Bay, Sir Thomas steered the next summer through the broad bay which separates Southampton Island from the continent, since called Roe's Welcome, but finding that the channel became narrower and narrower, he gave up the attempt. Thus it was, that gradually after the discovery of Davis's Straits, Baffin's Bay, and Hudson's Bay, the coast of America was found to keep trending to the northward; and to the main continent was found to succeed a vast archipelago of ice-clad islands. Whenever a new bay was discovered, it turned out to be an inlet, or a land and ice-locked gulf; when a new channel was explored, it led only to new lands interminable in their succession, and whose intricacy is a thousand-fold increased by the difficulty in determining where land ended and ice and snow succeeded. Thus it has been that, by undaunted courage and wondrous perseverance, a great icy archipelago has been eliminated from out of what was supposed to be the Polar Seas; and the narrowness of the channels by which this archipelago, which is closed in by Greenland and its ices on the one hand, and the continent of America on the other, can alone be reached, constitutes the truly great and formidable obstacle that presents itself to the permanent opening of a north-west passage. A narrow sea, however strong the current, must be always more exposed to an accumulation of ice than an open sea, still more so when that channel is one of a few outlets to perpetually frozen coasts and seas; and hence it is that passages, circumstanced as Barrow's Straits and those of the Fury and Hecla are, can never be available for anything beyond a brief summer's navigation.

The fate that awaited the next expedition sent out to discover a north-west passage, without being in any way disastrous, was fully as instructive as any that preceded or followed it. A Captain Gibbons, said to be







THE ORIGINAL BY A LUTHERAN.

ENGRAVED BY J. S. S. S.

## ARREST OF LADY JANE GREY.

THE ORIGINAL BY A LUTHERAN.









an officer of reputation, set forth boldly with two vessels, in 1614, to effect that which so many had already failed in accomplishing. No sooner, however, was he off the coast of Labrador than he allowed himself to get entangled in the ice and frozen into a bay, where he remained all summer, and from which he was no sooner extricated than he very wisely took his way back as fast as he could. The spot where this Polar exhibition met with so ignoble a termination was designated at the time as "Gibbons his Hole."

The Merchant Adventurers, undismayed by this signal failure, sent out another expedition the ensuing summer. Entering Hudson's Bay at a higher latitude, this expedition sailed up the broad expanse, afterward called Fox's Channel; but foiled by the coast of Southampton Island, which seemed to preclude any prospect of an opening to the westward, the commander, Bylot, returned home, to be sent out again the following year in the company of Baffin, with orders to push northward by Davis's Straits. This new direction given to the exploration was so far successful, in a geographical point of view, as to have led to the discovery of Baffin's Bay, and the exploration of a considerable portion of the coast of Western Greenland, as well as of the opposite shores.

In 1619, Jans Munk, sent out on a voyage of discovery by Christian IV. of Denmark, reached Hudson's Bay, and was frozen with his crew in Chesterfield Inlet, and which might, with more propriety, be denominated Munk's. Although the expedition fell in at this point with abundance of game, bears, foxes, hares, partridges, ducks, and other wild fowl, famine and disease carried off numbers before the winter was over. By the next spring, indeed, only Munk and two of his crew remained alive among the dead bodies of forty-nine comrades, who lay unburied around! The three survivors succeeded in reaching home after dreadful hardships and sufferings; but the fate of that expedition, and the horrible scene enacted in that fatal inlet, has never been equaled in even the fearful catalogue of calamity which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. In 1630, eight British seamen wrecked on the coast of Spitzbergen, and left without any resources but those which were supplied by their own ingenuity, survived to be restored to their friends and country the ensuing summer; while in 1633, seven Dutch sailors left in Mayen's Island, provided with a hut and most things they required, perished of cold

The history of the first case—one of the most extraordinary instances of preservation on record—is highly instructive, and especially interesting in its bearing upon the possible fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In the year 1631 another expedition was fitted out under Captains Fox and James. Captain Fox explored the seas that bathe Southampton Island to the east and west, and he called the eastern channel after himself, whereas it ought more properly be called Bylot's, having, as before seen, been first navigated by that officer. As to James, entangled in the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay, he spent a winter under the most extreme suffering from cold, and returned next summer to England.

The Hudson's Bay Company having obtained chartered possessions in the territories adjacent to that bay in 1668, they were bound by that charter to make strenuous exertions for the discovery of a north-western passage; but it was not till 1719 that they fitted out an expedition under Knight and Barlow. These officers not returning, a vessel was sent out next season under Captain Scroggs, but without being able to learn any tidings of them; and it was not till FIFTY YEARS afterward that the wrecks of their armament were found on Marble Island.

In 1741, an expedition under Captain Middleton explored the coast westward of Roe's Welcome, and after being disappointed at Repulse Bay of a passage westward, he was finally repelled at Frozen Straits. Captains Moor and Smith followed in 1746 upon the same tract, without adding to the discoveries of their predecessor. In 1776 the armed brig *Lion* was sent under Lieutenant Pickersgill, with the view of co-operating with Captain Cook, who, it was hoped, might make his way from Behring's Straits into the Atlantic, but it only reached a latitude of 68 deg. The same vessel was sent out again the next year under Lieutenant Young, but with little better success, having reached a latitude of 72 deg.

The land journeys of Hearne and Mackenzie to the northern extremity of America assisted in keeping alive curiosity. The former succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Coppermine River and the shores of the Northern Sea, and the latter also reached the same sea in nearly the same latitude, and about 20 deg. to the westward of the mouth of Hearne's River. It appeared almost certain from these discoveries, as has since been determined by Franklin, Richardson, Simpson, and others, that an ocean extended from

beyond the icy archipelago along the whole of the north coast of America.

The appointment of Sir John Barrow, personally distinguished by his geographical researches, to a high official situation in the Admiralty, opened a new era in the researches for a north-west passage. Sir John applied to this important question the whole powers of an undoubtedly vigorous and penetrating judgment; and although often, nay, always baffled, he still returned to the charge with an indomitable perseverance, which, even if ill-directed, still claims our respect. It was well known that the great sea which bore Baffin's name had been very superficially explored, and there was every reason to believe that there were communications between that sea and the Greenland Sea on the one side, and the Northern Sea on the other. A first expedition was accordingly fitted out in 1818 by the Admiralty, to solve this interesting problem. Captain, now Sir John Ross, and Lieutenant, now Sir Edward Parry, were employed on this arduous service, nor was this first of the recent expeditions void of peril or interest. Already at Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, the expedition came in view of those numerous and lofty icebergs which appear to be ever floating round that formidable headland. Proceeding up the bay, they were first stopped near Waygat Island by a great barrier of ice; but making themselves fast to a berg, they waited till the barrier broke up, which it did to the eastward, and they were thus enabled to move forward slowly along the coast, laboring through narrow and intricate channels, every now and then a gale of wind springing up and driving the ice against the vessels, threatening them with instant destruction.

We have been so far particular in this first instance of more recent Polar voyages in order that we might give at the onset a clear idea of what the difficulties of navigation are in the higher parts of Baffin's Bay at the best season of the year, and how far such a sea can be considered as available for the purposes of a north-west passage. Yet all discovery tends to establish that it is only by Lancaster Sound, at nearly the north-western extremity of this bay or sea, that a passage can be effected. After a superficial examination of the more spacious sounds that are to be met with at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, and more especially of that designated as Sir Thomas Smith's, the most promising of all, but which Sir John Ross satisfied himself to be completely enclosed

by land, the expedition came, on the 30th of August, to a most magnificent inlet, bordered by lofty mountains of peculiar grandeur, while the water, being clear and free from ice, presented a most tempting appearance. This proved to be Lancaster Sound, the inlet to Barrow's Straits; but, by some strange mischance, Sir John Ross fancied that he saw stretching across the inlet a chain of mountains, and after penetrating a distance of thirty miles, he steered out of the channel, and returned home early in October.

Sir Edward Parry and several other of the officers having differed (at least on their return to England) in opinion with Sir John Ross, as to the real character of Lancaster Sound, a second expedition was sent out in 1819, under the first-mentioned distinguished navigator. This expedition was composed of the *Hecla* and *Griper*, and these two vessels were, like their predecessors, obliged to sail up the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, along the border of the great icy field, till they could turn westward to Lancaster Sound, which they reached on the 30th of July. The expedition entered the sound with an adverse wind, but open waters and a heavy sea filled the minds of all with hope and suspense. On the 3rd of August a change of wind enabled them to push forward, and raised these feelings to the highest. The masts were crowded with officers and men, and the successive reports brought down from the crow's nest were eagerly listened to on deck. The wind, freshening more and more, carried them rapidly forward, till at midnight they found themselves in longitude 83 deg. 12 min., nearly 150 miles from the mouth of the sound, and having sailed over Capt. Sir J. Ross's chain of high mountains.

The lengthened swell which still rolled in from the north and west combined, with the oceanic color of the waters, to inspire the flattering persuasion that they had passed the regions of straits and inlets, and that they had entered into the wide expanse of the Northern Sea. A compact and impenetrable body of floe ice, however, soon drove them to the southward, where they discovered that great sea called Prince Regent's Inlet, which subsequent discovery has shown to connect Baffin's Bay with Hudson's Bay by the *Hecla* and *Fury* Straits, as also to have its own opening to the Northern Sea. Returning hence, a happy change of weather enabled the ships to proceed westward by the channel, to which Sir Edward Parry gave the well-merited name of Barrow's Straits, dis-



covering and naming on their way Wellington Inlet, Cornwallis Island, Bathurst Island, and other fragments of the great icy archipelago, which, with Melville and Sabine Islands and Banks' Land, the distinguished discoverer grouped together under the name of North Georgian Islands. On the 4th of September, Sir Edward Parry was enabled to announce to his joyful crew, that, having reached the longitude of 110 deg. west, they were become entitled to the reward of £5000, promised by Parliament to the first ship's company who should attain that meridian. Unfortunately, in regions where summer is of such brief duration, on the 20th of September, being arrested by an impenetrable barrier of ice, young ice began to form with such rapidity as to oblige them to retrace their steps to Melville Island, where they had to cut their way through the ice into a winter station.

Not only may this expedition be considered as by far the most effective ever undertaken, as far as yet known, in search of a north-west passage; but the circumstances and the position of the ships' crews wintering in such a parallel has few cases that will compare with it. In these high latitudes and remote icy lands, the dreariness and desolation of winter exceeded any thing ever before beheld even in the Arctic world. All animal life, with the exception of a pack of wolves and one white fox that was captured, appear to have taken themselves off to the neighboring continent early in the winter. The manner in which the crews sought amusement and exercise during this long frosty night of six months' duration, the running to the tune of a barrel organ, the gazette edited by Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, and the theatrical performances carried on when man's breath was frozen at a few yards' distance from a fire, are too well known to require being referred to here. It was not till the 2nd of August, that is to say, till summer was nearly gone by (and this is a most important fact to notice, for it would intimate that the North Georgian Seas are only open to navigation for about six weeks of the year), that the ice broke up, and the ships were enabled to resume their way to the westward. On arriving, however, a little beyond the same point where their progress had been arrested the previous year, they found the frozen surface of the ocean presenting a more compact and impenetrable aspect than had ever before been witnessed. They had now, on the one hand, the western extremity of Melville Island, on the other,

the bold coast of what was called Banks' Land, and as even a brisk gale from the east did not produce the slightest movement on the glassy face of the deep, they were led to believe, that, on the other side, there must be a large body of land, by which it was held in a fixed state. The further progress of this most remarkable expedition ceased therefore at this point, leaving one fact tolerably evident, that, after passing Barrow's Straits, it must be by a more southerly parallel than Banks' Land that a north-west passage remained to be sought for.

Notwithstanding this important fact, the next expedition, that of the *Fury* and *Hecla* under Sir Edward Parry and Captain Lyon, was unfortunately sent to Hudson's Bay. At the onset of this expedition Chesterfield Inlet and Repulse Bay were explored in vain for a passage westward. Several other inlets, among which Gore Inlet, Lyon's Inlet, and Hoppner's Inlet, were discovered and explored with similar results, till, winter coming on, the expedition was obliged to take up quarters for the season on what has ever since been called Winter Island. On the 2d of July the ships were enabled to resume their voyage, and proceeding up the coast of Melville Peninsula, they discovered the straits called the *Fury* and *Hecla*, but they were so blocked up with ice, that, notwithstanding the most persevering endeavors, they were unable to effect their way, and had to return to pass a second winter in the Polar regions at the Island of Igloolik. The summer that followed was unusually late, and still more adverse to exploration, and scurvy having broken out, the commander of the expedition was, much against his will, obliged to wend his way back to his native shores.

The failure of this expedition brought back attention to Barrow's Straits, but unluckily Prince Regent's Inlet was considered to hold out hopes which even the discovery of Dease and Simpson's Strait scarcely warrant. The *Hecla* under Sir Edward Parry, and the *Fury* under Captain Hoppner, were sent out in this direction in 1824, and they passed their first winter at Port Bowen in Lancaster Sound. The next summer an entrance into Prince Regent's Inlet was effected, but in latitude 72 deg. 42 min., longitude 91 deg. 50 min., the *Fury* received such severe damage from the ice, as to be obliged to be abandoned, and the expedition was glad to make the best of its way home in the remaining vessel.

It having appeared to Sir John Ross that

steam-power might be used with great chances of success in this peculiar field of discovery, he was fortunate enough to find a generous individual, Sir Felix Booth, to undertake the expense of the adventure. The *Victory* steam-vessel was purchased for the purpose, but unfortunately fitted with a bad engine. This vessel sailed from the Thames the 23d of May, 1829; after some disasters, reached Cape Farewell on the 3d of July, and a little more than a month after sailed into Lancaster Sound. The strait was luckily clear of ice, and arriving at Prince Regent's Inlet, Sir John Ross, carried away by the same untoward notions as prevailed with the previous expedition, sailed down that channel, keeping to the mainland. On the 12th, the party descried the place of the *Fury's* wreck, but to their mortification a strong current carried them from the spot. Beyond this they found an extensive bay, which was named Adelaide, but the commander, considering that he was already beyond the point where a passage westward could be expected, retraced his course to the *Fury's* station, where an abundance of provisions were obtained from the wreck. Thus provided, they again set out on their career of discovery; but in a south-south-west direction, exploring many bays and inlets, landing on the mainland, and naming it Boothia, and finally wintering in Felix Harbor. The ensuing spring, Commander (now Sir James) Ross was dispatched on various land excursions; in one of which he not only crossed the peninsula and reached the Northern Sea, but he explored its shores to Cape Felix, within a few days' journey to the point reached by Sir John Franklin in his journey eastward along the same shores.

The steamer did not get free from the ice until the 17th of December, but a northerly wind setting in, and bringing all the ice down this peculiarly dangerous bay, the steamer was unable to fight its way against the drift; and by the 23d of the same month, they were to their infinite mortification frozen in for another winter. The next spring Sir James Ross carried on further explorations by land, during one of which he determined the position of the North Magnetic Pole in latitude 70 deg. 5 min. 17 sec. N., and longitude 96 deg. 46 min. 45 sec. on the western coast of Boothia, and not far from the cape called by him "Cape Nicolai I."

The discoverers having abandoned all hopes of returning home in the *Victory*, an expedition was made the same spring to the station of the *Fury*, where they fitted out the boats

and sailed in them to Barrow's Straits, which they found closed up by an impenetrable mass of ice, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps, and search once more for winter-quarters in this desolate gulf. The next summer happily a lane of water showed itself as early as the 14th of August, when they at once embarked their provisions and stores, and sailed with a favorable wind. Barrow's Straits were found tolerably clear, and the sea beyond North Somerset quite navigable, though encumbered with ice. What an opportunity was thus lost of effecting the north-west passage! Turning, however, the other way, and passing from Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound, the discoverers happily overtook the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Sir John Ross, and the scene on the arrival of a party so long lost, and supposed to have been dead two or three years back, was one of the most affecting scenes on record.\*

In the year 1839, Messrs. Dease and Simpson descended the Coppermine River, and, doubling Cape Alexander, passed Point Turnagain—Franklin's farthest, as also Simpson's farthest in 1838—and then entered a deep bay crowded with islands. When the coast began to trend northward they expected to be carried round to Sir James Ross's Cape Felix, but they met on the way with a strait running in to the southward of at least ten miles wide at either extremity, but contracting to three miles in the centre. This strait separates Cape Felix from the mainland, and opens upon Captain Sir George Back's Point Ogle, at the mouth of the Great Fish River, previously discovered by that distinguished traveler. Messrs. Dease and Simpson had settled, the previous year, the separation of Boothia from the American continent on the western side of the same river; so they proceeded by Cape Hay, the extreme eastern point seen by Sir George Back, to a further bold promontory, which they named Cape Britannia. Their view hence of the low main shore was confined to five miles, in an easterly direction, after which it appeared to turn off greatly to the right. They therefore entertained no doubt of their having arrived at

\* The circumstance of Sir James Ross having thus crossed Boothia on two different occasions, and communications having been held with the Esquimaux, without the straits of Dease and Simpson having been seen or heard of, the probably islanded character of Cape Felix discovered, or the separation of Boothia from the mainland determined, attest in a remarkable manner the immense difficulties under which Arctic explorers labor.



that large gulf called by Sir John Ross Gulf of Boothia, and which is uniformly described by the Esquimaux as stretching downward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays—the latter the scene of the *Terror's* ill-starred voyage.

The existence of this strait is considered by the discoverers as determining the existence of a north-west passage; for as the Gulf of Boothia may be reached either by the straits of the Fury and Hecla, or by Prince Regent's Inlet, so the strait of Dease and Simpson leads at once into the Northern Sea, bounded in these latitudes to the north by Victoria and Wollaston Lands. But it is extremely doubtful if a passage so narrow, and so much blocked up with ice, as that between Boothia and the mainland, can ever be made available to purposes of navigation.

In the year 1843 or 1844, Sir John Barrow submitted a plan to the First Lord of the Admiralty for carrying on research in the same seas, with a request that it might be laid before the president and council of the Royal Society, by whom a resolution was passed in favor of the measure. It was then further referred to those best acquainted with the subject—Sir John Franklin, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine. All of whom approved of the plan.

With these separate opinions, the project was sent to the head of her Majesty's government, and being approved by him, measures were forthwith taken to carry it into execution. Two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*—the same which had been so successfully employed for three years in the southern Arctic regions under Sir James Ross—were immediately placed under the command of Sir John Franklin, and the expedition sailed in the spring of 1845. To obviate delay from calms or contrary winds, or where narrow channels between floes or masses of ice might have to be passed, each ship was supplied with a small steam-engine to work a screw, so as to insure a progress of from four to five knots an hour; and this screw was so contrived that it could be let down or drawn up as occasion might require. Each ship was commanded by a captain thoroughly experienced in seas encumbered with ice: Captain Sir John Franklin in the *Erebus*, and Captain Crozier in the *Terror*, with able and intelligent officers under them; among whom, Lieutenant, now Captain Fitzjames, who served in the Euphrates Expedition, and afterward in the war in China.

Considering the route by Lancaster Sound

and Barrow's Straits as the proper, and, as far as our knowledge extends, the only open maritime route to be pursued in endeavoring to effect a passage to Behring's Straits, the expedition was directed to make this the first point to be attained. The opening which we have previously noticed, as issuing from the northern side of Barrow's Straits, called Wellington Inlet, and which in appearance is said to be little inferior to Lancaster Sound, was, we think, very properly objected to; as the only chance of its becoming available would be that it leads into an open sea, and which, as it opens to the northward, is not very likely. The expedition was, therefore, directed more judiciously to the southern part of the strait; and, if we are to follow the statement made by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison to the Royal Geographical Society, nor to turn off after passing the north-western extremity of North Somerset, but to continue onward to beyond Cape Walker, between which and Melville Island the ships were to take a middle course by the first opening that might present itself after passing the latter cape; and thence to steer to the southward, half way between Banks' Land and the northern coast of America, proceeding more or less directly, or as far as the ice would admit, for the centre of Behring's Straits.

The distance to this latter point from the centre point between Cape Walker and Melville Island is about 900 miles. The results of Sir Edward Parry's great journey, previously described, as well as the results of the examination of the northern coast of America by Sir John Franklin, Sir George Back, Sir John Richardson, Messrs. Simpson, Dease, and others also previously alluded to, and the favorable appearance of the Polar Sea for navigation close along the shore as far as the power of vision extended, together with the absence of islands, except small rocky patches, close in shore, from the 105th meridian W. to Behring's Straits; the whole of these ascertained state of things—added more particularly to the additional means placed at the disposal of the experienced commander by means of screw propulsion—afforded to geographers and to men of science alike what appeared to be well-grounded hopes of a successful issue to this last great Arctic expedition.

Unfortunately these hopes have been doomed to a prolonged disappointment. The last information received from the expedition stated them to be at White Fish Island, on the east coast of Greenland, in 69

deg. 9 min. north, and 53 deg. 10 min. west, all well. Since that period three winters have elapsed, and a fourth is now going by, and notwithstanding that the ships were fully stored and provisioned for three years, and the confidence that was felt and is still felt in the united efforts of skill, science, and daring, guided by experience, great anxiety and alarm began to be felt in many quarters for the safety of our brave countrymen. This was so far also sympathized with, both by Government and by others who had distinguished themselves in Arctic travels, that expeditions of succor were resolved upon, and her majesty's ships, *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, were sent out in the spring of 1848 upon the track of the missing vessels. Sir John Richardson volunteered his services at the same time to carry succor to the shores of the Polar Seas by land, and another vessel, the *Plover*, employed in surveying duties in the Pacific, was ordered to proceed by Behring's Straits, possibly to meet the expedition in that direction. No other possible means of aid and succor were neglected. The interest of the ships frequenting the Polar Seas in the prosecution of the whale-fishery was gained over by large promises of rewards, more especially on the part of Lady Franklin, a wife worthy of a gallant husband. It was attempted, and for a time with promises of success, to move even the Russian and American governments in the cause of the missing adventurers.

Nothing proves more the uncertainty of the climate and seasons in the Polar regions, than that in 1848 the whaling ships having run to the southward of Baffin's Bay, and having carefully examined the pack edge for any opening that might lead them to the westward, they came to the conclusion that there was not the smallest chance, from the close, compact, and heavy nature of the ice, for any ship crossing to the west coast of Baffin's Bay that season.

This was at the very moment that Sir James Ross was slowly making his way northward by Davis's Straits. On the 20th of August, the expedition visited Pond's Bay, with the view chiefly of communicating with the Esquimaux, but without success. From Pond's Bay they commenced a rigid examination of the coast to the northward, keeping the ships close in along land, so that neither people nor boats could have passed without their seeing them.

On the 26th, the expedition arrived off Possession Bay, and a party was sent on shore to search for any traces of Sir John

Franklin's expedition having touched at this general point of rendezvous. Nothing was found but the paper left there recording the visit of Sir Edward Parry in 1819. From this point the examination of the coast was continued with equal care, for they were in full expectation of seeing those of whom they were in search. At Cape York, a party was sent on shore with the same object, and no better success. The numerous inlets on the northern shore of Barrow's Straits were also examined, but the entrance of Wellington Channel was obstructed by an impenetrable barrier of ice. A heavy body of ice was also found stretching from the west of Cornwallis Island in a compact mass to Leopold Island. After some days of anxious and arduous work, they succeeded in getting through the pack, and entered the harbor of Port Leopold on the 11th of September. It is remarkable that Sir James Ross says, that had they not got into port on that day it would have been impossible to have done so any day afterward, the main pack, during the night, having closed the land, and completely sealed the mouth of the harbor. Imagine a port which is accessible for only one day in the year, and that amid great difficulties!

The steam launch now proved of infinite value, conveying a large cargo herself and towing two deeply-laden cutters through the sheet of ice, which now covered the harbor, and through which no boat unaided by steam could have penetrated beyond her own length. It was with great difficulty that the ships were prevented, as winter set in, being carried ashore by the pressure of the pack without on the harbor ice. Although Sir James Ross was disappointed at the small progress made the first season, it is impossible not to feel with him, that Port Leopold, at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Straits, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, was a position of all others the most desirable, as it was scarcely possible for any party, after abandoning their ships, to pass along the shores of any of those inlets without finding indications of the proximity of succor. If, which is very unlikely, the north-west passage should ever be opened to steam, Port Leopold would evidently be a chief coal station, unless the Dease and Simpson Channel should be opened to navigation.

During the winter many white foxes were captured, and copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depôts of provisions was engraved, being



clinch round their necks, they were set at liberty again, with the hope that some of these far-roving messengers might be the means of conveying the glad intelligence to the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

On the 15th of May, Sir James Ross, accompanied by Lieutenant M'Clintock and twelve men, left the ships to explore the north shore of North Somerset, which they did to Cape Bunny, where the shore turns southward. They proceeded accordingly in the same direction, exploring all the indentations of the coast, progress being much delayed by many of the party becoming useless from lameness and debility, till they attained a parallel of 72 deg. 38 min. north latitude, and 95 deg. 40 min. west longitude; and had not so many of the party broken down Sir James would have reached Cape Nicolai I.; the northernmost point which he had reached, as we have before seen, during his journey from the *Victory* in 1832, and he would thus have revisited the magnetic pole.

Under any circumstances this journey, it must be observed, establishes the existence of a second north-west passage north of Dease and Simpson's Strait, and between Capes Bunny and Walker; and it is probable that there are others to the westward, between Cape Walker and Banks Land.

During Sir James Ross's absence, minor excursions were made by Lieutenant Barnard and a party to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, by Lieutenant Brown to the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, and by Lieutenant Robinson along the western shore of the same inlet. All these various parties suffered much from snow-blindness, sprained ankles and debility, and all returned with the same want of success; and it was evident, from the absence of all traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, that the ships had not been detained anywhere in this part of the Arctic regions. Sir James Ross, indeed, says he felt persuaded that Sir John Franklin had penetrated so far beyond Melville Island as to induce him to prefer making for the continent of America, rather than seeking assistance from the whale ships in Baffin's Bay.

On the 28th of August, after severe labor in cutting the ice, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were liberated from their winter quarters and stood out to sea. It was now that occurred one of the most extraordinary events that have hitherto been recorded in the annals of Polar navigation—a navigation so celebrated for its strange perils and dangers. The expedition having made the north

shore of Barrow's Straits for the purpose of following up the examination of Wellington Channel, and, if possible, extending their researches as far as Melville Island, the ships were, by the sudden setting in of a strong wind, surrounded by the ice and fairly frozen in. They remained for some time in this helpless condition, till one day the ice began to move, carrying the ships to the eastward till it had deposited them in Baffin's Bay, when the ice opened, and set them at liberty in the open sea!

Carried, in this extraordinary manner, out of the north-west passage (for Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits appear to be best entitled to such a distinctive appellation), without the possibility of making even an effort against the all-powerful arm of nature, which appeared in this case as if held out to forbid the accomplishment of a long-ambitioned project, the expedition of succor, with all the harbors as well as the straits closed against it by the advance of winter, had nothing left but to make the best of its way home.

In the mean time Sir John Richardson, who had sailed from Liverpool to New York on the 25th of March, 1848, had proceeded by the great lakes, the Saskatchewan, the lesser lakes, and Churchill River, to the Slave River and Mackenzie, by the latter of which he had reached the Polar Seas, establishing on the way a fishery and winter station near Fort Franklin, on the Great Bear Lake. Sir John and his party reached the sea on the 4th of August, and they had an interview at once with 300 Esquimaux, who were collected to meet them, having been apprised of their coming by signal fires, lighted by their hunting-parties on the hills skirting the river. The distance from Point Encounter, where they met this party, to the mouth of the Coppermine River, to which they next directed their course, rowing along shore, is upward of 800 miles, and the communications held with the natives assembled on the headlands to hunt whales, or scattered in parties of two or three along the coast in pursuit of reindeer and water-fowl, were frequent. They invariably said that no ships had passed. An Esquimaux family was actually encamped on the extremity of Cape Bathurst, so that if a look-out had been kept at a great expense at the most favorable point on the northern coast of America, it could not have answered better.

Beyond this cape the expedition met with floes of drift-ice, which became more numerous as they approached Dolphin and Union

Straits; the weather also became cold, frosts set in, the Esquimaux disappeared, the boats were cut up by the ice, and Sir John Richardson was ultimately compelled to abandon them in a bay between Capes Hearne and Kendall, and to prosecute the journey to the winter-station on Great Bear Lake by land, and from thence he returned to this country.

The results of these combined expeditions of succor would appear to indicate on the one hand, that Sir John Franklin's expedition got beyond Cape Walker, the point indicated in his instructions as that to which he was to sail to the southward or south-westward. They would also indicate that as late as in the summer of 1848, the expedition had not reached the open Polar Seas within sight of the northern coast of America.

Several categories present themselves as resulting from these negative facts. The *Erebus* and *Terror* may have remained frozen in from the very onset in the channels or straits between Walker's Land and Banks Land; they may, after being repulsed from those straits, have made their way further westward, and have got shut up between Melville Island and Banks' Land, or among the North Georgian Islands. They may have got beyond either of those points, and remained shut up in some of the passages between Walker's Land and Victoria and Wollaston's Lands, or they may have remained amid unknown lands westward of Banks's Land and Melville Island. A last and more melancholy category presents itself that both ships may have been nipped by the ice, and have been lost with their gallant crews. But almost all precedents, and all the facts of the case, preclude this more disheartening view of the matter. If a fatal accident had happened to one ship, it is very unlikely that it should have also occurred to the other. Again, if both ships had been lost in seas so crowded with land and ice, it is very unlikely that some of the crews did not escape; and had they done so they would have made their way to the eastward, so as to have been seen by Sir James Ross's party, or to the southward, so as to have been heard of by Sir John Richardson's. It is now well ascertained that the Esquimaux keep up intelligence of any interesting event along the whole coast of North America; and a fragment of a wreck, or a trace of a party in distress, would assuredly have been heard of.

With respect to the necessities of the missing expedition, it is true that the ships were

only provisioned for three years, but deer migrate over the ice in the spring from the main shore to Victoria and Wollaston Lands in large herds. The same lands are also the breeding places of vast flocks of snow geese; so that, with ordinary skill in hunting, a large supply of food might be procured on their shores, in the months of June, July, and August. Seals are also numerous in those seas, and are easily shot, their curiosity rendering them an easy prey to a boat-party. In these ways, and by fishing, the stock of provisions might be greatly augmented. We have the recent example of Mr. Rae, who passed a severe winter on the very barren shores of Repulse Bay, with no other fuel than the withered tufts of an herbaceous *Andromeda*, and maintained a numerous party on the spoils of the chase alone for a whole year.

Sir John Richardson considering the instructions given to Sir John Franklin to steer southward from Cape Walker, and the interest which he says he (Sir John Richardson) has always felt in the opening between Wollaston and Victoria Lands, the flood tide setting through that opening into Coronation Gulf, diverging to the westward by the Dolphin and Union Strait, and to the eastward round Cape Alexander, is inclined to think that the missing expedition would have made for this opening, and is now shut up in some of the passages between Cape Walker and the said opening.

It is most gratifying to know that supposing this to be the case, Sir John Richardson left behind that most intrepid and enduring Arctic traveler, Mr. Rae, with a party, with instructions to descend the Coppermine River about the middle of July; to cross as soon as possible from Cape Krusenstern to Wollaston Land, and endeavor to penetrate to the northward, erecting signal columns, and making deposits on conspicuous headlands, and especially on the north shore of Banks's Land, should he be fortunate enough to attain that coast. Mr. Rae was, moreover, directed to report his proceedings to the Lords of the Admiralty directly on his return; and should his dispatches experience no delay on the route, they may be expected in England in April or May next. It is to be observed that Mr. Rae also received instructions, in case of failure in these well-intentioned excursions of relief, to engage one or more families of Indian hunters to pass the summer of 1850 on the banks of the Coppermine River, to be ready to assist any party that may direct their course that way.



It has been further remarked, that admitting, as all competent persons do, that Sir John Franklin would, in case of his provisions becoming so far reduced as to be inadequate to a winter's consumption, leave his ships with officers and crews in one body, or several, and with boats cut down so as to be light enough to drag over the ice, or built expressly for that purpose, he would make his way to the continent, or to the eastward to Lancaster Sound, and that Esquimaux and Indians might in the latter case be offered rewards to relieve them. But considering Sir John Franklin's intimate acquaintance with the coast, and resources of the North American continent, it is most likely that once south of Cape Walker, he would, if obliged to abandon his ship, make his way to that coast.

The last category that remains to be considered, that of the missing expedition being to the westward of Banks' Land, or Melville Island, such a category might be met any day by the liberation of the vessels and their

arrival in the Pacific. In the mean time it is highly satisfactory to know that a further expedition of relief has been resolved upon, and that the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* are to proceed at once on their way to Behring's Straits, from which point it will in all probability be most readily put in the way of affording whatever succor or relief may by that time be most seriously in request.

It is, as we have before observed, also Sir James Ross's opinion, that Sir John Franklin and his party had pushed on so far beyond Melville Island that they had preferred making for the continent of America to returning in an easterly direction, and seeking assistance from the Baffin's Bay whalers; nor must we, in justice, pass over the efforts of several commanders of ships employed in the latter fishery to carry succor to the missing expedition. Several of them visited Lancaster Sound with this object in view. Among others, Captain Penny, of the *Advice*, who penetrated in 1848 as far as Navy Board Inlet.

## THE EMPEROR'S NIGHT ADVENTURE.

### A LEGEND OF VIENNA.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is a well-known fact that, like Haroun Alraschid, of oriental memory, Joseph II. of Austria was addicted to midnight and incognito wanderings through his capital; which, although they occasionally led to results not only disagreeable, but even dangerous, at other times amply repaid his risk and fatigue by their originality, and the insight which they afforded him into popular feeling, and that species of national under-current of thought and motive from which kings and kaisers are necessarily shut out in their gilded saloons and crowded ante-rooms. Joseph, however, unlike his eastern prototype, eschewed all companionship in these nocturnal pilgrimages; suffered no grandvèsir to follow upon his footsteps, or to share his perils; but conveniently disguised and fitly armed, sallied forth alone, and trusted to the influence of his star, or that of his name, should the declaration become necessary, to liberate him from any untoward situation in which he might chance to involve himself.

Many were the unpalatable, if not useless

facts with which he was thus made acquainted; and more than once during his strolls through the suburbs, he found himself compelled to ransom his person by the surrender of his purse, his watch, his mantle, and even his arms, to the light-fingered gentry whom he encountered upon his path; but these little adventures, perilous as they were for the moment, so far from abating his passion for this mysterious pastime, only invested it with an additional zest, which contrasted most invitingly with the daily monotony of a life of restraint and etiquette.

This much explained, we will relate at least one of his adventures as it was told to ourselves.

It was on a dark and stormy night when, at the close of the midnight mass (for it was the eve of a grand festival), closely folded in a heavy cloak which had sufficed, coupled with the obscurity of the remote corner in which he had ensconced himself during the ceremony, to conceal his identity from the pious crowd about him, the Emperor issued

from the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, into the gloom of the open space before it. Leaning within the still deeper shadows of the building against the stone-work of the sacred edifice, he suffered all the congregation to disperse before he attempted to pursue his way; but they had no sooner betaken themselves to their separate habitations, hurrying each in his own direction, to escape as quickly as they might from the heavy rain which was falling, and the fierce gusts that swept howling and hissing round the several corners of the streets, than he drew his broad-flapped hat deeper upon his brow, and securing his mantle by a tight grasp, set forth in his turn.

On the occasion in question, he bent his steps to the Leopoldstadt, which, although at that period a very important adjunct of the city, had not attained to the importance which it afterward acquired. The houses were more thinly scattered, and the open spaces more lonely, dark, and dangerous. More than once, however, the imperial wanderer had succeeded in exploring its recesses without molestation, and the violence of the weather on this particular night gave him additional confidence. Nevertheless, he was not fated to find that confidence well placed, for when about midway between the fortifications and the suburb, he was attacked by four ruffians, to whom, after a brief resistance, he was compelled to deliver over, not only all the valuables in his possession, and the cloak which had hitherto sheltered him from the storm, but even the vest of black velvet that he wore beneath it.

In this unregal plight, shivering under the cold blasts of wind, and becoming rapidly wet to the skin, he pursued his way more hurriedly in order to secure a shelter, however humble. But all was pitch darkness as he reached the straggling street; every door was inhospitably barred, and every window carefully secured, while not a sound broke upon his ear except the dull moan of the river as it flowed between its invisible banks. The descendant of the Cæsars began to wish himself safely housed in his palace; but he had wandered far, and regrets were unavailing. For an instant he stood still, deliberating in his own mind how he should act, and that moment sufficed to decide him. He had, at length, detected the bright gleam of a lamp through the aperture of a shutter, which had apparently been defectively closed, and he no longer hesitated as to the next step to be taken. The house from whence the friendly light had emanated was large,

gloomy, ancient in its structure for the neighborhood in which it stood, and was, moreover, totally isolated, being surrounded on all sides by a high wall, only broken in one direction by a pair of tall wrought-iron gates, through which the Emperor had been enabled to detect the welcome gleam. By another chance, equally fortunate, the gates had been as carelessly fastened as the window, and a very slight degree of exertion sufficed to fling one of them back upon its hinges, and to afford ingress to the imperial intruder into a vast paved space, as silent and gloomy as the street from which he had just escaped.

Nothing daunted, however, by the sepulchral aspect of this place of temporary refuge, the Emperor hastily mounted half-a-dozen stone steps, which led to a covered door-way, where he found himself in a slight degree sheltered from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," and his next discovery being a large iron knocker, he applied it so vigorously to the solid oak of which the door was composed, that he heard the long dull echoes reverberate for several seconds along the interior passages of the dwelling. Nevertheless, not a sound bespoke the existence of any one within; and again and again did the heavy hammer resound upon the oaken panels with the same want of success. Joseph II. began to lose at once his patience and his temper; and, as if to irritate him still further, the wind suddenly veered round, and drove the rain into the deepest recesses of the partial shelter he had gained. Unfortunately, kaisers become wet through as soon as the meanest of their subjects; and when the exasperated Emperor seized the knocker for the last time, he presented a pitiable spectacle. On this occasion he was, however, spared the necessity of putting forth his strength, for he had scarcely clutched it ere the door opened, smoothly and noiselessly, as though it fell back upon velvet, and a young man of apparently six or seven-and-twenty years of age, holding in his hand a lamp which burnt with extraordinary steadiness and brilliancy, stood before him.

"Who are you? and what do you seek at so untimely an hour?" he asked, firmly but courteously.

"I am one of the Emperor's officers, and I have been robbed. I seek shelter."

"His imperial and royal majesty would scarcely care to own you in such a trim, my friend," said the young man, as his eye wandered with a smile of doubt over the dripping stranger. "How can you convince me that you are not yourself a robber?"



"If I look so little like one of Joseph's guards," was the retort, "surely I bear no more resemblance to a knight of the road; a coat and cloak too many might well make you suspicious, but, as you see, I am without either."

As he spoke, the Emperor looked full into the eyes of the young man; and having advanced a pace or two toward him, the glare of the lamp fell upon his features. In an instant the door flew back, and the head of his new host was reverently bent.

"I recognize your majesty," he said, humbly, but not servilely; "enter without fear; you possess not throughout your empire subjects more devoted than me and mine."

And, snatching up a mantle of dark velvet, which was flung down upon a carved chest in the spacious hall, he adjusted it respectfully upon the shoulders of the shivering Emperor. He then rapidly closed the door, and with a gesture which might have made the most finished courtier turn pale with envy, prepared to lead the way for his imperial guest.

Wet and weary as he was, however, Joseph II. gazed about him with astonishment. The walls of the magnificent hall in which he stood were of white marble, paneled with black; the first decorated with the most costly pictures, and the last throwing into broader relief the most exquisite productions of the sculptor's chisel; the floor was overlaid with rich Persian carpets, and the domed roof was studded with silver stars. Bewildered by so unexpected a display of splendor, he moved slowly, but when he reached the threshold of the first apartment, he began to believe himself the sport of a dream. Velvet hangings, with their rich crimson folds held back by bands and fringes of gold; sofas and divans embroidered with flowers so vividly as to appear strown but newly from the choicest parterres of Eden; mirrors which supported the ceiling and reflected the feet; vessels of gold and silver inlaid with jewels; toys from foreign lands, alike without names or uses, but all either graceful or gorgeous; a bright fire of cedar and sandalwood blazing upon a hearth of red Egyptian marble, beside which was placed a table of marqueterie, covered with fruit, and wine, and goblets of Bohemian glass; and a chair of inlaid ivory and ebony, with cushions of satin-damask as white as the breast of the aigret-heron—such was the spectacle which presented itself in one of the suburbs of his capital to the astonished and benighted Emperor.

In his first surprise, the imperial visitor had not remarked the disappearance of his host; but ere long he discovered that he was alone, and, throwing himself upon the snowy chair, (decidedly little suited to bear so dripping a burden,) he stretched his aching legs closer to the genial and perfumed heat of the vast chimney; and pouring into one of the Bohemian goblets, which resembled a large ruby veined with gold, a stream of amber-colored tokayer, bright and rich as though it had been just crushed from the precious grape that yields it, he emptied it at a draught.

When he again raised his head to look around him, he found his host at his side; nor did the costly garments with which he was now laden, and which he respectfully assisted his royal guest to adjust, astonish the monarch less than all the other wonders by which he was surrounded.

His acknowledgments for this well-timed attention were brief, but sincere; and when he had taken possession of a second chair, which was wheeled forward for his accommodation, he prepared to inquire into the mysteries about him.

"Your imperial majesty must be exhausted," said the firm but sweet voice of his entertainer, as he was about to speak; "permit me to offer to you a few drops of a precious elixir which will at once restore your strength," and taking from the table a curiously-twisted phial, covered all over with strange mystical characters, he dropped into a tall-stalked Venice glass a small quantity of its contents, which he himself swallowed; and then, rinsing the glass with tokayer, which he flung into the blaze of the fire, whence it streamed upward like a pyramid of liquid topaz, he once more let fall a similar quantity into the goblet, and reverently bending his knee, presented it to the Emperor upon a small salver of chased gold.

"By St. Stephen, our patron! my good friend," smiled Joseph II., as he returned the glass, "your elixir is as agreeable as your welcome. Like the man in the Thousand-and-One Nights, I feel inclined to pinch myself, in order to ascertain whether I be really awake. Who are you, and what is the meaning of all this?"

"Your imperial majesty shall, ere long, know all," was the reply; "but since I may never again have the honor to receive you beneath my humble roof, I would crave permission to present to you one who is very dear to me; and who, although she may be for the moment unconscious of so high a

privilege, will nevertheless cherish the memory of it, to the end of her life."

"And she is—" commenced the Emperor.

"Here, your majesty," and the young man drew toward him a thick rope of gold, which, when forcibly pulled, swung back a hanging drapery that veiled the upper end of the room, and revealed the space beyond it.

As the heavy curtain rolled aside, Joseph II. forgot his imperial dignity, and started from his seat. He saw before him a miniature forest, with trailing plants linking the trees together, and garlanding their very summits with gorgeous blossoms, while birds of bright plumage were flitting from bough to bough, or pluming themselves upon the branches. But that which more especially riveted the attention of the Emperor, was the figure of a young girl, apparently buried in a profound sleep, and lying with one hand beneath her head, and the other grasping a garland of wild flowers, upon a green bank overcanopied by a tulip-tree. Nothing could be more faultlessly beautiful than both her form and face; her long and glossy hair, of that rich purple black which takes a golden gleam in the light, was confined round her brow by a circlet of half-blown lotus blossoms, and then fell over her throat and shoulders in wonderful profusion. The long lashes of her closed eyes rested upon a cheek as fair as Parian marble, and as white; while her parted lips were of the richest tint that ever nestled in the bosom of a sea-shell.

"Once more," exclaimed the Emperor, as he sank back in his chair, when, his entertainer having relaxed his hold of the golden rope, the dark curtain again shut out this fairy vision; "once more, who are you? Do not fear to confide in me. Have I not shown that I have trust in yourself? Tell me all, at once. You could not do so at a more favorable moment. I am your guest, and will not repay your hospitality by harshness. Speak."

Again the young man bent his knee.

"Sire, I have faith in your imperial word."

"And you are right. Who are you?"

"I am the grand-nephew of Faust."

"How!" cried the Emperor, once more starting from his seat, and gazing down upon him, half in anger and half in amazement; "you are Gottlieb Faust! and you dare to own this to me?"

"Fearlessly, sire," said the young man, firmly; "for you will not falsify your pledge."

"Gottlieb Faust!" repeated Joseph II., unable to conquer his surprise. "Can you be Gottlieb Faust, the initiated, the Rosi-

crucian, the atheist, the sorcerer? Are you aware that I have been a thousand times solicited to arrest you, and to put you upon your trial?"

"I am not ignorant of the fact."

"That I have been entreated to take your head?"

"I know both wherefore, and by whom."

"You know this, and yet you venture to deliver yourself thus into my hands?"

"Why should I hesitate?" asked the young man, with a proud smile; "your imperial majesty is not to be duped by the idle and empty superstitions of the ignorant. You have never put faith in these vulgar fallacies."

"No, assuredly," said the Emperor, with dignity; "and yet the outcry is loud against you. You live in regal splendor; you disburse annually a fortune in charity."

"For which men call me an atheist," interposed Gottlieb, with another of his beaming smiles.

"You are known to possess extraordinary talents, which you disdain to use," pursued Joseph II., without heeding the interruption; "and marvelous secrets, which you will not divulge."

"And thus men esteem me a sorcerer!"

"By St. Stephen! I scarcely marvel at their belief," exclaimed the Emperor, "although I do not share it. But you owe me an explanation of all this mystery, were it only for my faith in your innocence; and, first, who is that magnificent beauty, who does not seem to be of this world, or even conscious of her own existence?"

"Simply my sister, sire; who, too timid to have sustained your gaze, would still have chidden me had I not enabled her to feel that she had once had the honor of being for an instant in the presence of her Emperor. A slight narcotic sufficed to reconcile my fears with my indulgence. For I love her, sire," said the young man, energetically, "I love her as those only can love who have but one sole object upon which to pour out the full tide of their affection. We are alone in the world, save that we make our house the home of the poor; for even to the very gates of the palace of the Cæsars, which nothing should approach save what is joyful and glorious, poverty will creep, and it is a happy privilege to be permitted to beckon it away."

"Rise, mynheer, rise," said the Emperor; "give me truth, and fear nothing. I value truth more than knee-worship."

He was obeyed.

"And now, this affluence, this splendor,"



persisted Joseph II.; "this lavish magnificence, when not only my wealthiest nobles, but even I myself, am impoverished by a long and expensive war—how can you account for this?"

"Simply and satisfactorily, sire. I have told your majesty that I am the grand-nephew of Faust; but few are aware that before his death he had discovered that mystery of mysteries, the art of producing gold; a secret which he only divulged, and then under the most solemn oaths of inviolable silence, to his next of kin, my father, who was neither to profit by his knowledge until he had attained the age of sixty years, nor to communicate it, except upon his death-bed, and still under the same restrictions, to his immediate descendant. You see him before you, sire. My father, thanks to a constant use of that elixir of which your imperial majesty has partaken, lived to the age of seventy, not only hale, but even vigorous as in his first manhood; and during the ten years which were granted to him after he had unrolled the mysterious scroll which taught him how to transmute the basest metals into sterling ore, he spent every day, and almost every hour, in enriching me, his only son, and the child of his old age."

"And should you die before the allotted time," asked the Emperor eagerly, "who would inherit the secret?"

"No one on this earth," said the young man, almost despondingly; "for the scroll is written in hieroglyphics so difficult to decipher, that it requires years to comprehend them, learnt, as they must be, without the aid of written characters; and the task is rendered doubly onerous by the fact that the lesson thus acquired is complicated by the introduction of a host of figures, signs, and sounds, which ultimately prove supererogatory, and are only invented to check the impious curiosity of those destined to succeed to the mysterious inheritance."

"And can you reconcile yourself to thus uselessly mystifying your son in your turn?" asked Joseph II. gloomily.

"Sire," was the steady but sad reply, "I have already told your imperial majesty that I live only in, and for, my sister. I shall never press a child of my own against my heart. I will inflict no such bitter misery upon another human being as I have myself borne."

"Misery!" echoed the Emperor, incredulously—"misery! Are you not surrounded by every luxury, by every splendor, and assured of their possession, whatever may be the fate of cities and of empires?"

"Your majesty has been importuned to take my life."

"True; but I have protected it."

"And your successor might be less lenient. Believe me, sire, the gold is hardly earned which must be bought by popular execration, loud-voiced suspicion, and the constant perspective of a scaffold."

"Yet to lose such a secret! Do you not feel that you owe something to the world?"

"Atheist though I am deemed, sire, I feel that I owe more to my own soul. What can I have in common with a world which hates and misjudges me?"

"I, at least, have done you justice."

"Ah, sire," said the young man, as he bent down until his lips came in contact with the imperial hand, "to you I owe more than life, for you have reconciled me with my kind; and, if I dared—"

"Dare anything," said the Emperor, interested even to fascination by this strange adventure.

"And I shall be forgiven?"

"Freely—fully."

"Then, sire," and Gottlieb Faust lifted from the lofty mantel a piece of yellow metal which had served to secure some withered blossoms that had been spread out to dry beneath it, "your imperial majesty spoke a while back of being impoverished by the war. It is an unworthy offering, but it is humbly made."

"By St. Stephen! I accept it as frankly as it is tendered," said Joseph II., with flashing eyes. "It will replenish my treasury bravely; and shall be well applied." Then rising and drawing back the curtain from an unshuttered window, "We must part now," he said, "the day is dawning; but you shall still further make me your debtor—give me a mantle and a sword. I must return to the palace unrecognized. And remember, not a word of this interview, as you value your life. You shall soon hear from me again."

The young alchemist obeyed upon the instant. The Emperor girt on the weapon, muffled himself in the cloak, extended his hand, which Gottlieb reverently pressed to his lips, and in five minutes the sound of his retreating footsteps was no longer audible. Then, and not till then, Gottlieb Faust withdrew from the gate with a heavy sigh, closed the oaken doors behind him, and retired to his own chamber.

On the following day all was commotion in the imperial palace; and the state antechamber, like the *Eil-de-Bœuf* at Versailles

under Louis XIV., was crowded by a throng of idle courtiers; a few lounging listlessly against the wide casements opening upon the Joseph-Platz, apparently watching for some anticipated event; others shedding around them an envenomed shower of that courtly small talk which is generally as wicked as it is witty,—that flood of brilliant epigrams and rounded period which engulfs a reputation in a repartee, or sacrifices the feelings of a friend to a rhetorical flourish. Others again, more ambitious and less vain, sauntered near the door of the Emperor's reception-room, keeping their eyes steadfastly fixed upon the usher on duty, and calculating the amount of their present favor by the length of the period which elapsed before they were admitted to the presence.

Never, perhaps, since the gorgeous but frivolous court to which we have already alluded filled the gardens and saloons of Versailles with a galaxy of splendor, has the palace of any European sovereign afforded so brilliant a spectacle as that of the Cæsars. The blending of so many national costumes, all alike costly and picturesque, among which that of the noble Hungarian guard, alike in form, but varying in color and ornament, is eminently conspicuous, renders the select circle of the Emperors of Austria a human kaleidoscope, of which every successive move only tends to enhance the attraction; and thus it was on the morning of which we write.

"Can it be true, my dear Marquis," asked a tardy courtier, as he made his way from the gallery toward a member of the government, "that our gracious Emperor has at length consented to arrest that rascally alchemist, Gottlieb Faust?"

"Nothing can be more certain, Count; and, moreover, he is already in the palace, awaiting the pleasure of his imperial majesty."

"What is his crime?" asked a tall and superbly-mustachioed Bohemian noble, joining the group; "it must be something fearful to win him the honor of so much excitement."

"His crimes, you should say, Baron, for they are legion. Here are we, the faithful and honest servants of Joseph II., with all our gold upon our doublets, while he is flinging a Pactolean shower about him which seems exhaustless. No wonder that the imperial patience has given way at last."

"If riches be a crime, it is certain that a more righteous court than this of Vienna does not exist at the present moment,"

laughed the light-hearted young Bohemian. "As for me, I have only the memory of my inheritance and two mortgaged estates to exist upon."

"And the smiles of an Arch-Duchess," murmured the younger of his two companions.

"No scandal within the walls of the palace," was the merry reply. "You know that it is as contraband as Turkish tobacco."

"And, consequently, as easy to enjoy. But as regards this Faust; they say that he has not only the Midas touch, that turns all upon which he lays his hand, into gold, but that he also deals in spells, some of which are not so innocent as to defy the law."

"I can believe it," observed a magnificent Hungarian, carelessly adjusting the jeweled belt which sustained his sword; "such practices are common in the Banât, and I could give you instances——"

"Not now, Erdödi, not now," said the first speaker; "remember that walls have ears, and that Faust is not far off."

The Hungarian was silenced. He would not have turned his back upon a host in a fair field, but he was not superior to the superstition of his age and country.

Suddenly a murmur was heard in the state gallery, and an instant afterward a stranger was seen to enter the waiting-room, between two officers of the imperial guard. In a moment every voice was hushed, and every eye turned upon the new-comer. He was a tall and stately man, in the full vigor of life; his eyes were large, dark, and singularly calm; his black hair was parted along the centre of his finely-moulded head, and fell in heavy masses about his brow, and over his shoulders. His nose was, perhaps, a trifle too prominent, but its outline was perfect; while the firm and graceful curve of his mouth was rendered conspicuous by the jetty blackness of his beard and mustachio, which, contrary to the fashion then prevalent in Germany, he wore full and smooth. He was richly habited in a pourpoint of black velvet, embroidered with arabesques in gold; and in his hand he carried a cap of the same material, to which a short red feather was attached by a clasp of large emeralds; and as he moved forward with a graceful and dignified unrestraint, which it had taken years to enable some of those now about him to acquire, the astonishment was universal. His lip never quivered, his eye never sank; and when, as he was summoned onward by the sonorous voice of the usher, he traversed the vast apartment on his way toward the audi-



ence-chamber, his step was as free and as firm as though no peril awaited him at the termination of his progress.

As the tapestried hanging of the imperial saloon fell behind him, every tongue was unloosed. "Can that be Gottlieb Faust? Can that be the son of the alchemist of the Leopoldstadt? And admitted on the instant to the Emperor, while we have been so long waiting!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed another, "our good master is anxious to be rid of him. He is a dangerous inmate for a palace."

"They will surely not accord to him the honor of decapitation," remarked a third; "he is of plebeian birth, and should die by the cord."

"Patience, gentlemen," said the old minister; "we shall soon know all."

Meanwhile, the object of all these comments and speculations had bent his knee upon the threshold of the imperial apartment, in which Joseph II. was seated before a table covered with papers, and entirely unattended.

"Come forward, mine host, come forward!" said the Emperor, good-humoredly. "I owe you a courteous welcome for that which you bestowed upon myself last night. Ay, and for more than that. Do you see these multiplied columns of figures which make the eye dance that endeavors to rest on them? Well, my assayer has given me full assurance that, through your means, a sponge may be passed over them all; and this is no trifling obligation. I have faith in all that you have told me. I believe you to be an honest man and a gentleman; but this acknowledgment is insufficient to satisfy the pride of an Austrian monarch. You have laid me under a heavy debt, Count Von Faustenburg. Nay, do not kneel; your new title will serve to tickle the ears of the courtiers, so that it may be useful in its way. But here, sir," he continued with sudden dignity, as he took from the table a cross of the order of Maria Theresa; "here is an honor less empty, and to which I am convinced you will not be insensible. I bestow it freely, for I know that the jewel will rest upon an honest heart."

"Your imperial majesty beggars me," stammered the young man, overcome for the first time by his feelings.

"And now," said the Emperor, waving his hand, as if to deprecate all further acknowledgment on the part of the new-made noble; "and now, Count, what are your future intentions? You surely cannot purpose to waste your life in a solitary home,

which, however splendid it may be, is still only a gilded prison. You are too young to yield to so ignoble an indolence. What!—silent!"

"I was thinking of my orphan sister, sire."

"Nor have I forgotten her," eagerly replied Joseph II.; "she shall be cared for. We will attach her to the suite of one of the Arch-Duchesses."

"Not so, sire, if your imperial majesty will pardon me," said the young man, gloomily; "she is a wild bird, fit only for the free wood; she would pine and die in a gilded cage."

"No fear of that, my friend," persisted Joseph II.; "we shall not keep her long. Young, rich, and beautiful, she will soon become noble in her turn."

"The saints forbid!" was the emphatic reply. "She must go to her grave as she came from her cradle, unconscious of the penalty which is attached to the name she bears."

"On what do you decide, then?" demanded the Emperor, somewhat impatiently.

"I will serve in your armies, sire, should you consider me worthy of such an honor; and during my absence from the Capital, my sister shall seek refuge in a Convent."

"By St. Stephen! it is a poor alternative," smiled the monarch; "but be it as you will; although it is certain that you must, by such a measure, mar her fortunes; for, should others only feel as I do, she were a bride for whom the noblest in the empire might not scorn to contend."

"I know it," said the young man, with a kindling eye; "but hers is not a nature to contend against proud mothers or insolent sisters, who might presume upon her meaner birth; and thus the blossom which I have reared so tenderly would be withered in its first bloom. I have read her heart, ay, like an open volume; and I feel sure that, once our separation over, she will cling to the calm refuge of a cloister. So let it be, sire; if you would indeed bind me to you forever—so let it be. She is too pure for the contact of a world—for the contact of a court. So let it be; and the doomed name of Faust will then perish upon earth—perish, and be forgotten."

"You are a poor courtier, my friend."

"I shall make the better soldier, sire. Trust me—try me—and I shall not fail."

"I believe you, Count; and now I will present you to a few of my private circle."

As the Emperor ceased speaking, he rang a silver bell beside him, which was no sooner answered than he rapidly ran over a number of the noblest names in Austria, and desired

that those who bore them might be introduced.

Anxious and excited, the courtiers lost not a moment in obeying the imperial summons; and great was their surprise when, upon entering the presence, they saw the descendant of the Cæsars standing within a pace or two of the supposed criminal, whom they believed themselves to have been called upon to judge; but upon whose breast each detected at a glance the glittering cross of Maria Theresa.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said Joseph II., as he slightly bent his head in acknowledgment of their salutations; "I have requested your presence in order to make known to you your new comrade, the Count von Faustenburg, upon whom I have just conferred the command of a company in the Lichenstein regiment. I recommend him to your friendship." And then by a silent gesture he dismissed the circle.

Not one solitary token of wonder escaped the well-practiced courtiers, nor could the grand-nephew of Faust have himself suspected by the courtesies and congratulations with which he was overwhelmed on his reappearance in the ante-chamber, that it contained even some who had deemed him too vile for the headsman's axe.

Had he known it, however, the heart-stricken young man was too fully employed with his own thoughts, and his approaching separation from his sister, to have yielded even a smile of pity to their duplicity; but, hastily returning their compliments with as lofty an air as though such homage were familiar to him, he made his way through the brilliant crowd, and left the palace.

In another week his home was desolate, and his sister the inmate of a Benedictine Convent at Gratz; and this struggle over, he gave himself up to the performance of his new duties. Constitutionally acute, he was not long ere he comprehended all that was required of him, and then his only anxiety was to be placed upon active service. The opportunity was not long in presenting itself; the corps to which he belonged was summoned to the field—no matter where, or against what enemy—we are not writing the history of a nation, but that of an individual—and among the first who fell bravely, and breast to breast with the foe, was Gottlieb Faust.

As he sank to the earth, a voice of authority issued hasty orders that his body should be carried to the rear, and it was no sooner extended upon a cloak beneath a tent, than one of the favorite generals of the

Emperor galloped up; and springing from his saddle at the entrance, knelt down beside the dead man, and anxiously pressed his hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat, and an icy coldness was already spreading over the body, although the countenance was as calm and composed as it had ever been.

"He is gone!" murmured the officer in a tone of relief; and then, tearing open the breast of the uniform, now defaced with blood, he cautiously passed his fingers over the chest of the corpse, and drew forth a massy chain of gold, to which were suspended the portrait of a lovely girl, whose luxuriant dark hair was crowned with water-lilies, and a small discolored scroll of parchment. He gazed upon the first for a brief instant with flashing eyes, and then carefully securing both that and the writing about his own neck, he once more mounted, and returned to his post as rapidly as he had abandoned it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is then useless to persist longer?" said Joseph II., about two months subsequently, as he sat poring over a small scrap of time-worn parchment; "you feel convinced, mynheer, of the impossibility of deciphering this accursed scroll?"

"Thoroughly, your imperial majesty," was the reply of a tall, lean, sallow-visaged individual, his sole companion; "I have spared neither time nor study—I have consulted the stars—I have made various intricate combinations, both mineral and elemental; and all have alike failed. If your august majesty could recall to life the illustrious Tullius, the great Faust, and the incomparable Flamel, then, indeed, there might be hope; but I know, from unerring signs, that none of mortal birth now living can read those mystic characters."

"There might still have been a chance," exclaimed the Emperor, despondingly, "had the novice of St. Benedict survived her brother's loss. She died strangely—marvelously."

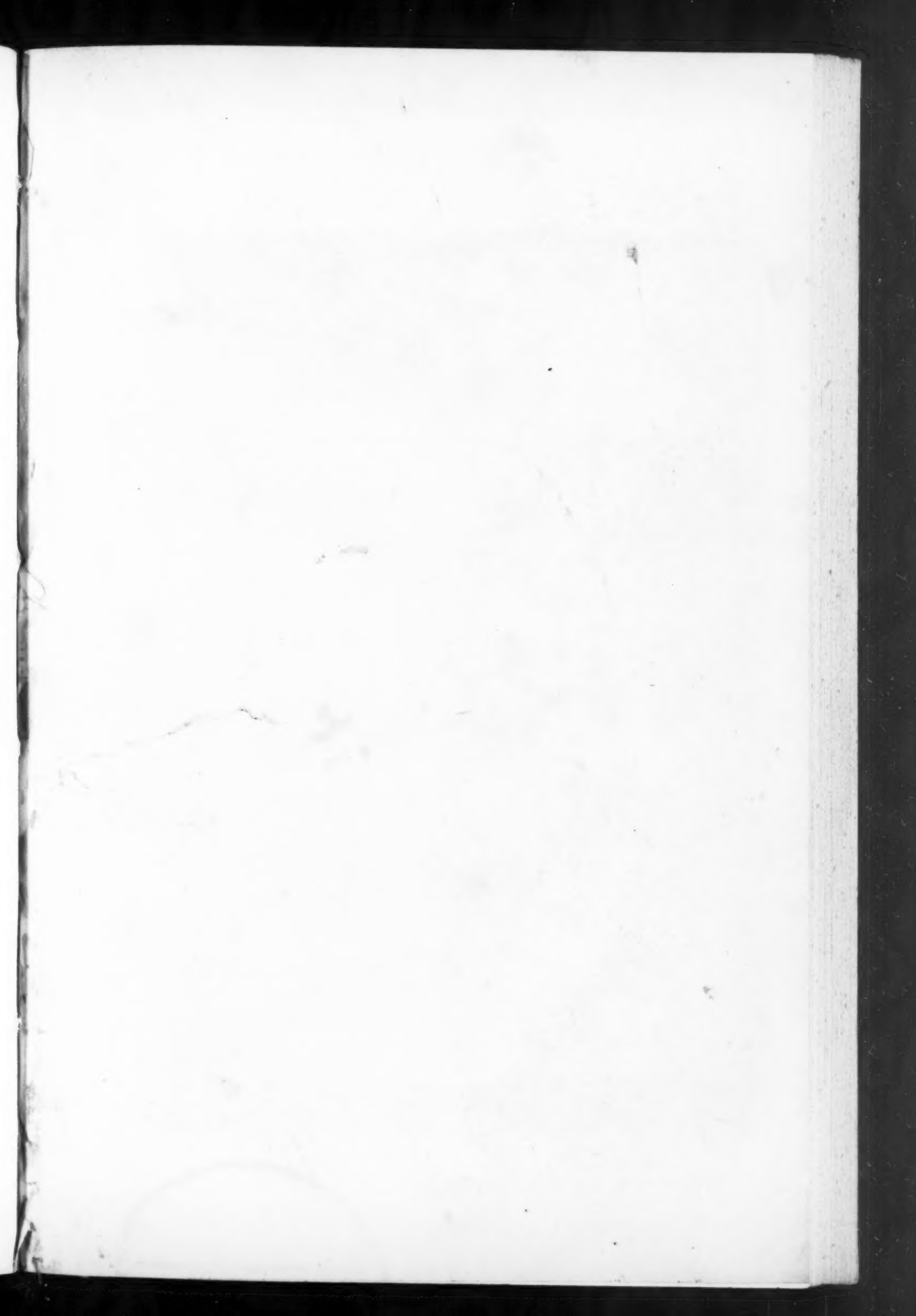
"Like a bird smitten on the wing, sire, as I have heard," was the reply. "Has your imperial majesty any further commands?"

"None, mynheer; you may return to your laboratory."

\* \* \* \* \*

That scroll, negative as its merits had become, was carefully preserved among the treasures of the imperial palace, but it is probable that during the recent outbreak in Vienna, it has been lost or stolen. Who is now its owner? And, more important still, who will become its next interpreter?







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